Collier's
TEN CENTS
JUNE 2, 1945

Beginning **WOMAN AT BAY**
BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

G. I. BILL OF COMPLAINTS
BY KYLE CRICHTON

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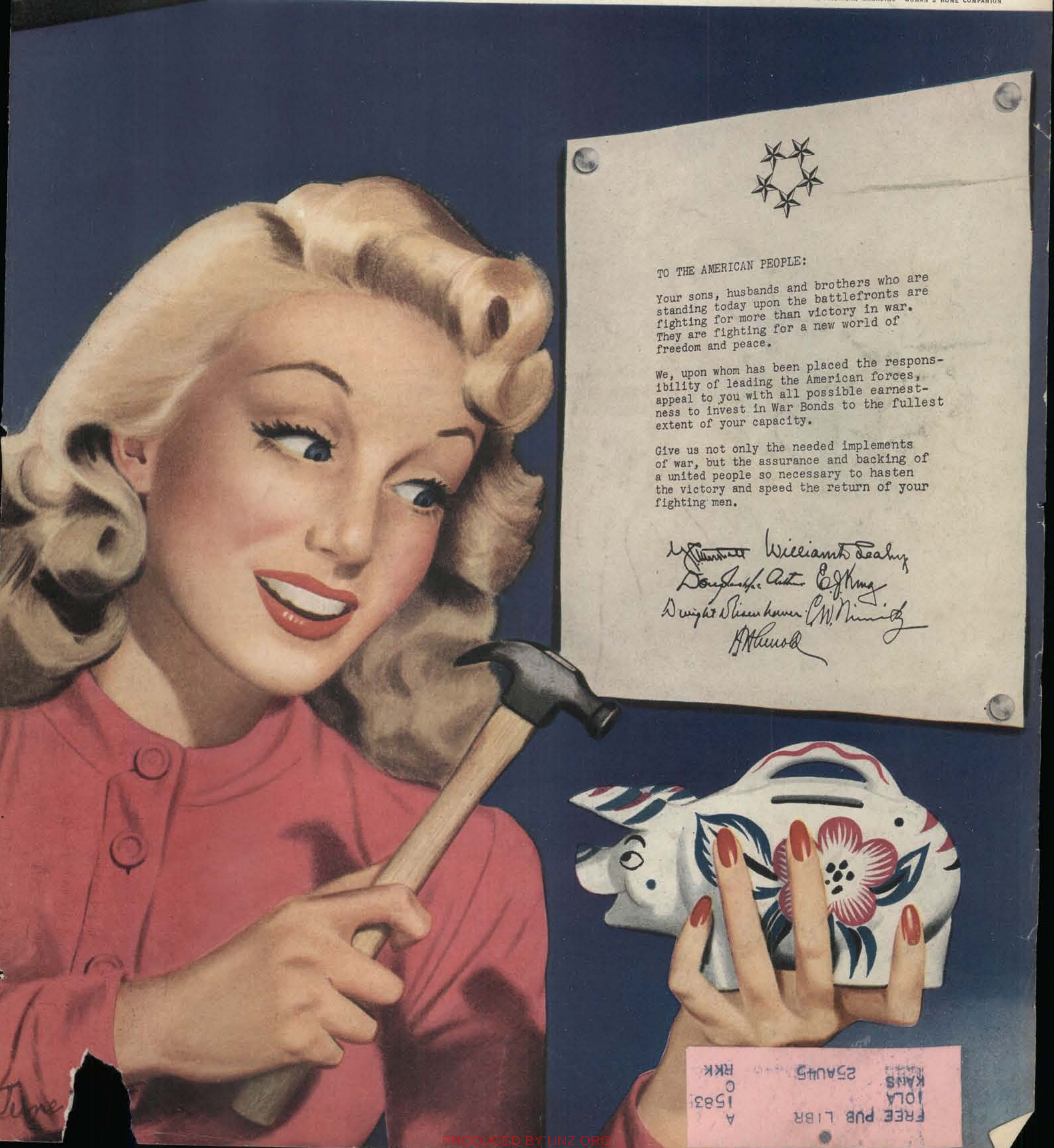

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Your sons, husbands and brothers who are standing today upon the battlefronts are fighting for more than victory in war. They are fighting for a new world of freedom and peace.

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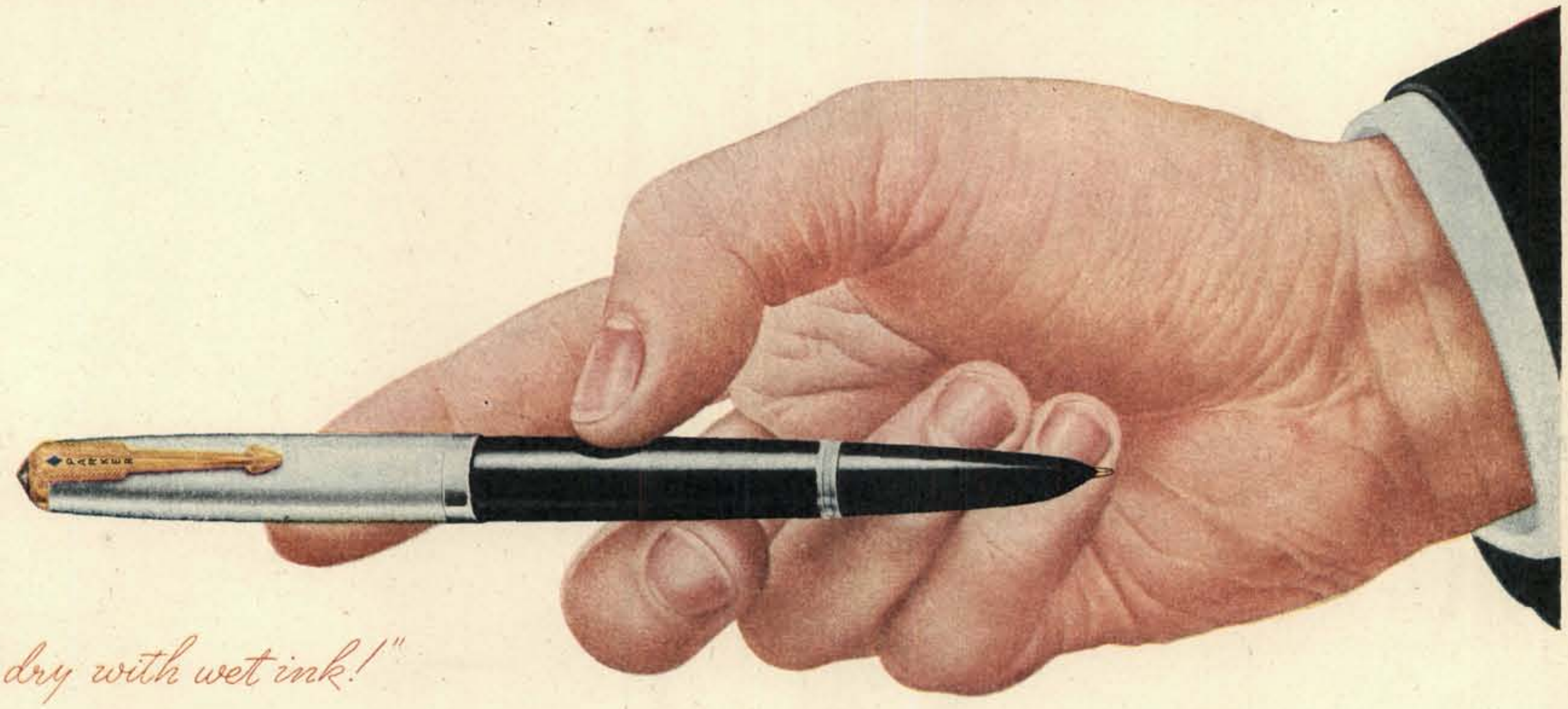

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The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin

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Debbie was right. Chuck was a swell kid, but at a real nice party he would simply be excess baggage. Of late he had been pretty careless about a rather important thing, and the news got around fast. Lots of the girls considered a dance with him equivalent to a prison sentence. Too bad somebody didn't tip him off*!

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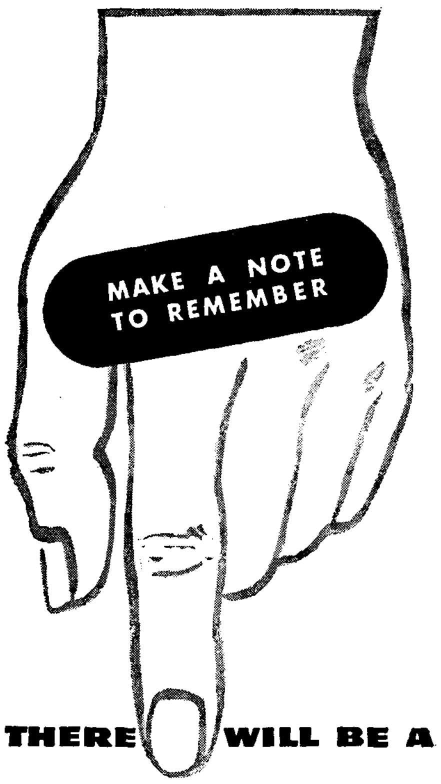
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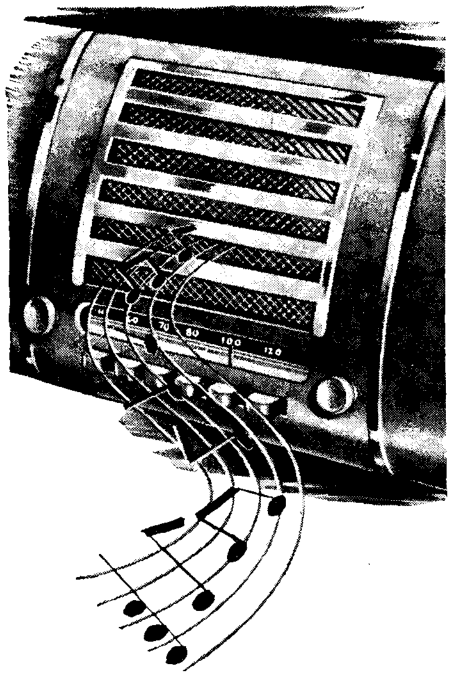

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Collier's

FOR JUNE 2, 1945

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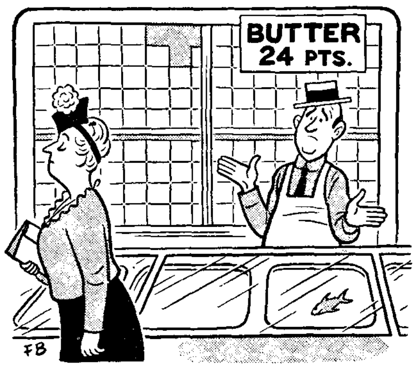
COVER By *SEYMOUR THOMPSON*

any week

WE'RE advised that Miss Mary Corrigan, of the local Music Box Canteen, sent to a Lieutenant Philip Falcone, in Italy, several large Christmas packages, and that Lieutenant Falcone has just reciprocated by transmitting to Miss Corrigan a beautiful tooled-leather box containing four packs of American cigarettes. The darkred Florentine leather cover represented a street scene in low relief. The smokes undoubtedly provided some relief, too. There are, of course, other shortages. By now, the supply of butter which people refused to buy at 24 points a pound early last month has probably been condemned and tossed out into the alley among the empty oleomargarine cases. And the menu at our favorite luncheon dispensary is so replete with egg dishes that the headwaiter remarked recently that this was "Fishless Thursday—no meat."



THE current mail made us sit up and take notice. For instance, Mr. A. J. Poindexter writes from Tampa, Florida, that he has just completed a correspondence course in editorial writing "and with a very high grade. Have looked over all the magazines," he goes on, "and find, after due deliberation, that Collier's seems to be needing a real editor more than any other. Inasmuch as I have written another magazine that needs help, I will only be at the above address a week. If you want me, send me a wire and name the salary and contract terms. You can't be any worse off than you are now."

FIGURING the other magazine would probably grab him like sixty, we filed Mr. Poindexter's letter and turned to one from Mr. W. E. Rose, of Calvin, Oklahoma. "The general order of speculation with relation to the lost body of Bielas Comet," it commences, "comes into the range of logical formation by and through the passage of the earth through meteoric showers at points of time frequencies similar to those given to the circumnavigation of this comet. The much broader spans of time that were applied to observations of this body amediatly after being

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Vol. 115, No. 22. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1945, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years, in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Subscription Department, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and the new addresses.

...so she said goodbye to Honeymoon Home

Alice turned the key in the lock of "Honeymoon Home" for the last time. The home she and Bill planned on their honeymoon and saved to build, was lost because they had neglected a "trifle."

"I'll never forget that rainy night," Alice said. "Bill thought he was driving slowly enough but our car went into a vicious skid. The crash was awful. We weren't scratched but the driver in the other car may never work again. The months between our accident and the final court decision were nightmares. The damages were staggering. We lost our lovely new home, our War Bonds—even Bill's salary was 'garnisheed'! To think we could have avoided it all if only we hadn't neglected such a trifle as our auto insurance!"

Yes, auto insurance is a trifle, a *tremendous trifle*—tremendous in its consequences, trifling in its cost. But all auto insurance is NOT alike. For more than 22 years, State Farm has worked to put so important a protection as auto insurance within the reach of every driver. That's why, to more than a million policyholders, State Farm has meant more auto insurance for the money, why today State Farm is the world's largest automobile insurance company.

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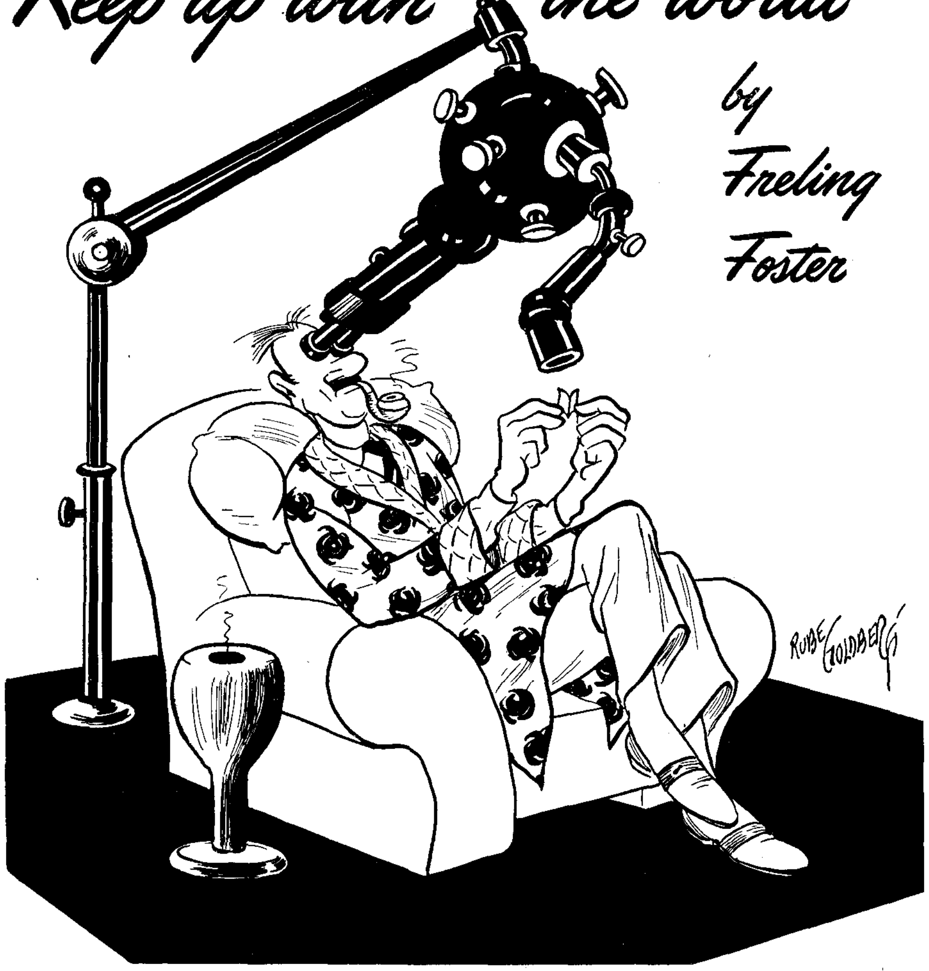
Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster



One of the most incredible machines ever developed is a micropantograph for reproducing writing in microscopic form. It was made some 20 years ago by two New Yorkers. With its diamond point moving over a glass plate, it has produced legible writing on the scale of 32,000,000 English words, or 400 full-length novels, to the square inch.

Among the oddest eyes found in the animal kingdom is that of the oar shrimp, *Eretmocaris.* Not only is it a single organ of vision, but it is borne at the end of a flexible stalk that projects horizontally from the head and is longer than the body itself.

In this war, vessels of the U.S. Navy are serviced at sea by more than 1,000 "A" or auxiliary ships of 35 different types, the majority of which are used to transport fuel, ammunition and general stores. Among the others are the auxiliary ships that distill and supply water, those that repair damages to heavy hulls, and those that rescue crews of sunken submarines.

Throughout the war, the Nazis have obtained a large quantity of the blood required for their armies from children of the occupied countries. The healthier of these youngsters, ranging in age from three to fifteen years, were sent to and kept in a number of German "hospitals" where they were bled so frequently that they died within a few weeks. Largest of these establishments was Salaspils, near Riga, Latvia, which was taken, with 400 children, by the Russians in October, 1944. According to its records, found intact, this place must have maintained an average of 2,000 to 3,000 boys and girls, as it shipped away 1,200 quarts of blood a week for the use of Nazi wounded.

Since 1922, the Tombstone Hounds of New Jersey have collected and card-indexed the inscriptions on some 200,000 gravestones in at least 450 cemeteries. When the work is completed, it will be the first genealogical record of its kind for a single state.

A skillful lapidary can turn a white or yellow sapphire, having but one small blue patch, into a uniformly blue stone. . . . Losing the first World War not only ended the reign of Kaiser Wilhelm, but it also knocked 21 other German monarchs—kings, princes and grand dukes—off their little thrones.

Today, 25 states have an official state song, 19 have adopted theirs since the first World War. Florida's Swanee River and Kentucky's My Old Kentucky Home were written by Stephen Foster, while Virginia's Carry Me Back to Old Virginny was composed by James A. Bland, the Negro Stephen Foster.

When an abortion is necessary to save the life of a woman, it may be lawfully performed by a physician in every state except one, and that state does not prosecute under such a circumstance.

A recent study shows that one third of all matter printed in English today is made up of only 25 different words, the first ten of which are: the, of, and, to, a, in, that, is, I, it.

A new portable recording device employs a seven-inch plastic record whose two sides together will take 30 minutes of dictation. Being so thin that 100 of them barely measure one inch in thickness, these records have the flexibility of paper, may be bent or rolled, and single ones may be sent unprotected through the mail.

The making of lubricants has become so specialized that 894 different kinds of oils and greases are produced today for our armed forces and war industries. Among the outstanding developments is an airplane engine oil whose lubricating properties remain unchanged in desert heat of 150 degrees and in stratosphere cold of 65 degrees below zero.

In some countries, promises and agreements sealed by a kiss are sometimes canceled or retracted — or "unkissed" — by another kiss.

Nearly 1,200 of the 2,000 adult midgets in the world are married to normal-sized husbands or wives. . . . For every species of animal having a backbone, such as mammals, fishes and reptiles, there are 20 species without a backbone, such as worms, insects and crustaceans. . . . About 90 per cent of the inmates of American prisons today were convicted through their own plea of guilty, not by jury verdict.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

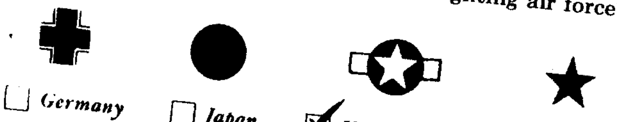
MATCH WITS with Monty Woolley

Monty Woolley, star of David O. Selznick's "Since You Went Away."

Here is how Monty marked our war-quiz paper. See if you can spot the two questions he "muffed."

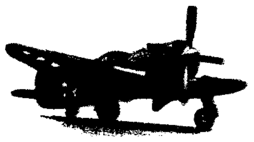
-WAR-QUIZ

1. Which nation now has the largest fighting air force?



☐ Germany ☐ Japan ☑ United States ☐ Russia

2. The speed of a P-47 Thunderbolt fighter is reported to be over 420 mph with 100-octane gasoline. How would it fly on 80-octane gasoline?

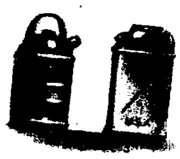


☐ Faster ☑ Slower ☐ About the same

3. How many gallons of gasoline does an armored division use in one day of action?

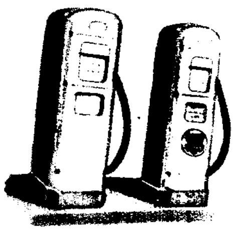
☐ 500 gallons ☑ 5000 gallons ☐ 50,000 gallons

4. How does the gasoline used by the tanks, trucks and jeeps of our Army compare in *quality* with the best civilian gasoline available today?



☐ Not as good ☑ About the same ☐ Better

5. After the war, when military demands for high-octane gasoline are greatly reduced, all civilian gasoline will be better—but from which of these pumps can you expect the *best* post-war gasoline?



☐ The pump on the left ☑ The one on the right

CORRECT ANSWERS

1. Monty is right on that one. The United States has the largest air force—and therefore requires more aviation gasoline than any other nation.

"I regard such a question as an insult to my intelligence. Of course the U.S.A. is t[illegible]

2. Slower—so Monty's right again. American aviation engines are designed to get full power with 100-octane gasoline, and some of them couldn't get a plane off the ground with 80-octane fuel.

"This quiz is so simple it bores me!"

3. Monty missed that one. An armored division can use 50,000 gallons of gasoline in a single day.

"Do you expect me to carry files of statistics up my sleeve?"

4. He's wrong again. Our soldiers are getting far better gasoline than any civilian car owner. Nearly all military gasoline is top-quality Ethyl gasoline.

"I [illegible]

5. "Right" is right. The Ethyl emblem will be your guide to the best post-war gasoline and the best performance of any car.

"Ah-ah— I knew there was a commercial coming."

ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ETHYL IS A TRADE MARK NAME

ETHYL
CORPORATION
Chrysler Building
New York City

"Hello, Mama. You can forget that 'Fate worse than Death' stuff
—he hasn't any '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

See what happens when you make a good impression? So be careful to avoid "5 o'clock Shadow." Shave with genuine Gem Blades. Gem's superior, super-keen edge gets the beard at the base—keeps your face smooth and clean hours longer! Make your next shave a Gem shave.

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

GEM

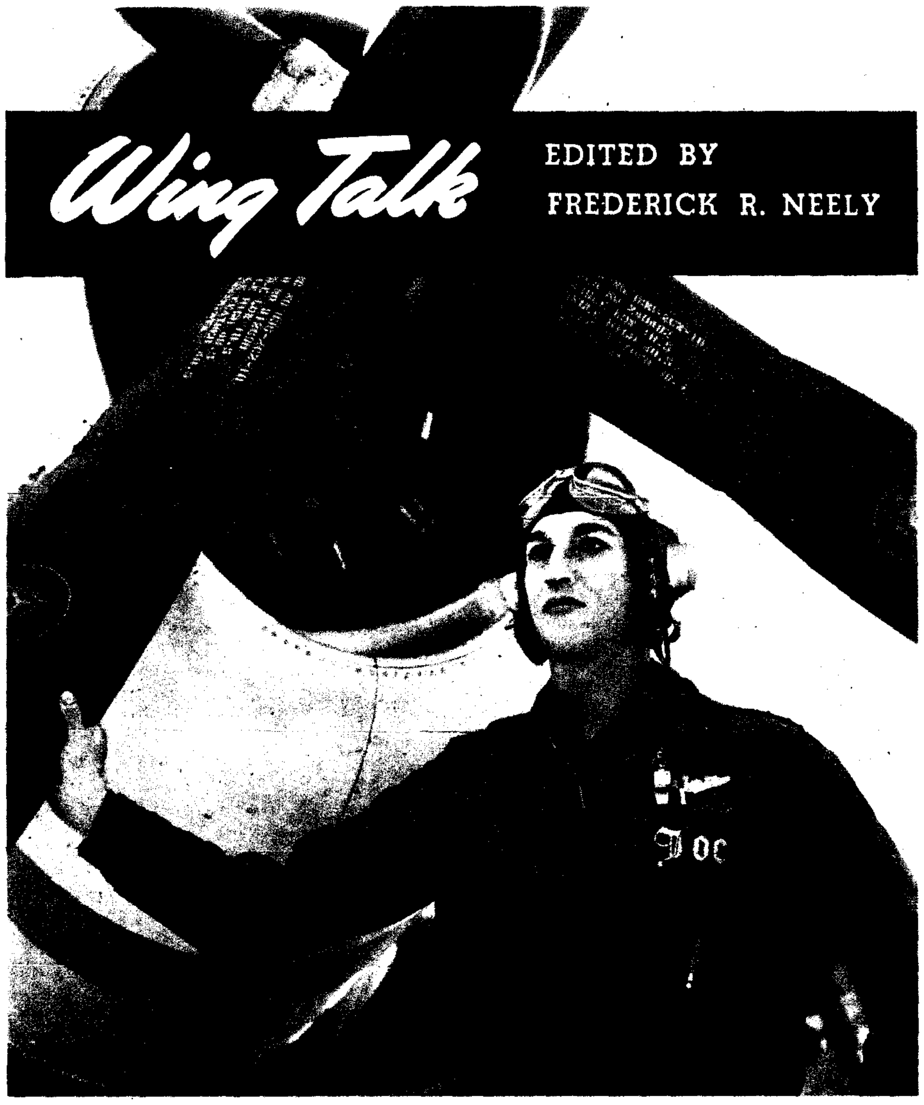
RAZORS and BLADES

GEM SINGLEDGE GEM BLADE

THE MERCHANT MARINE NEEDS EXPERIENCED SEAMEN!

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY



Thunderbolt Pilot Capt. Joe Cordner of Devils Lake, N. D., spent many days and nights in foxholes and in tanks working with the 1st Division

CAPTAIN JOE CORDNER, a Thunderbolt pilot of the Ninth Air Force, had a letter from his father back in Devils Lake, North Dakota, that caused him to snicker. The letter said, "I know you boys in the Air Force undergo a lot of risks, but at least you lead a nice, clean, comfortable life behind the lines."

As he read this letter, Captain Cordner was sitting in a foxhole on top of shell-blasted Crucifix Hill outside of Aachen. The foxhole had six inches of mud on its bottom, German 88s were hitting the hill regularly, and Cordner's clothes and helmet were so filthy he was indistinguishable in odor or appearance from the Ranger platoon deployed around him.

That's the way it is in a tactical air force. Every time the infantry or armor moves forward, an experienced pilot moves forward on the ground with them. He is with the forward company or just behind the lead tank. It is he who, by radio, controls the fighter-bomber air cover overhead and sends the Thunderbolts down to strafe or bomb enemy concentrations and strong points seconds after the advancing ground units bump into them. And what's more, he rides in a special Air Force M-4 Sherman tank.

This setup was devised before the big break-through across France last summer. Ground commander Lieutenant General Omar N. Bradley and tactical air commander Major General Ellwood R. (Pete) Quesada were trying to figure out a way of improving air-ground co-ordination.

"Suppose I give you your own tanks?" said Bradley.

"An air force with tanks?" said Quesada.

"Sure," said Bradley. "We'll just put your Air Force radios in them, and you provide pilots who will ride in the tanks as if they were in the lead plane of the air formation. Where do you want them delivered?"

"To my headquarters," said the astonished Quesada, and that was that.

So, as Patton's and Bradley's columns sped across France and into Belgium and Germany, Air Force pilots, picked from each squadron on a regular rotation basis, rode along with them. The Thunderbolt squadron over each column would patrol the roads in front of the column and report to the ground control pilot, "All clear ahead." The ground control pilot would then report to the ground force commander by hand signals and the tanks would roll on without stopping. If the Thunderbolts spotted anything, they would drop their bombs and report the damage done.

The ground commander, with this information, could then deploy just enough of his own tanks to handle the remaining enemy, and the rest of the column would speed on around the pocket. This worked in reverse, too, when the ground column bumped into the enemy first. The ground control pilot would report to the air and wait until the Thunderbolts spotted the enemy and went to work on them. Generals Bradley and Patton later expressed great admiration for the co-ordination achieved, Patton remarking that "the air secured my flanks." The pilot's view of the new system was described by W. B. Courtney's article, Thunder Bums, in the October 21, 1944, issue of Collier's.

BUT the adventures of Joe Cordner on the ground remain to be told. Cordner is a quiet 21-year-older who went directly from high school into the Air Corps. He had already finished his tour of duty of 200 combat hours and he could have gone home. Instead he became a ground controller.

The next morning, the big-scale attack on Aachen began. Cordner was hurriedly sent over to work with the veteran First Infantry Division. He met his tank crew and rode to Eilendorf, the jump-off point. It was Cordner's first tank ride. He rode, as he expressed it, "in the copilot's seat." It was bitter cold, the noise almost drove him crazy and his face became coated with mud.

"I was," he says, "miserable."

Cordner got to Eilendorf in time for the kickoff. The battalion objective was the town of Verlauten Heide and then towering Crucifix Hill, which dominated all the approaches to Aachen from the east. The battalion moved forward. Cordner went along.

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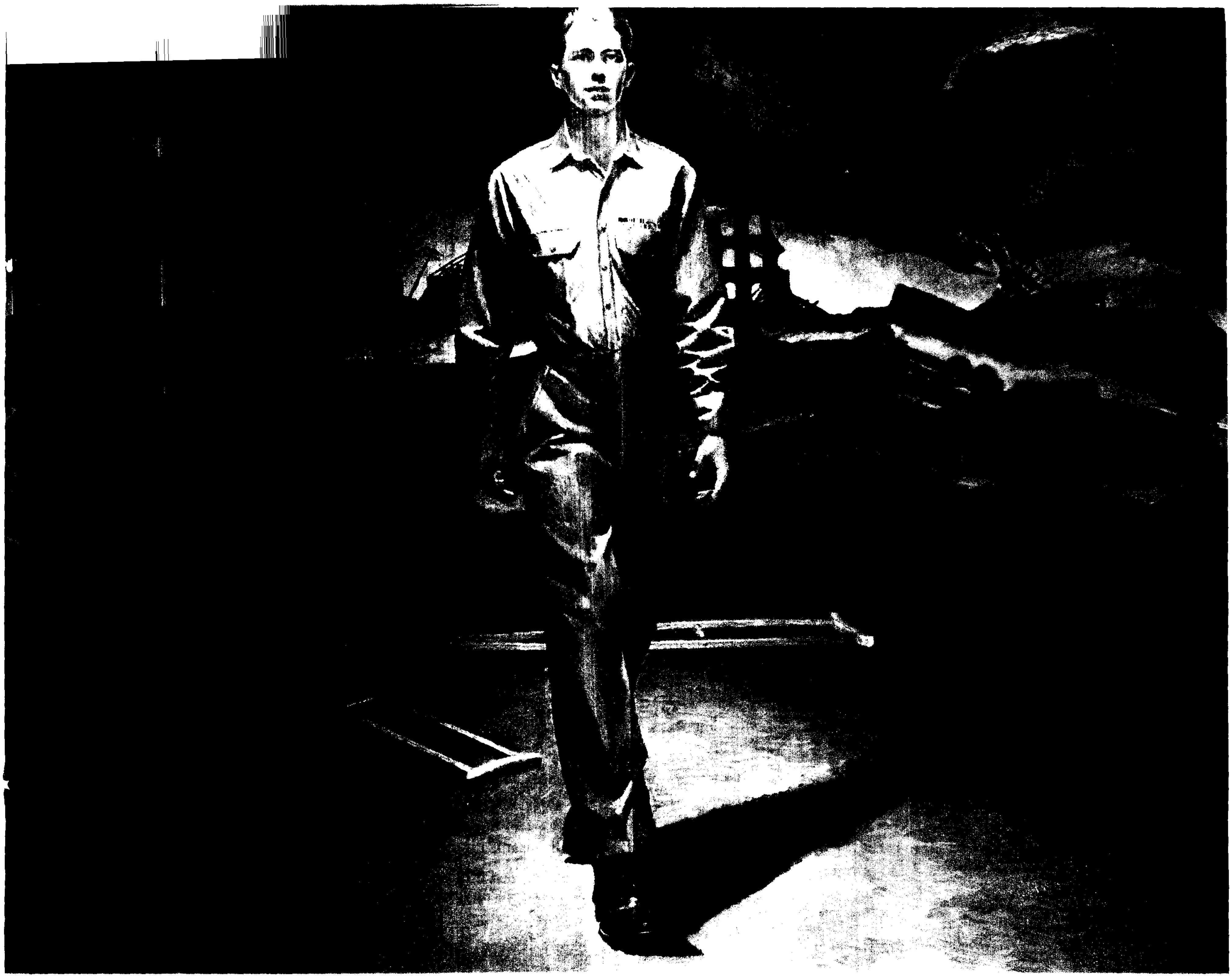

A Prayer Is Answered

Shell Research opens the way to great increases in production of the miracle drug PENICILLIN

PENICILLIN has been called the "greatest single drug ever known to mankind." The need for the drug—in human terms of tens of thousands wounded, hundreds of thousands of civilians sick or injured—became a prayer . . .

Could production of penicillin catch up with the need? One formidable stumbling block: penicillin, as produced in a "broth" by the parent mold, was unstable—quickly became inactive in handling—and was extremely difficult to "recover" from the broth. Despite efforts of many scientists, up to half of the drug was being lost.

This was primarily an extraction problem—and a tough one. Shell's special ability in this field has long been recognized; *as a result, the penicillin recovery problem was brought to Shell Research...*

Although it was off the beaten track of petroleum research, it had a familiar sound. Here the need was to "recover" something being lost. For many years, Shell scientists have been identifying, segregating, and recovering "lost" elements from the complex molecular structure of petroleum—such as the materials necessary to make 100 octane gasoline, or toluene for TNT. They went to work on samples of penicillin broth.

Result:* *After intensive research Shell developed a new recovery process by means of which production of penicillin could be substantially increased—in some plants even doubled!

Since proved in full-scale production, today 5 producers of penicillin have in operation—or under construction—recovery plants of Shell design.

Shell is grateful for the opportunity to bring this research discovery to the great cause of healing. No affiliated Shell company produces or sells penicillin, although Shell experts supervise the design and construction of new plants using the Shell process, and oversee their initial operation.

Look to this research leadership for greater fuels and lubricants. In their own field of petroleum research, Shell scientists have made striking contributions to the war. These will "carry over" to your post-war motoring—in finer fuels and lubricants for your car—ready when the word comes.

For distinguished service—Shell's Martinez and Wood River Refineries have been awarded the Army-Navy "E"

SHELL

Horizons widen
through
Shell Research

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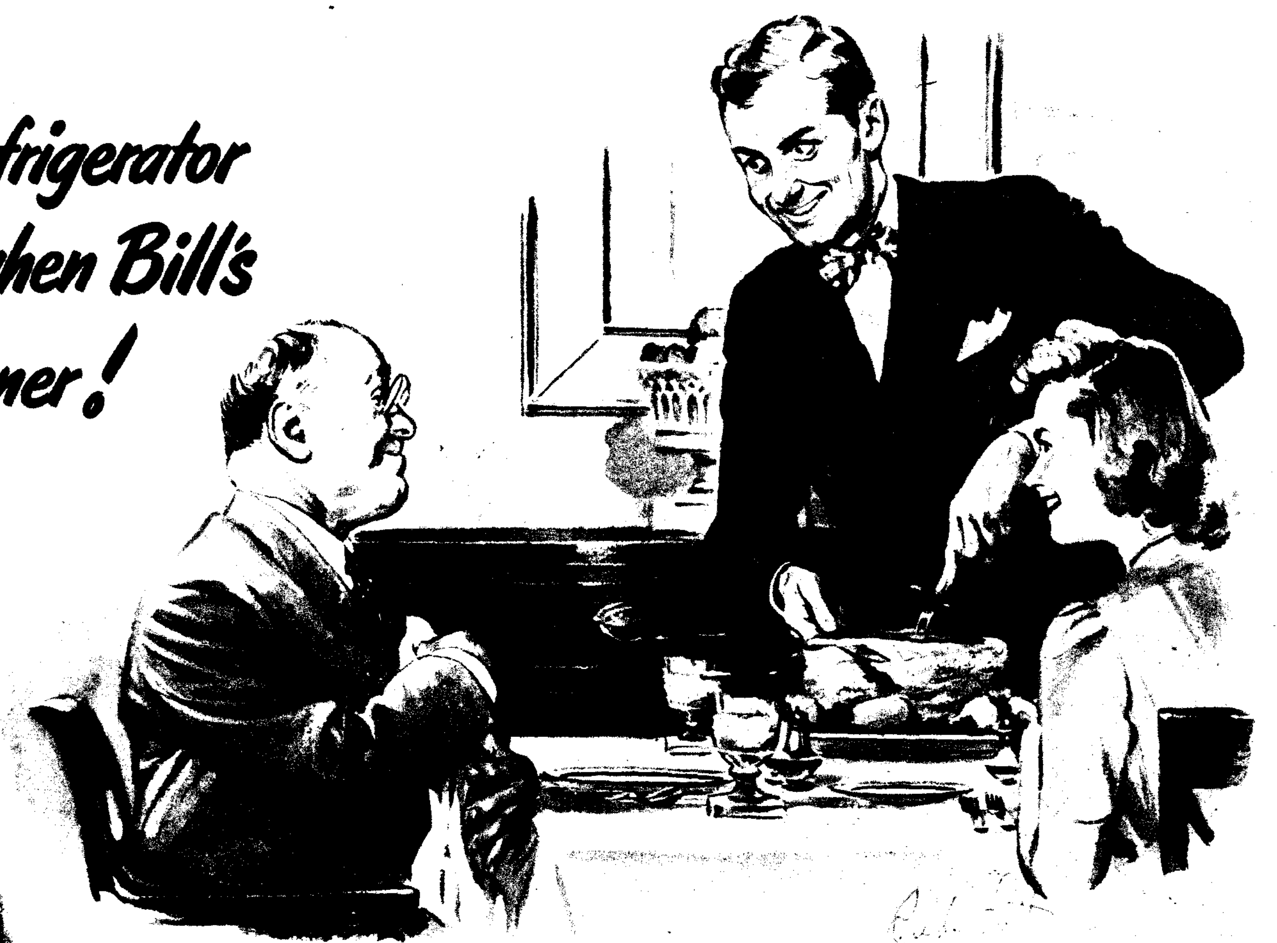
Our Philco Refrigerator saved the day...when Bill's boss came to dinner!



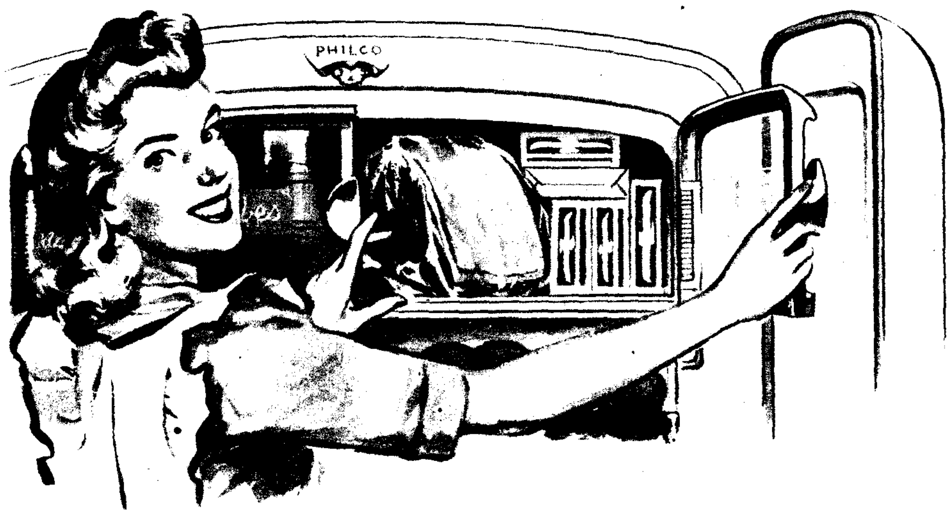
"YOU SIMPLY CAN'T make some men understand about rationing! The other day, Bill blithely telephones he's bringing the boss to dinner.

"Not a doubt in his mind that I'll wave a magic wand and produce something for such an occasion . . . and for a man who actually dotes on good eatings!

"But I *did* come through . . . thanks to my Philco Refrigerator. You see . . . it just happened that a whole week before I had more red points than usual . . . just when my butcher had plenty of meat on hand . . . including the sort of roast you dream about.

"The roast went home, where I popped it into the Frozen Food Compartment of my Philco. And there it was . . . frozen through and through . . . and was I happy that I had resisted a whole week of temptation! But I've warned Bill! We can always depend on our Philco to freeze meat for future use . . . but he certainly can't depend on my having red points. Not these days!"

Tune in the PHILCO program...with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, Georgia Gibbs, the Merry Macs. Sundays, 6 P.M., E.W.T., Blue Network.

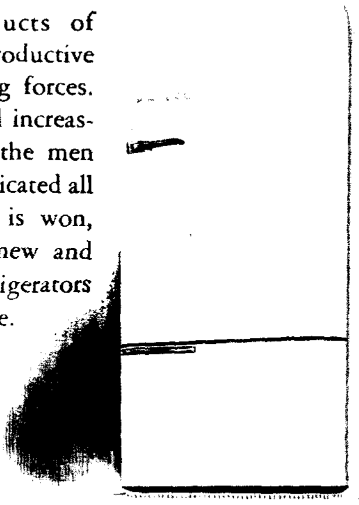


PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

On every battle-front, products of Philco ingenuity and Philco productive capacity are serving our fighting forces. To the task of maintaining and increasing the flow of this materiel, the men and women of Philco have dedicated all their energies. When the war is won, Philco will tell you about the new and even more advanced types of refrigerators which will bear the Philco name.

KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS . . .
KEEP THE BONDS YOU BUY!



COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JUNE 2, 1945

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WOMAN AT BAY

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

Because he had been married to her, he was sent out to trap her. So begins this story of international intrigue, passion and death

THE afternoon had turned raw and overcast, and at four o'clock there was a smell of rain in the air. Crossing Park Avenue, Paul MacKinnon had to grab for his hat, and at Madison a piece of newspaper kited round the corner and plastered his calves. He kicked it loose with difficulty and bucked ahead, still clinging to his hatbrim, until he turned up Fifth Avenue and found sanctuary in the building where Dave Adams had his office.

He shivered a little as he turned down his coat collar and crossed the lobby. Even though he had been back from Panama nearly a month, he still found the current New York weather too cool for comfort, and as he rode up to the eighteenth floor he wondered hopefully if Adams had another assignment for him, preferably an assignment to somewhat more balmy surroundings.

The girl at the reception desk stopped retouching her mouth long enough to smile and tell him he could go right in; then, still nursing the fine edge of his anticipation, Paul MacKinnon went into Adams' lair high above the Avenue and stepped smack into trouble.

He should, he knew later, have suspected something from the way Dave Adams greeted him. For Dave Adams was a blunt-jawed man with steady eyes, and a manner that was normally direct, outspoken and impatient of anything beyond the briefest amenities. Yet now he came round the desk and shook hands and moved a chair and offered good cigarettes.

"Sit down," he said. "How do you feel?"

"Feel fine."

"Ready for another job?"

"Sure," MacKinnon said.

"How'd you like to go to Havana?"

"Ahh—"

"Sounds good, huh?"

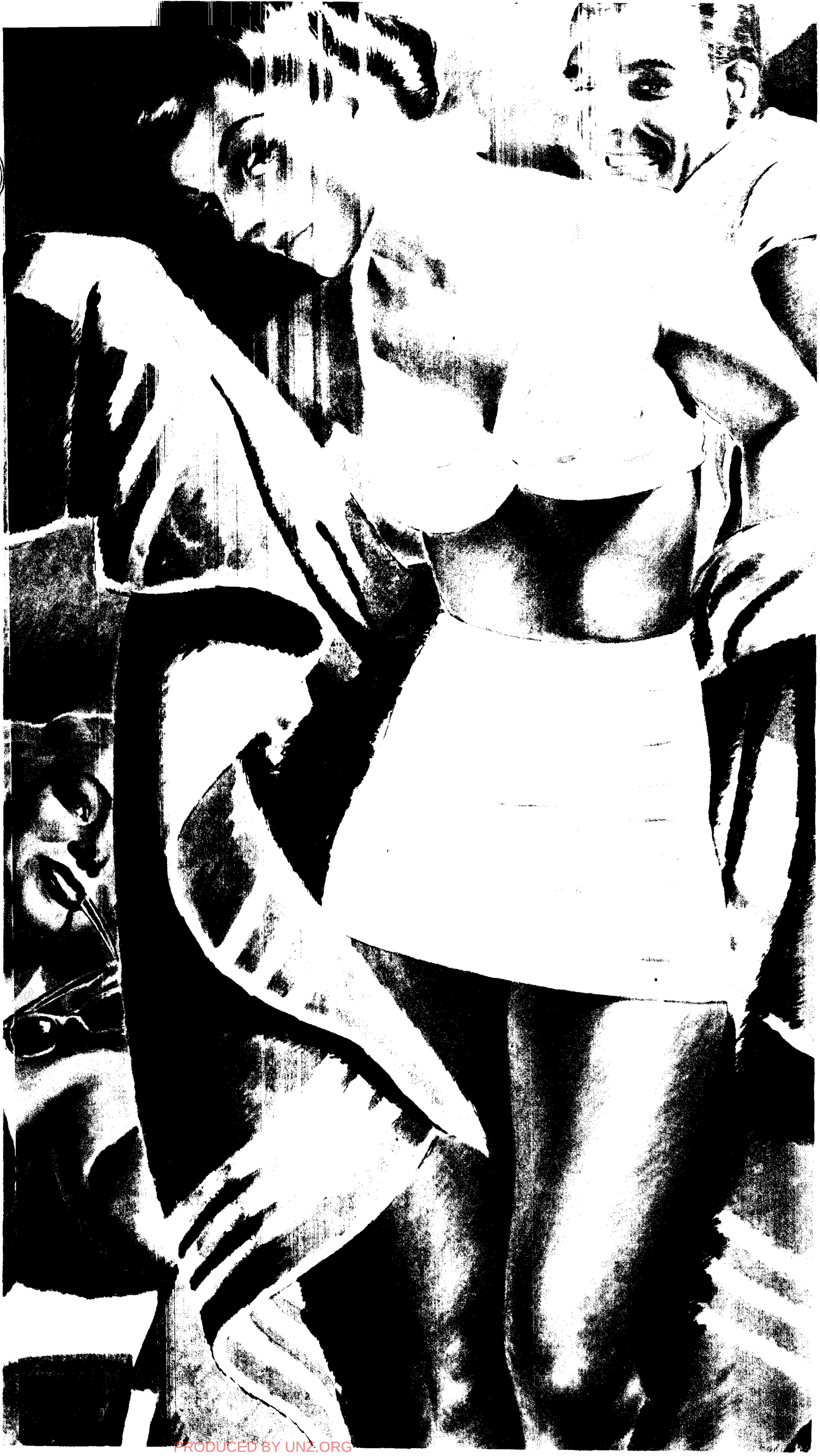
"For long?"

"Oh—a couple of weeks."

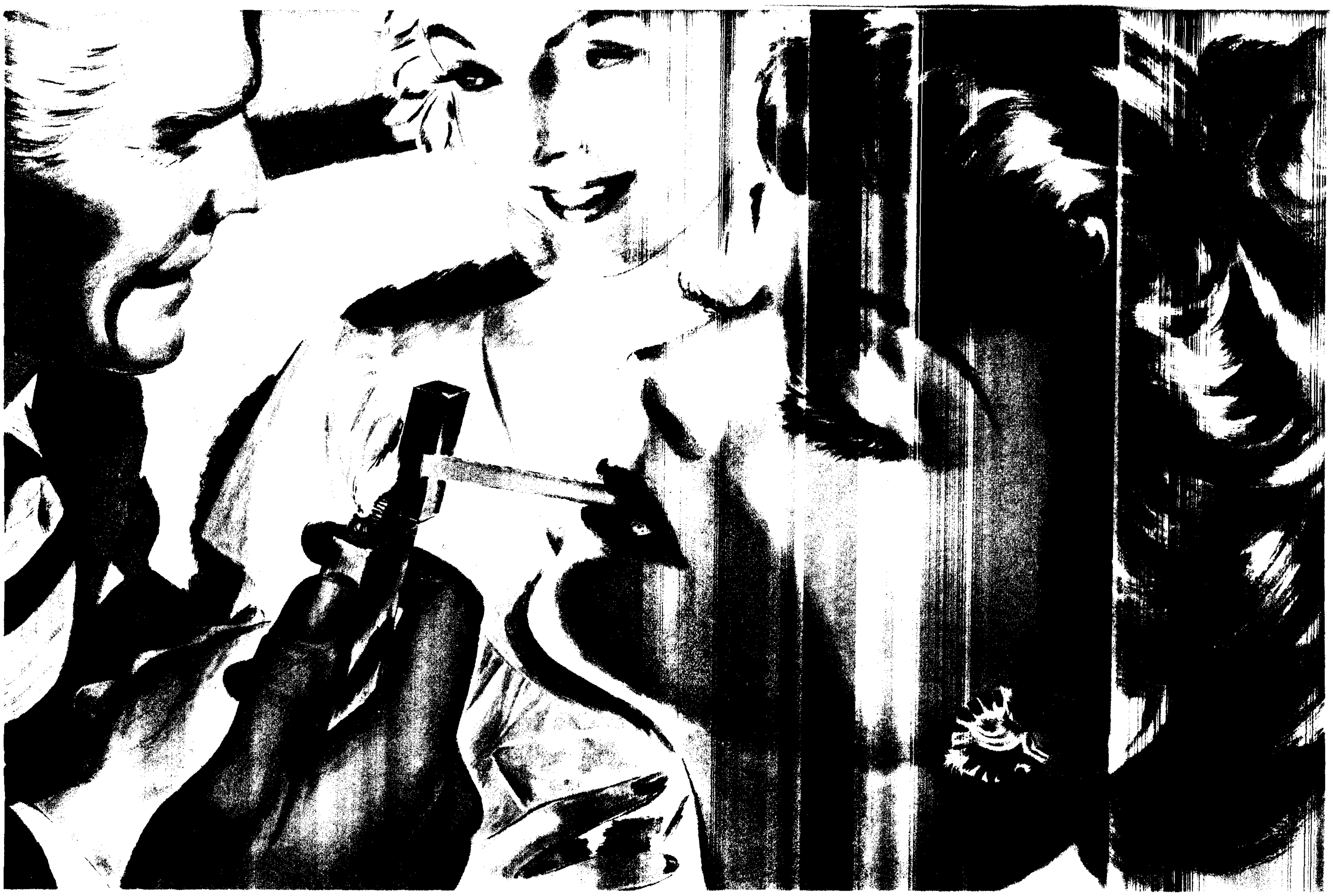
"When?"

"Tomorrow."

"Oh," MacKinnon said and sat up, aware of the abrupt change in Adams' tone. Something warned him that when the score was finally added up, he wasn't going to like this.



"How was it?" Norma asked. Not bothering to answer the question, Adrienne picked up the towel to rub herself dry and said, "Oh, isn't it wonderful, Paul?"



"Would you like to come stepping with us?" said Dennis Clarke. "I'd like to," MacKinnon said, lighting Adrienne's cigarette. Norma continued to smile at Denny

Adams took his time and then started in the middle.

"This," he said, "could be a wild-goose chase. We haven't the slightest evidence that what we want is going to Havana, but there's a chance and we can't overlook it."

"What are we supposed to want?"

"A manuscript, a diary. Something like that. We think a woman might have it now."

"But she didn't write it?"

"No. . . . You know about Pierre Merard?"

MacKinnon remembered the Frenchman who had once been so powerful in the Vichy government. "He's in Germany now, isn't he?"

"He's a dead pigeon," Adams said, "wherever he is. But we're not interested in Merard; this thing had to do with a man who worked for him. Merard headed the department. This other guy was an undersecretary, though actually he did most of the work. He knew the sources of information, had the contacts, kept all the records at his finger tips. Also, he was ambitious. You've probably heard of him, too. Sevigny. Armand Sevigny."

MacKINNON sat very still, and an odd pressure began suddenly to build up inside him. He glanced at Adams, then quickly away. He got out a cigarette, rolling it between his fingers to loosen the tobacco, and waited while the pressure expanded.

"Sevigny was smart," Adams said. "The information that passed through his hands was highly important and confidential, but the Germans watched him pretty carefully, and for a couple of years there wasn't too much chance for any big graft. And then he got an idea."

Adams lighted a cigarette, leaned back and blew smoke at the ceiling.

"How much," he said, "do you think an American publisher would give Winston Churchill as an advance on an inside history of the war, documented with the figures and records and whatever essential information was necessary?"

"Plenty," MacKinnon said. "But Sevigny wasn't Churchill."

"He might have been a close facsimile—if the Germans had pulled it off." Adams sat up again. "Suppose they'd got away with it. History would be different, wouldn't it? The world might be pretty interested in what Sevigny had to offer. His boss, Merard, was more or less a figurehead and he was old. We haven't any cabinet post that compares with the one Merard held; the closest would be a combination of the Interior and Commerce. And what Sevigny wrote he could document. He did document it, if our information is right—with photographs, photostats and, in some cases, the actual letters and contracts that had been made."

"Then he did have such a manuscript?"

"He did," Adams said. "He might still have it if the Liberation Committee hadn't got to him in '43. They shot up his car one night, just outside his home. They killed him and nearly killed his wife. They would have if the police hadn't got there in time and pulled her out and packed her off to a hospital."

MacKinnon kept his eyes on the traffic-filled canyon below the window. His mind struggled with many visions, none of them pleasant. When he could he said, "Where is she now?"

"She sailed from Lisbon yesterday on the S.S. Corrubedo—bound for Havana. There's an outside chance she might have that manuscript."

MacKinnon waited, feeling the perspiration creep out on his forehead and nothing inside him but emptiness.

"You see," Adams said, "as far as we know, it never turned up. The odds are that it has turned up and been destroyed, and we don't know about it. It would be dynamite to any collaborationist who was mentioned and whose acts could be substantiated by anything Sevigny said. On the other hand, we can't overlook any possibility no matter how remote and—"

"Maybe," MacKinnon said, "you ought to send somebody else." He paused and the room was quiet. "I don't know but about fifteen words of Spanish."

"You did all right in Mexico for us."

"Most of the people I dealt with spoke English."

"They will in Havana, too."

MacKinnon turned in his chair, and his words were measured. "Okay," he said. "I'll tell you why, Dave," he said. "I used to be married to Mrs. Sevigny."

Adams stared steadily back at him, spoke softly. "I know, Mac," he said. "We found that out. That's why I think you're our boy on this one."

MacKinnon blinked, then peered at Adams, not understanding. Finally he jumped up. "Now wait a minute! Now look, Dave."

He walked around the chair. He said a lot of things. He said he hadn't seen her in six years and had no desire to see her now or ever. He said he didn't want to get mixed up in any job like that. He'd been married to her and it hadn't worked out and that's the way he wanted to keep it.

Adams heard him out. "She was Norma Travers," he said, opening a folder. "Her old man was a foreign correspondent."

"Norman Travers," MacKinnon said. "One of the best. He was killed in a plane crash just after we—we separated."

"She was nineteen and you were twenty-three," Adams said. "You were married a year. What broke it up? Finally, I mean."

"I went to Spain. We'd been arguing about it for months and I kept giving in. I was working for the Paris Journal. I guess I had ideas about that scrap down there and I was twenty-four then and finally I had to go." He laughed abruptly, a sardonic sound. "Norma said I was nuts—and I guess I was—but anyway, I went."

"You thought she'd wait for you."

"I didn't think she meant what she said, but I guess she did. When I got out of the hospital I heard she'd divorced me and later, when I was driving an ambulance, I found out she'd married Sevigny."

Adams closed the folder with a nod of satisfaction. "You sound sort of bitter," he said. "It wouldn't be because you're still a little soft about her, would it?"

"Me?" MacKinnon looked up and sounded insulted. "Hell, no! I had all I wanted. I think she's a—"

"Okay," Adams said. "Fine. I was a little afraid, Mac. It might be sort of tough if you liked her, but this way it will work out all right. You'll have the inside track with her on account of being her ex-husband. You can be nice to her and maybe a little sorry for her, and if necessary you may have to make a little love."

MacKINNON listened but he didn't believe what he heard. The picture Adams drew he found distasteful. "No, Dave," he said. "Somebody else; not me."

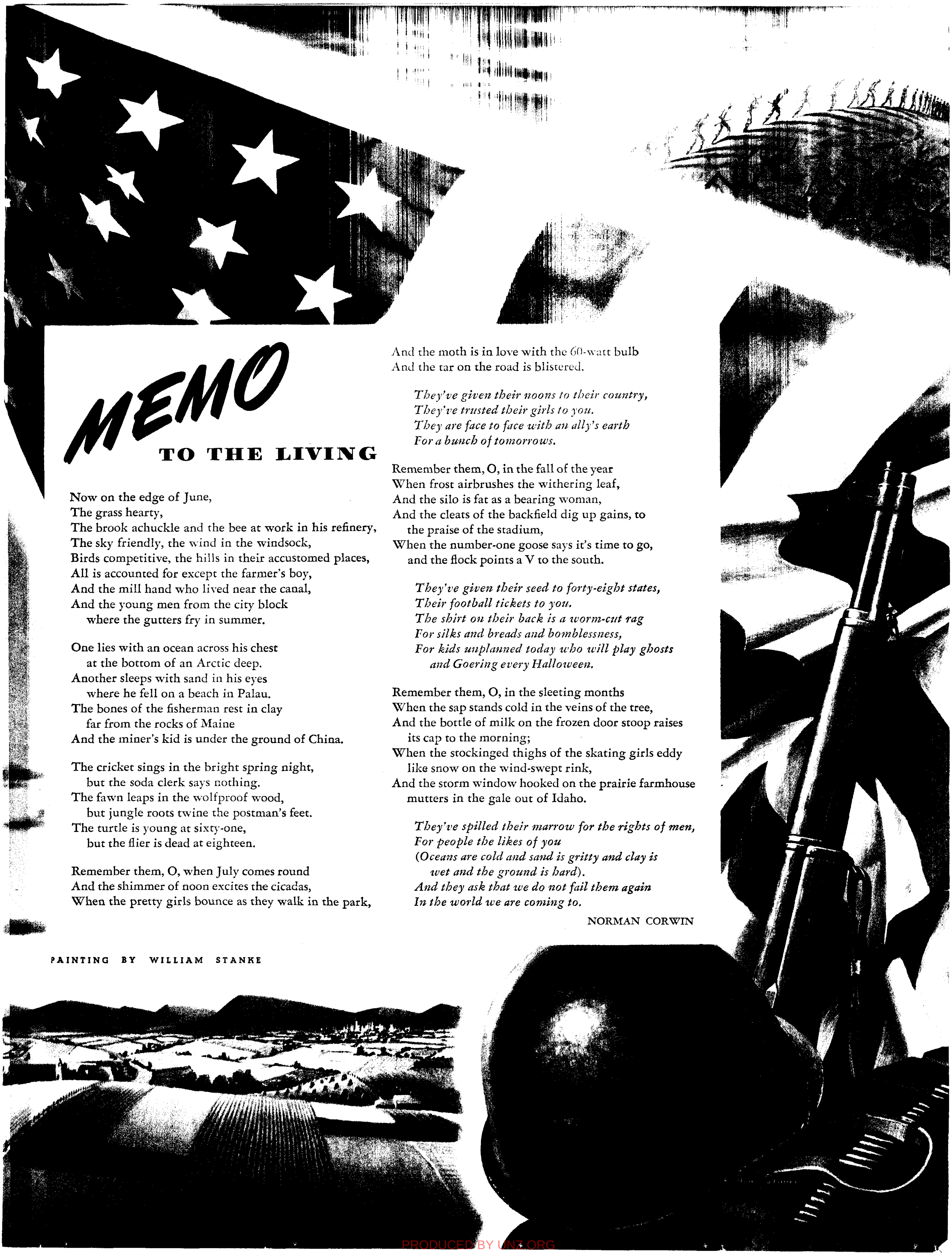
Adams narrowed his glance. "What do you mean, no, Mac?"

The words were sharply edged, stripping MacKinnon's defenses and bringing a quick sense of guilt. He sat down and the office was still again.

"Nobody solicited you for this job," Adams said evenly. "The armed forces wanted no part of you with that back of yours, and you yelled for something to do, and we took you on. You knew what working for the O.S.S. meant—complete anonymity from the top to the bottom, nothing to say, explain or apologize for until after the war. You've done all right too, but—"

(Continued on page 42)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



MEMO
TO THE LIVING

Now on the edge of June,
The grass hearty,
The brook achuckle and the bee at work in his refinery,
The sky friendly, the wind in the windsock,
Birds competitive, the hills in their accustomed places,
All is accounted for except the farmer's boy,
And the mill hand who lived near the canal,
And the young men from the city block
where the gutters fry in summer.

One lies with an ocean across his chest
at the bottom of an Arctic deep.
Another sleeps with sand in his eyes
where he fell on a beach in Palau.
The bones of the fisherman rest in clay
far from the rocks of Maine
And the miner's kid is under the ground of China.

The cricket sings in the bright spring night,
but the soda clerk says nothing.
The fawn leaps in the wolfproof wood,
but jungle roots twine the postman's feet.
The turtle is young at sixty-one,
but the flier is dead at eighteen.

Remember them, O, when July comes round
And the shimmer of noon excites the cicadas,
When the pretty girls bounce as they walk in the park,
And the moth is in love with the 60-watt bulb
And the tar on the road is blistered.

They've given their noons to their country,
They've trusted their girls to you.
They are face to face with an ally's earth
For a bunch of tomorrows.

Remember them, O, in the fall of the year
When frost airbrushes the withering leaf,
And the silo is fat as a bearing woman,
And the cleats of the backfield dig up gains, to
the praise of the stadium,
When the number-one goose says it's time to go,
and the flock points a V to the south.

They've given their seed to forty-eight states,
Their football tickets to you.
The shirt on their back is a worm-cut rag
For silks and breads and bomblessness,
For kids unplanned today who will play ghosts
and Goering every Halloween.

Remember them, O, in the sleeting months
When the sap stands cold in the veins of the tree,
And the bottle of milk on the frozen door stoop raises
its cap to the morning;
When the stockinged thighs of the skating girls eddy
like snow on the wind-swept rink,
And the storm window hooked on the prairie farmhouse
mutters in the gale out of Idaho.

They've spilled their marrow for the rights of men,
For people the likes of you
(Oceans are cold and sand is gritty and clay is
wet and the ground is hard).
And they ask that we do not fail them again
In the world we are coming to.

NORMAN CORWIN

PAINTING BY WILLIAM STANKE

G.I. BILL OF COMPLAINTS

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Many people think that most ills to which veterans are subject can be cured by the G.I. Bill of Rights. But in many cases veterans who have tried the cure are questioning its virtues

ALL is not well with the G.I. Bill of Rights. It sounds great, everybody was happy when it was passed and most servicemen liked the general aims of the measure. But, while benefits have resulted, there have also been increasingly loud outcries from returned veterans as they sought to take advantage of the legislation. Some of the troubles are based on lack of information about what the bill contains, but a lot of them are caused by the bill itself. If the hollering is acute now, it will rise to a roar when the war is over.

We can illustrate what is the matter by a few short blackouts. First blackout: A returned soldier has just completed the administrative obstacle course which will turn him back to civilian life with an honorable discharge. The point is finally reached where the officer at the Separation Center will give him a hearty slap on the back and a fond farewell, but the soldier hangs around. The officer looks at him questioningly.

"Well, when do I get it?" asks the soldier.

"Get what?"

"The two thousand smackeroos," says the soldier.

This is an example based on lack of information, or rather, on bad information. It turns out that the folks at home have written the soldier that the G.I. Bill assures him $2,000 on discharge from the Army. Wrong! The most he can be sure of getting on discharge is mustering-out pay up to $300.

Second blackout: Another veteran enters a bank in Iowa. He smiles optimistically at the cashier and hands over an envelope.

"I got my discharge papers here—all in order. I'd like to get my loan."

He doesn't get the loan. Indeed, he finds that getting a business loan under the G.I. Bill is about as easy as breaking into the Denver Mint. It is around this provision that the most yelling has been done, and the screams will increase as the *G.I. Joes realize what they're up against.*

Third blackout: A returned veteran has taken up his college career again. The government pays his school $500 a year for tuition and books, and gives him a subsistence allowance of $50 a month for board and room ($75 if he has dependents). He finds he isn't eating very heartily on the fifty bucks and takes a part-time job to help out. The government promptly rewards him for this ambitious effort by cutting down on the allowance. This has already made some veterans very wroth and is guaranteed to irk thousands of others later.

The trouble is that the public expects too much of the G.I. Bill. It was passed in mid-1944 with such ballyhoo that people took for granted that it covered everything. As a matter of fact, such things as guaranteeing returned veterans their old jobs was taken care of in the original Selective Service Act.

The correct name of the G.I. Bill is the Servicemen's Readjustment Act, but some bright gentleman in Congress tagged it with the catchy name G.I. Bill of Rights, and commentators (newspaper, magazine and radio) received it with such enthusiasm that it took on the appearance of the Great American Grab Bag. It's time now to look at the bill with a hard and fishy eye to see where it is good and where it is cockeyed.

The law itself provides three kinds of benefit: education, unemployment compensation, and loans.

The educational program is good, but even here, there is a hitch. This came about because the masterminds in Washington wanted to be kindhearted. They said in a first provision that *every* veteran was entitled to twelve months education if he wanted it. Then they added a second provision that men who were not over twenty-five when they entered service didn't have to prove that their education had been interrupted by the war. They got a chance for additional education depending on the length of their service in the armed forces. It was a nice gesture by the solons, but the provision turned around and smacked them.

"So if a guy is *over* twenty-five, he doesn't get a chance to go to school, huh?" said the indignant letters that poured into the offices of Congress and government agencies.

Washington explained patiently that the hecklers were all wet, and furthermore hinted that it might be a good idea if they would read the bill. The bill says flatly that every

Veteran (Army) Morton Schaeffer: "The educational idea is excellent, but there's too much loan red tape. They should make it easier to borrow. These men jeopardized their lives. They rate the best treatment"

Veteran (Army) R. H. Lorton: "I've been listening to camp lecturers. From what they say, and from what the boys say, it gives you good ground to step on when you get out. I hope there's not too much red tape"

Veteran (Marine Corps) William Linane: "I want to go to college, and I figure this will give me four years of it. After schooling, I might be interested in a loan. Maybe when I marry, I'll get one—and build a home"

PRINCIPAL BENEFITS FOR VETERANS NOT INCLUDED IN THE G.I. BILL OF RIGHTS

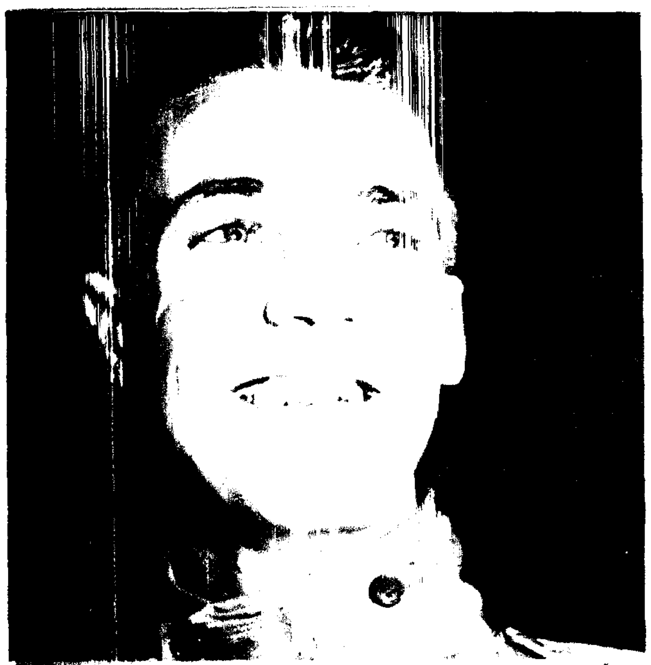
Not all the benefits available to veterans are provided by the G.I. Bill. Here, in addition to benefits discussed in the accompanying article, are some others to which veterans may be entitled:

JOBS	If you want your old job back, the Selective Service Act says you can have it, subject to certain conditions. Apply to your local draft board. Your former employer must hire you as soon as you apply for reinstatement. But you must make application within 90 days from the date of your discharge. Your job is guaranteed for one year. If you want a new job, the federal government and many states and municipalities have set up laws and regulations that discriminate in your favor as a veteran. Apply to the U.S. Employment Service.
PENSIONS	If a veteran dies from a service-connected cause, his widow or children may be entitled to a pension at a monthly rate not to exceed $100. In some cases a pension not to exceed $74 monthly may be paid to the widow or children of a veteran whose death is not service-connected.
FARM LOANS	Under the Bankhead-Jones Farm Tenant Act, a veteran, even though not now a farm tenant, may be eligible for a loan with which to purchase a farm. If necessary the loan can be for the full cost of the farm, repayable over 40 years with interest at 3%. But no loan may exceed $12,000. Federal Farm Mortgage Loans up to 75% of total worth of the property may also be available to qualified veterans.
HOME LOANS	Under the Federal Housing Authority, loans can be made up to 80% of the value of the property. Such loans might be supplemented by borrowing under the provisions of the G.I. Bill.
OTHER LOANS	Veterans can now borrow from the Smaller War Plants Corporation to set up small war plants. Under certain conditions, veterans may borrow from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

For advice on how to secure any of the benefits to which you are entitled, ask your local Selective Service Board. The board will give you detailed information or will refer you to the nearest government or community agency capable of supplying it.

How do our men feel about the G.I. Bill of Rights? We sent our inquiring photographer-reporter to get an answer. Here are both complaints and words of praise

Veteran (Army) Wi[illegible] [illegible]rphy: "It's a swell idea, specially the [illegible] [illegible]le. But the loan business is tough. [illegible] make it easier to get a loan. They rea[illegible] [illegible] out that loan situation"



Veteran (Army) Bob Leunig: "That G.I. Bill gave me a break. I'm at New York University, my tuition and books paid for, and I get $50 monthly. If it weren't for the bill, I'd have to work—and go to college part time"

Veteran (Army) [illegible] "I'm interested in the educational fea[illegible] [illegible]oling at Howard University was inte[illegible] [illegible] don't provide enough money—not en[illegible] Even so, the bill's fine"

Veteran (Navy) Dale J. Osborn: "I think it's a darned good idea. If this country can afford a war, it can afford the G.I. Bill. I left college with two and a half years more to do in park forestry. Now I can go on"

Veteran (Navy) Harry [illegible]: "I'd like to see the income tax forgotten for servicemen. There's also too much rigmarole in getting a loan. A lot of the boys have tried it, and their credit wasn't good enough"

Veteran (Navy) Samual Wood: "The bill's a good idea, especially for the younger men who can return to school. I'll want to get back into business. I'll need a loan. I hope I don't have too much trouble getting it"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

veteran is entitled to twelve months education, and that means whether he is tall or short, dark or light, young or old. Veterans can go to any kind of school they like, take any course they want, in any state in the Union and even in any foreign country. The school has to be approved by the Veterans Administration, but outside of that, the sky is the limit. A veteran can study botany or bookkeeping, water coloring or welding, singing or Greek. He can study in anything from a grammar school to a university, including trade schools and on-the-job training courses in industry. He can go to school part time or full time.

To sum up: (a) Every veteran can have twelve months education if he wants it. (b) Every veteran who was twenty-five years old or less when he entered the service can get additional education beyond the original twelve-month period, for additional periods, depending on the length of his service in the armed forces. (c) Veterans who were over twenty-five years old when they entered the service can get education beyond the twelve-months period if they can prove that their education was interrupted by their induction or enlistment.

The extra education is figured on the basis of twelve months education for each year in service. The first twelve months thing is a sort of bonus; everybody that wants it gets it. So if a man has been in the Army or Navy for two years, he is entitled to that first twelve months and two extra periods of twelve months each—thirty-six months in all.

The provision about the men of twenty-five or under is really a dilly. The government simply assumes that the education of veterans in that category has been interrupted by the war. The veteran could have been out of school and at work for years before entering the armed forces, but if he wants that extra education when he comes out, it's his for the asking. Furthermore, he has two years after his discharge or two years after the end of the war to make up his mind whether he wants to go to school.

We have mentioned the complaints of those who have had their subsistence allowance clipped when they took part-time jobs at school, but that is a minor flaw in a program that for sheer generosity has rarely if ever been equaled.

In view of this, the authorities have been shocked to find that the veterans who have been discharged during the course of the war are not tumbling over themselves to get back to their school desks. A survey of a group of Army personnel made by the War Department in the summer of 1944 indicated that 7 per cent of the men intended to return to full-time school after they left the service. With over a million and a half men discharged since Pearl Harbor, that would figure up to about 105,000 eager veteran students. Instead, up to February 1945, only 10,000 veterans were taking education courses under the G.I. Bill.

War Jobs First—College Later

Critics of the Veterans Administration claim this has been caused by delay in promulgating regulations for putting the educational features of the bill into effect. Spokesmen for the Veterans Administration maintain that most veterans, knowing they have that two-year period in which to make up their minds, have snagged onto high-paying war jobs in the meantime. There will be plenty of time to get down to cracking those schoolbooks; and unbiased observers believe that eventually millions of veterans will apply for some form of education. Particularly will this be true, they say, if we have a postwar depression.

Now unemployment compensation: When the law was being debated in Congress, there was fear that the compensation of $20 a week (or a smaller amount if the veteran is partially employed) would tend to make bums of the veterans. The theory was that they would sit on their rears until their fifty-two weeks of payments had been collected. Like most bright thoughts of the kind, this has not proved correct. The largest number of veterans collecting relief in any one week to date has been 17,000. Total benefits up to the middle of February, 1945, were $7,000,000. That means that less than one per cent of the discharged veterans have sought relief.

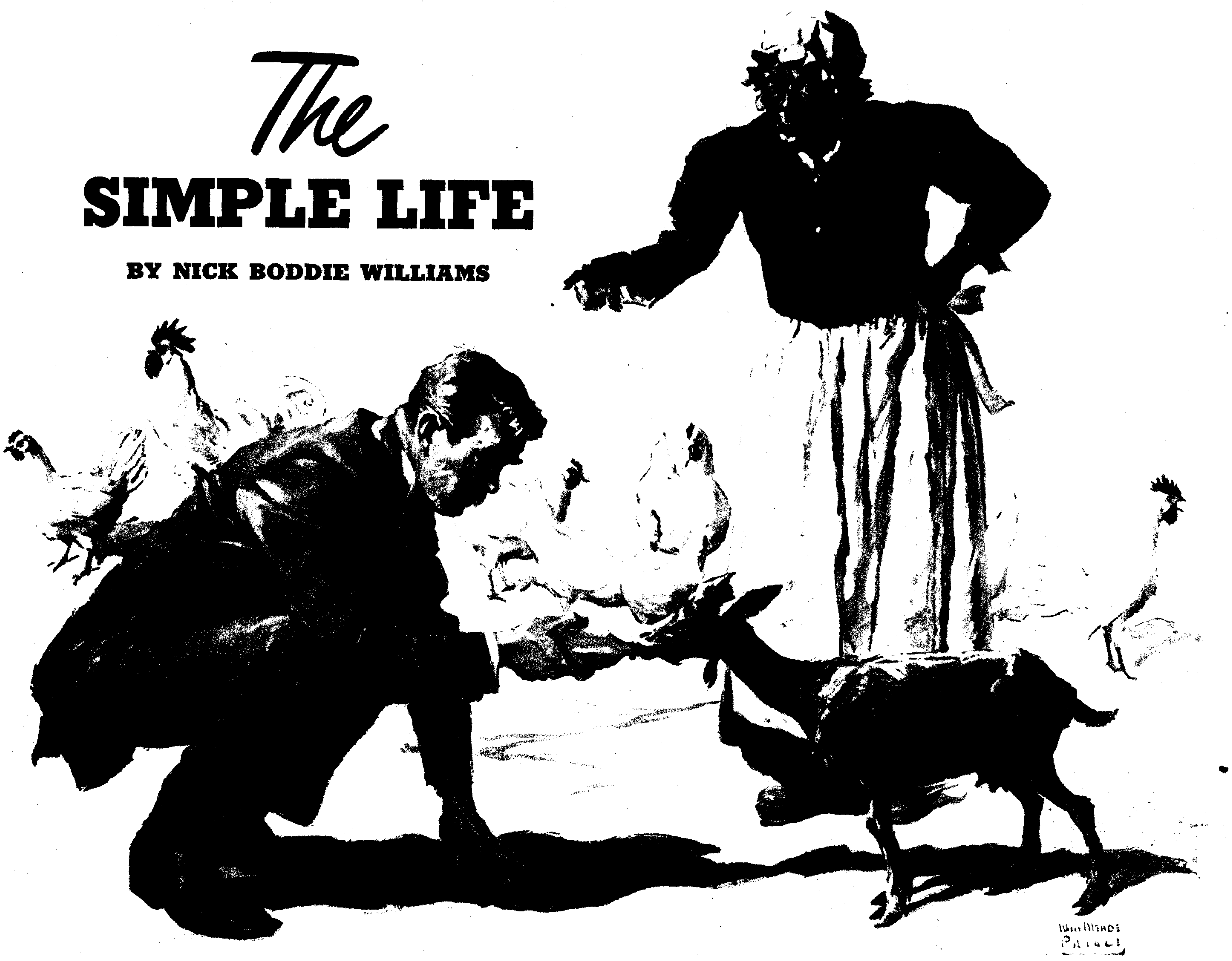
As a matter of truth, the bill makes it tough on goldbrickers. It requires veterans to register at public employment agencies and to report regularly. Jobs must be taken if the work is suitable and if the veteran is able to work. Otherwise, he doesn't get a nickel from the government. Of course, jobs are easy to get now, and it may be different after the war, but there are no present signs that the veterans are a shiftless and lazy lot. There may be a lot of unemployment compensation paid out later, but it will be due to economic conditions beyond the veterans' control.

One extremely vulnerable point in the bill is connected with the self-employed. The law states that the self-employed who make less than $100 a month will be entitled to the difference between what they net and $100. This looks simple enough. But it isn't.

Consider a young lawyer who rents office space in a ritzy building for $200 a month, *(Continued on page 72)*

The SIMPLE LIFE

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS



"Mr. John, get in dat house! You're acting like a crazy man, nursing dat goat," Drunken Mary shrilled

Neither Mother, nor the boys, nor even Drunken Mary could dissuade Father from getting his own goat in his own way

MY FATHER never forgot that he was sprung from the soil and he never intentionally let anybody else forget it. The soil, in his case, was that red-clay tobacco farm in Kentucky where he grew up, and after he would reminisce about it for a while, in a reverential way, Mother would say that he had sprung as far from it as possible. But that never fazed Father.

"At heart," he said, "I'm still a farmer. It's the way of life that Thomas Jefferson thought best for this country, and what was good enough for Thomas Jefferson is good enough for me."

"Thomas Jefferson," Mother said, "was a lawyer."

"That's what I said, Nan," Father retorted. "He was a lawyer and so am I, but both of us rest our faith in the soil, the small and independent rural entity—"

There was a lot more to it than that, and the more there was, the fancier it got. We were living on that place at Roebuck Springs, outside of Birmingham, with an acre of ground—room for my mother's chickens and enough left over for Father to think about farming—and while nothing much was ever really farmed on that acre, still it gave Father that feeling that he was following in the footsteps of Thomas Jefferson. It provided him with a creed. I think that he believed in it implicitly until after he came back from Mexico with Carmencita.

Mother was nervous about that trip to Mexico from the beginning, although Father explained that he had to go there to settle an estate.

"But why," Mother demanded, "can't you just write?"

"Because," Father said, "of the patrimonial legacies and that secondary codicil—"

That courtroom double talk always irritated Mother. "It seems to me, John, you just want a trip to Mexico. You just want to get away, all by yourself—"

"Now, Nan! Why would I want a thing like that?"

"I don't know," Mother said. "And that's what scares me."

Whatever she anticipated, it certainly wasn't Carmencita. Of course, when she began getting all those letters about what a simple country it was—simple was a word that Father liked—she should have guessed that he was up to something. But it was a shock that Saturday at lunch when old Drunken Mary came into the dining room.

"Miss Nan," she said, "dey's sumpin' come."

Mother's fork stopped pushing her black-eyed peas. "What's come, Mary?"

"Sumpin in a crate. Sumpin dat jumps."

A little grimly, Mother started out, we three boys trooping expectantly after her. On the back porch, peeking through the slats of an enormous box, was a small, brown and gray goat.

Mother sniffed disapprovingly. "A goat! A female goat, sent all the way from Mexico. Sometimes, Mary, I think Mr. John's losing his mind. Imagine a goat!"

But we thought it was wonderful. Not many boys had goats, and, besides, we had that wagon we could hitch her to. We went immediately to work on that. The trouble was that Carmencita didn't understand. She didn't actually resist, she just stood there, blinking those big, brown eyes of hers and going baa-aa-aa.

"You boys goin' kill dat goat," old Drunken Mary said. "Mr. John'll be mad."

But we didn't quite kill Carmencita. We were just dragging her, nose first, trying to make the wagon go, when Father came around the corner of the big euonymus bush. He took one look at us and dropped his traveling bags.

"You boys!" he yelled. "Stop that! Why, that's a genuine—Nan! Nan!"

Mother was watering her zinnias by the porch. When Father yelled like that it must have startled her. She dropped the hose to run, and then it coiled around and squirted over her.

"What is it, John? What's happening? John, John—"

"My goat!" he cried. "My genuine— For Pete's sake, Nan, must they destroy my property?"

Mother just stopped. Water was dripping from her face and dress. She got so calm, so suddenly, that it was like a jolt. I guess it jolted Father.

"Why, Nan," he said, recovering fast, "you're certainly looking fine—"

"I'm looking soaked," snapped Mother, "and you know it. What's all this about the goat?"

"I had a dandy trip," said Father, hurrying to kiss her cheek. "Finished my business there in Mexico City, then I looked around —Chapultepec, Guadalupe Hidalgo—wish you'd been there, Nan. It's a beautiful country, very simple—"

"What about that goat?" demanded Mother, tightening her lips.

"That goat?" said Father. "Oh, that goat. Why, I picked her up at Xochimilco. She's a genuine—ah—I forget the breed, some Spanish name. Anyway, she gives milk. Just like a cow."

Mother stared hard at him. "Just like a cow?"

"That's right," said Father hastily. "Well, here we've got three boys, drinking about a quart apiece a day, and Carmencita ought to give that much when she hits her stride. Every morning, all you've got to do—"

"Now wait a minute, John—"

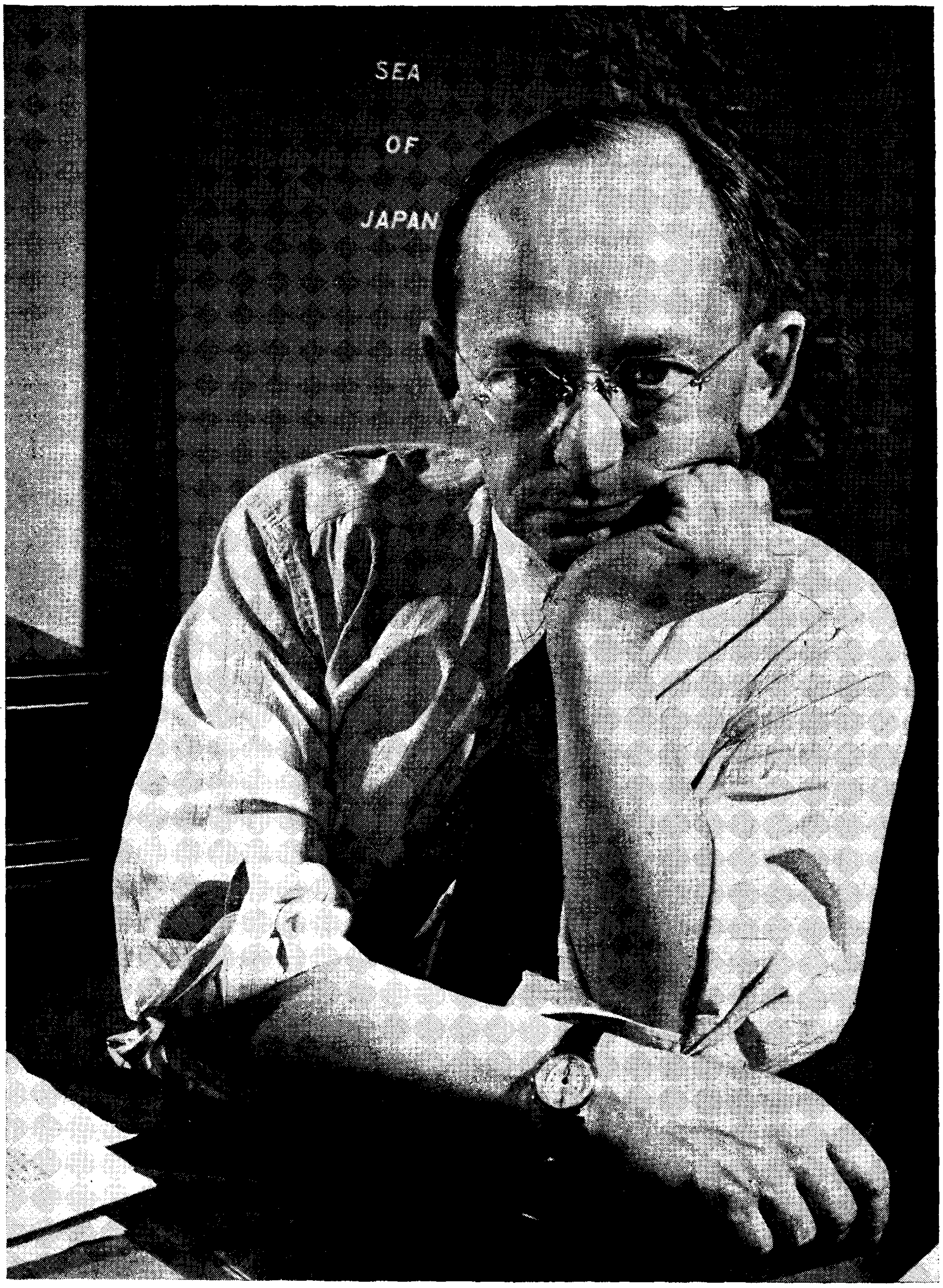
(Continued on page 69)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

BIGGEST BILL COLLECTOR

BY SPENCER CALHOUN

Isador Lubin is going to use his skill at analyzing information in helping to see that the Nazis pay their war debt in full



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN—PIX

AFTER Pearl Harbor, the White House was like a fortress. It was surrounded by Secret Service men, policemen, soldiers and Marines. Anybody working there took what amounted to a vow of chastity and fidelity. Among the men in government drafted for special work with the President was Isador Lubin, until then Commissioner of Statistics in the Department of Labor.

Lubin was interviewed by Harry Hopkins, an old friend. "Do you drink or run around?" asked Hopkins.

"You know I don't, Harry," said Lubin. "But why?"

"Because if you come in here, you'll be living the life of a Trappist monk. You'll be dealing with the highest secrets in the government, and if you or anybody else slips, it'll be serious. If you go to cocktail parties, you'll just start getting nicely potted when somebody will say, 'I hear they gave the Russians ten tanks last month,' and you'll jump up and yell, 'Ten—hell! We gave 'em thirty!' That wouldn't do any good."

This was before the new wings for business offices were built on the White House, and Lubin worked in the main house.

"There were bars on all the windows, even the bathroom windows, and double locks on everything," says Mr. Lubin. "A Secret Service man and a policeman were sitting in front of my office door twenty-four hours a day. None of us had any social life and I'm just now getting my friends to understand that I wasn't snubbing them because I had a big job."

It was the success of Lubin in this job that prompted his appointment to the Allied Reparations Commission. After the death of President Roosevelt, the appointment of Edwin W. Pauley, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, to be American member of the Reparations Commission with the rank of ambassador was announced by President Truman. Lubin was then given the rank of minister to act as associate to Mr. Pauley and to lend his talent and knowledge to what is probably the biggest of all postwar tasks. On the outcome depends the success of our peace policy toward Germany. By a paradox, this issue, which will have the greatest weight in determining whether Germany shall rise again as a warrior state, will be swayed by a man who is almost totally unknown in his own country.

A Popular Man in Washington

Lubin (Lube, as his friends call him) is a slightly built, partly bald man of fifty-one. He is left-handed, wears rimless glasses and is a constant smoker (cigars and pipe). He has a remarkable facility for keeping a pipe going while telephoning. The pipe, of course, insists on going out, and he manages with great dexterity to strike a match with one hand on a small packet (quite a trick to keep from being burned) while the conversation continues without a break. He is one of the best-liked men in Washington, with friends in all groups, and there is high regard for his industry and intelligence.

Like many other Americans, it is impossible for Lubin to hear a telephone ring without answering it. He keeps his pipe going, speaks in a calm voice and generally ends by saying, "All-rightee." He comes from Worcester, Mass., and is not happy at being called a statistician. He is an economist who has a remarkable talent for taking thousands of figures, analyzing them, dragging the essence out of them and presenting them orally in such concise and simple fashion that the layman can understand them. He worked in almost daily contact with President Roosevelt from 1942 until the President's death and proved of invaluable worth to that harried man when decisions were demanded almost instantly.

"The President had a marvelous faculty for getting information aurally," says Mr. Lubin. "You could tell he was interested in a subject if he asked questions. When he did that, he literally seemed to absorb what you told him and he never forgot it. I've reported to him on some intricate question before he was to meet his press conference, and then I've heard him, a few hours later, repeat the information with all the figures in place and with embellishments of his own which showed he not only understood it but had mastered it."

Laymen have a difficult time understanding the value of Lubin's work but an indication of its importance came in 1938 when Washington was frightened by the condition of business. There had been a minor boom in 1937 and now it seemed that the bottom was about to fall out again. A council of war was held at the White House with President Roosevelt, Harry Hopkins, Leon Henderson, Lauchlin Currie and others.

It lasted for five hours. Lubin talked. The session was dominated by his analysis of business conditions. He had information on every line of industry, and from his interpretation of trends, policies were formed to encourage an upward march again. Lubin's work made a deep impression on President Roosevelt and it was certain that in the next emergency he would be called again. That came with the outbreak of the war.

Another great job by Mr. Lubin was supplying the cost-of-living index which provided the information on which the Little Steel Formula was sustained by the War Labor Board. Labor attacked the index furiously and WLB then had it examined by the top statisticians of the country, but it stood up against all attacks. It was the result of the painstaking work, year in and year out, that Lubin had carried on in the Department of Labor. He had finally worked out a perfect formula for determining what the pay to labor would bring in goods in this country, and Washington considers it Lubin's greatest single professional accomplishment.

Lubin's father owned a chain of small clothing stores in Worcester, and out of that came young Lubin's interest in labor. Most of the sales were made on the installment basis, and Lubin picked up his spending money by doing the weekly collections. He rode the streetcars through the little mill towns around Worcester and got to know the families.

"Those plants had seasonal employment, and I soon found out what it meant for a man to be out of work three months at a clip," he says.

He went to Clark College in Worcester, which had a great deal of instruction in those days and no intercollegiate athletics. Later he trailed out to the University of Missouri to be under the celebrated Thorstein Veblen, who was shocking the classic economists with his unorthodox views. He was a student instructor at Missouri and later went up to the University of Michigan, where he got a quite different sort of training under Professor Taylor, who drilled his students in economics like a Prussian *(Continued on page 27)*

BRETTON WOODS OR WORLD WAR III

BY FRANK GERVASI

After the last war, world trade degenerated into a dog-eat-dog wrangle which built up the pressures that exploded into World War II. There may be a way to avoid a repetition of this cycle, and nobody has yet come up with a better plan than Bretton Woods

WARS impoverish nations and people. They destroy wealth and the power to create wealth. The first World War lasted longer, cost more and destroyed more than any war of the same duration in history. People were so appalled at its cost that they said something's got to be done to prevent another.

Something was done. A League of Nations was created to keep the members of the big and habitually brawling world family from batting one another over the head. But the League was almost purely a political instrument, and while wars have political origins, they also have economic ones.

Now, for the first time in history, the nations of the world are making a concerted effort to remove the *economic* causes of war.

A momentous step was taken in this direction at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, last July. There representatives of the 44 United Nations worked out a plan to prevent a recurrence of the cutthroat international monetary competition and badly co-ordinated international lending which occurred after World War I and helped to cause World War II.

Dumbarton Oaks laid the broad basis for world security and lasting peace and guarantees to Uncle Sam a powerful place in world politics. Bretton Woods would do a similar job for world economics.

The alternative to the proposed political and economic peace-keeping formulas of Dumbarton Oaks and Bretton Woods would be, obviously, a return to conditions as they were before. Those conditions produced two World Wars.

But because the political origins of wars are as plain as the fat, black headlines which chronicle them, politicians hardly dare to attack the proposed internationalism of Dumbarton Oaks. They couldn't bamboozle their constituents on the issues involved even if they wished. People know and understand war makers like Italo-German intervention in Spain, the rape of Ethiopia, the betrayal of Munich.

It's different with Bretton Woods. Plain people like you and me who have trouble enough solving the language of an income-tax blank are befuddled by phrases like "trade balances," the "gold standard," "bilateral clearing agreements" and "tariffs." We leave those words and the headaches they imply to others.

Isolationists to the Attack

Some politicians know this well, and while they don't dare to make a frontal attack on Dumbarton Oaks, they don't hesitate to assault the economic internationalism of the Bretton Woods agreement. (These foes should be distinguished from some banking experts opposed to certain parts of the Bretton Woods plan and who sincerely advocate changes which they think would be beneficial.) Ever since some 300 economic specialists representing 44 United Nations met at Bretton Woods and, after three weeks' hard work which climaxed more than a year's preliminary discussions and three years of research, wrote a prescription for the world's financial ailments, their proposals have been attacked by isolationists, by those who believe they could profit more from the old dog-eat-dog ways and by timid souls afraid to try anything even slightly new to ensure world peace.

To such opponents, planning is the handmaiden of regimentation and loss of freedom. Well, Bretton Woods *is* a plan, a plan almost as vast and intricate as the one which dumped our armies victoriously onto Normandy's beaches and the Rhine's east banks.

It's intended, however, to obviate any more such operations. It's designed, in the long run, to save you and me money. It's meant, in fact, to help us prosper and to assist others everywhere, in building the kind of a new world that civilized peoples deserve. The problem which the Bretton Woods proposals hope to solve is of Gargantuan dimensions, but unless it is solved, you can reconcile yourselves to a half century or more of chaos and probably another war.

The Bretton Woods proposals are complex. They fill an 85-page book drafted in the ponderous language of economics and are just about as understandable to you and me as so much Sanskrit. But there's nothing complicated about what they were designed to accomplish. This was, simply, the reconstruction of the countries smashed by World War II and the revival and expansion of moribund world trade.

First, let's look at the problem as it is. Peace will find nearly all nations, except those of the Western Hemisphere, in the financially decrepit condition commonly known as broke. Some will be bankrupt and others merely hard up.

Those countries which were occupied by the enemy or which became battlefields will be broke no matter how you audit their books. They will be broke in terms of money and goods but, worse still, in their ability to produce the material things people eat, wear and use—buy, sell and swap. Their farms, factories and cities will be damaged or destroyed. Their merchant fleets, if any, will be gone along with their locomotives, farm machinery, freight cars, trucks, automobiles, horses, mules and carts. Their bridges will be down, their roads obliterated.

They'll represent an enormous potential market for machinery, steel, cement and an infinite variety of tools and materials. Before the war, those areas, remember, accounted *for a full half of the world's trade.* They bought half of what big manufacturers like America and Britain sold abroad. But now they can't buy. They have neither the money nor the credit. Until their farms and factories are revitalized, they won't be able to produce the money and the goods which they can exchange for the things they need.

Those nations will represent the most urgent problem confronting the Big Three after victory. It'll be essentially an economic problem but will have political complications. While the settlement of their political problems could wait, the economic ones can't. Smashed factories and scorched farms and broken houses mean jobless, hungry and desperate people. Hunger and desperation breed political chaos and civil wars. Obviously economic rehabilitation must precede political reorganization.

The stability of the political house that's built in Europe will depend on the solidity of its economic foundations. Nobody paid enough attention to the foundations after the first World War, and in the general gerrymandering, a pompous Italian peasant and a sadistic Austrian paperhanger built the dungeons of Fascism and Nazism.

European real estate wasn't as fouled up then as it will be after World War II. In the last one, Germany, for instance, merely occupied tiny Luxembourg and little Belgium and penetrated only limitedly in the Balkans, France and Russia. The nations were impoverished, yes, but they emerged with their economic resources fairly intact even though the financial systems had been badly damaged by inflation and their prewar trade relationships upset by new national boundaries.

To Rebuild a New Europe

In this one the enemy conquered virtually all Europe and systematically and thoroughly looted its victims and so snarled their economic systems that they will probably never be re-established along the old lines.

The actual economic cost is difficult to assess. Washington officials say it may run to one trillion dollars, figures to make your head spin, even though you are accustomed now to thinking in billions. How much was siphoned out of each country in actual treasure is incalculable. Even more difficult to measure is the financial damage done by mass confiscation of property and the widespread corruption of the nations' banking systems. These came under direct ownership or control of the Reichsbank.

Plainly, the first step toward restoring the world to health is to put these economically starved and shattered countries back on their feet. This must be done before the world can move toward revival of trade. Handouts in the form of food packages and old clothes will relieve the distress but won't cure the illness. The Bretton Woods planners provided a possible cure.

They proposed the creation of a large financial pool to be known as the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, *into which all the United Nations* would put as much money as they can afford. A total of $9,100,000,000, the experts figured, would do the job. To this pool, America, as the biggest and richest power in the world, would contribute the largest share, $3,175,000,000, and would also have the largest single amount of control over how and to what countries the Bank would make loans.

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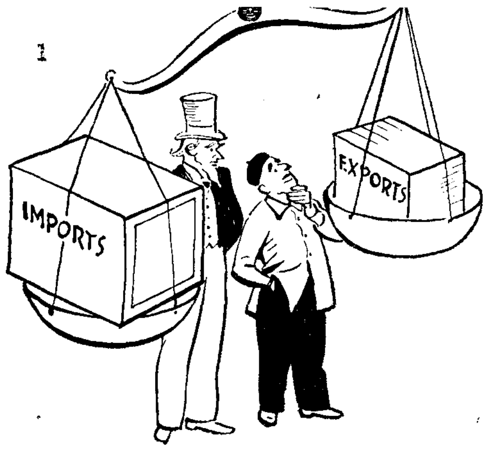

HOW THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY FUND WORKS:

(1) Country "X" has had to buy more goods from other countries than it has sold to them. If there were no Fund, it would have to pay for the difference be-

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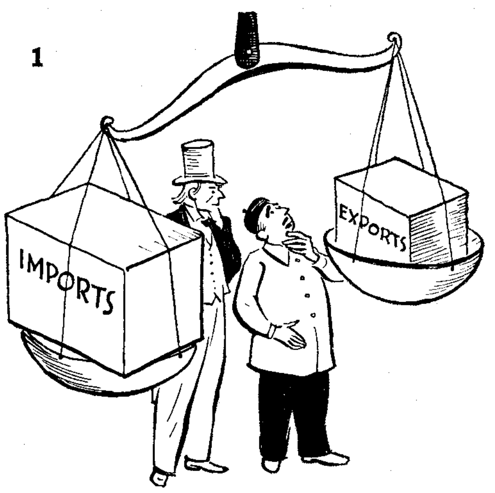

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THERE WAS NO FUND:

(1) Country "X" was faced with the same kind of problems as above after World War I. It had to buy more goods from other countries than it sold to them. It

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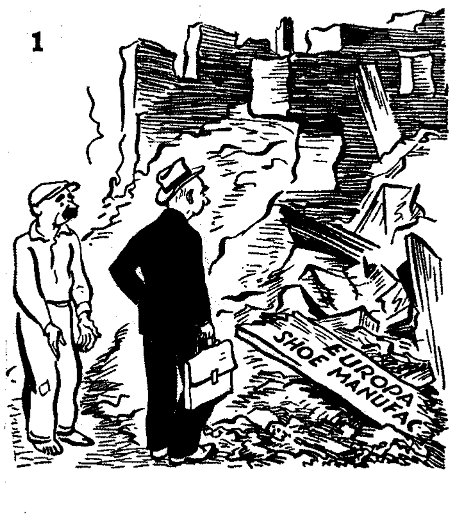

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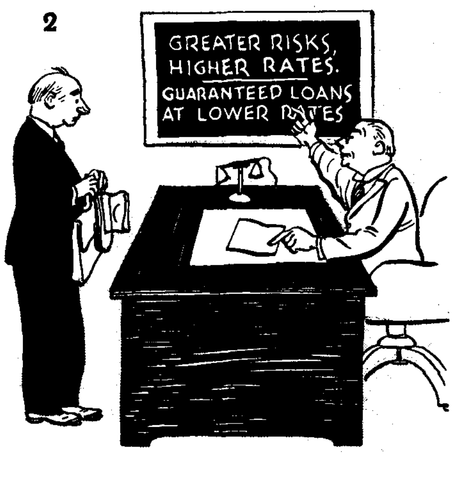
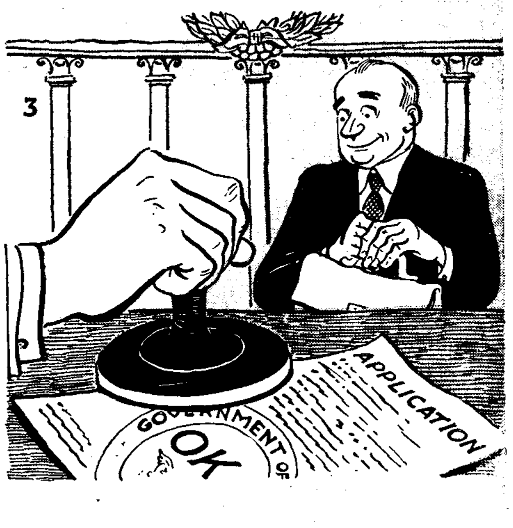

GREATER RISKS, HIGHER RATES.
GUARANTEED LOANS AT LOWER RATES

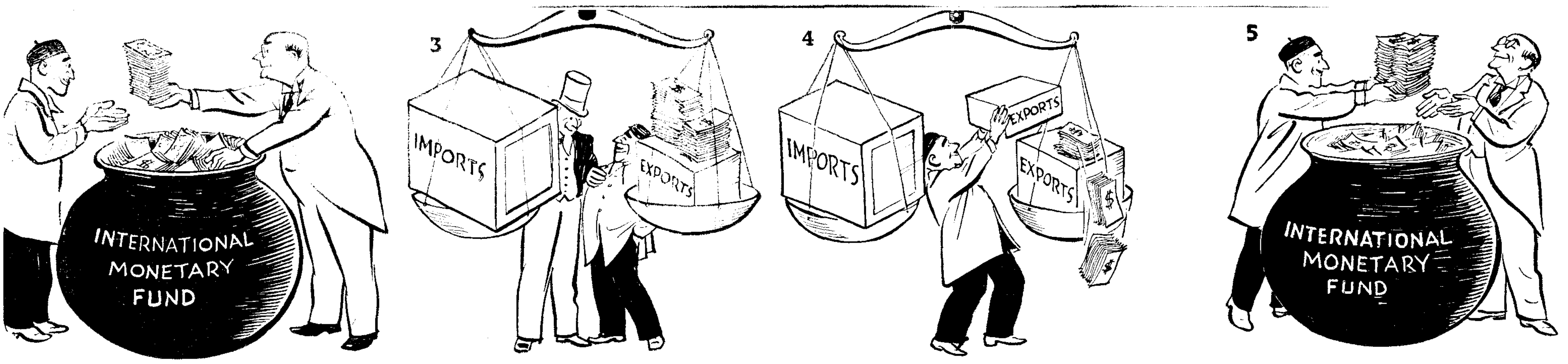
3



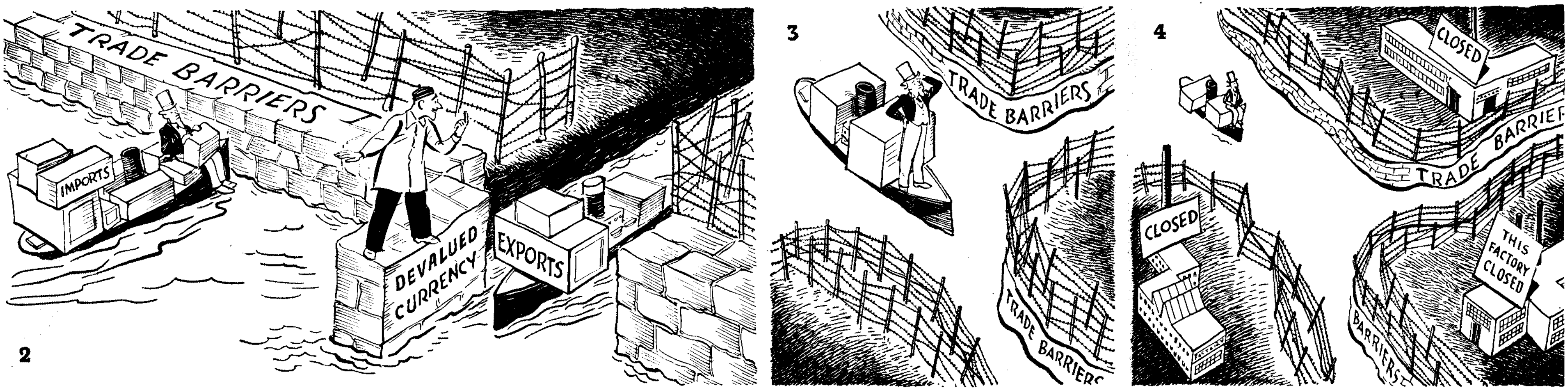
ONE WAY THE INTERNATIONAL BANK FOR RECONSTRUCTION AND DEVELOPMENT WOULD WORK:

(1) A shoe manufacturer in Central Europe wants to borrow $5,000,000 to buy machinery and other equipment to rebuild his bombed-out factory. (2) Because economic conditions in Central Europe are still uncertain, the manufacturer's own bank cannot float the loan through its New York financial contacts except on terms which the manufacturer can ill afford. However, the New York bankers will float the loan at reasonable rates if the International Bank will guarantee it. (3) The manufacturer's own bank gets its government to guarantee the loan to the International Bank. The Bank can only guarantee loans which first have been guaranteed by the country whose nationals are involved. (4) The

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE



tween its imports and exports by shipping gold abroad. Shipping much of its gold abroad easily could throw its entire financial system out of gear and eventually bring on depression and unemployment. (2) But country "X" can avoid these dangerous gold shipments by borrowing dollars, pounds, or other currencies which it needs to pay for its excess imports. It borrows from the Fund by depositing an equal amount of its own currency with the Fund. (3) Country "X" takes the foreign currencies borrowed from the Fund and uses them instead of gold to pay for its excess imports. (4) Avoidance of dangerous drains on its gold reserves thus gives country "X" a breathing space, in which to bring its exports and imports into better balance. (5) When this happens country "X" repays the Fund the foreign currencies which it had borrowed. Thus it has been unnecessary for country "X" to try harmful schemes for avoiding payment of gold, such as were attempted unsuccessfully after World War I



was faced with the same dilemma with regard to its gold reserves. Therefore it tried various ingenious devices to avoid shipping gold abroad. (2) For instance, it tried to hold down its imports, and thus bring them more into line with its exports. It did this by raising tariffs, imposing important quotas and erecting other kinds of trade barriers. Simultaneously it tried artificially to stimulate its exports by lowering the value of its currency, paying subsidies on exports and by other ingenious methods. (3) The trouble was that many other nations did exactly the same thing for the same reasons. Rising trade barriers, competitive currency devaluation and the other stop-gap devices completely upset world trade. World trade dried up! (4) When international trade dries up over large parts of the world, depression frequently results in political unrest and gives a leg up to dictators such as Mussolini and Hitler in their vicious quest for power and world domination

Great Britain's quota was set at $1,300,000,000 and Russia's at $1,200,000,000, with all others chipping in according to their means.

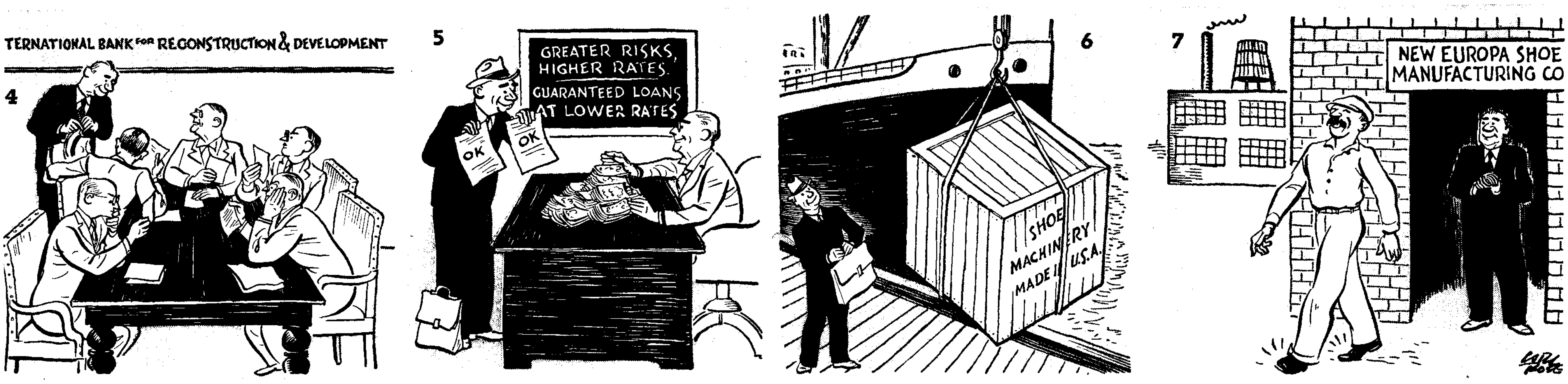
The Bank will operate on one fifth of its total capitalization. The remainder will be pledged by the United Nations. This can be done because the Bank's principal activity is going to be guaranteeing loans for different members of the United Nations or for the industrial enterprises of their citizens. For example, a big Greek fertilizer manufacturer might need funds to buy new machinery, spare parts and raw materials, all of which must be bought abroad.

He might be able to get the money from private bankers in New York through the contacts which his Athens bank has there. But conditions in Greece and near-by countries will be uncertain during the transition period. Quite rightly, the private bankers would charge higher than average interest rates and impose more stringent conditions than usual because of the risk involved.

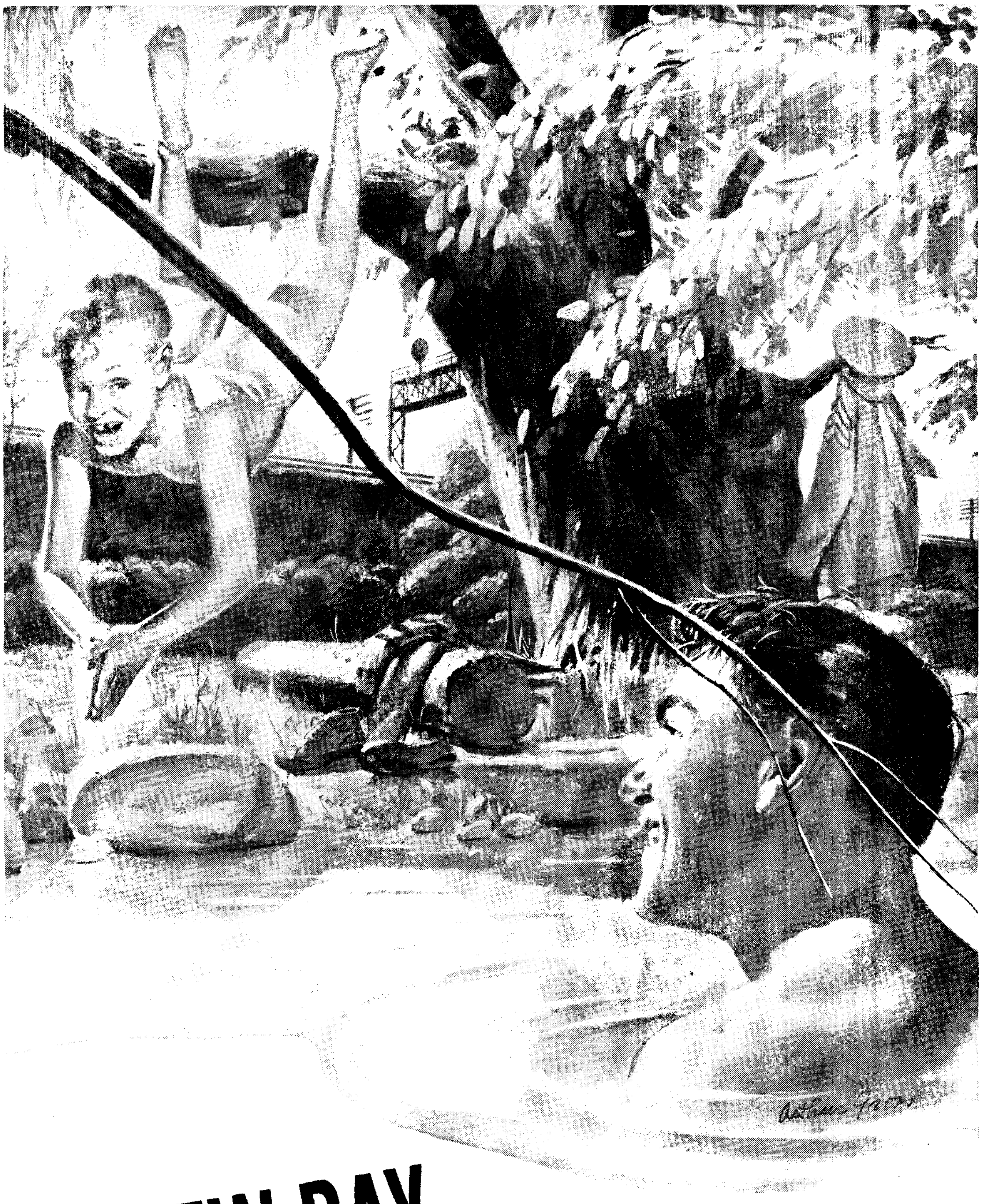
The Greek fertilizer manufacturer couldn't afford to borrow under these conditions. Therefore he would arrange for the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development to guarantee his loan. He would go to his Athens bank and have it get the Greek government to guarantee the loan. The Greek government would submit the loan to the International Bank for its guarantee. The Bank would guarantee the loan following its approval by its *technical committee.*

The New York bankers whom the Greek fertilizer manufacturer's Athens bank originally contacted now would have the guarantee of both the Greek government and the International Bank that they would make

(Continued on page 73)


TERNATIONAL BANK FOR RECONSTRUCTION & DEVELOPMENT
4
5
GREATER RISKS, HIGHER RATES.
GUARANTEED LOANS AT LOWER RATES
OK
OK
6
SHOE MACHINERY MADE IN U.S.A.
7
NEW EUROPA SHOE MANUFACTURING CO

International Bank's technical committee examines the proposition and recommends that the Bank guarantee the loan. (5) The loan, guaranteed by the International Bank and the manufacturer's own government, is now floated in the private investment market with the help of the New York bankers. (6) The shoe manufacturer can use the loan only to buy the needed equipment and material for his factory outside his own country. Perhaps he uses most of the money to purchase American machinery which in due time arrives at his factory. (7) The machinery enables the manufacturer to resume profitable business operation. He meets interest charges regularly and repays the loan according to schedule. Profitable operation enables him to expand and buy more American machinery. After a while his workers are able to buy an increasing volume of American and other foreign goods. On the other hand, if his business should fail in spite of the loan, the private lenders are protected by the guarantee of the Bank as well as by the manufacturer's government, which will make good the loan and afterward try to collect the sum from him



"Can you swim, son?" Alec asked. "I learned two years ago," the kid said. He stood naked on the bank for a moment and then dived cleanly from the oak-tree crotch

NEW DAY

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

ALEC HUNTER walked the tree-lined street with a sense of loneliness and loss. Ten years ago, this had been home, and today it was not. The storefront names were new, the faces strange.

Now he walked away from the town and moved down across the lower pasture toward the swamp and beyond to the willow grove that still lay green and thick around the swimming hole. In long-past summers he had poised on the old oak tree and leaped into the fast-running water, seven feet down to sand bottom, then to be carried laughing around the big bend in the swift current. He wondered, walking through the rustling cattails, if it would still be there. A man came home to the old scenes and found them different, or perhaps the old scenes were the same and the man was changed.

For a moment he considered turning back—it might be better never knowing whether it had changed—and then he laughed and climbed the right-of-way bank and walked the railroad track toward the hole. He slipped off the rail twice, grinning to himself, and counted the ties that passed under his feet, just as the gang had counted them so long ago.

He came abreast of the path that led down and followed it, sliding down the last ten feet to the creek bank. Now, suddenly as it had happened in those other days, he was out of the bright sunlight and in the velvet shadow of the willow trees. He stepped across the intervening five feet of space to the bank and glanced down.

It was the same. The water was deep and clear, running even more swiftly and cutting around the bend, and the opposite bank was still thick with grass. He smiled, thinking that at last he had found something which had endured, something he still loved and found better than before.

Automatically he began taking off his clothes. He wondered what his platoon would think to see a grown man going into a kid swimming hole in the raw—that he was crazy, most likely—and then he laughed and leaped far out into the center of the creek.

He hit with a loud splash and went down, touching bottom with his toes. He felt the hard sand bottom, the rush of cold water along his body, and he leaned into the current and stroked lazily, holding himself stationary and blowing his breath against the small waves, bubbles coming up and tickling his nose. He did not hear or see the boy until the voice spoke behind him: "Hello."

He turned in the water then, and saw the kid, about twelve, with blond short hair and freckles across his nose, a tooth missing in front. The boy grinned, and Alec thought suddenly of his old friend Bill Kilean.

He said, "How are you, son? Coming in?"

The boy nodded and sat down under the oak tree. He said, "I thought nobody but the gang knew about our hole."

Alec smiled at that and said, "I swam here long ago."

"Is it the same?" the boy asked.

"Just like I left it," Alec said. And then: "Don't stay out because of me."

The boy said, "Thank you," and began undressing.

"Can you swim, son?" Alec asked.

The boy said, "I learned two years ago."

"Teach yourself?"

The boy was in his shorts now, showing a strong tanned upper body and good legs. He said, "Yes, sir. First mud-crawling and then I got so I could stay up."

"I learned the same way," Alec said.

The boy stood naked on the bank, and then dived in cleanly from the oak-tree crotch. He swam under water all the way across the hole, coming up on the far side to blow and spit professionally and smile at the water.

Alec said, "You're a good diver."

The boy blushed and said, "Not very good. I just learned. Eddie taught me last month and I'm just catching on."

"Can you do a cannonball?"

"Yes, sir," the boy laughed. "You take a great big run and jump and grab your knees and come down on your—"

"Just like we did it," Alec said. "It was a lot of fun."

The boy swam around him against the current, then with it, then back again. Alec watched the strong arms stroking cleanly, and when the boy stopped for breath, and floated, he asked, "What is your father's name?"

The boy said, "William Kilean."

"I'll be darned!" Alec said. "Why, your older brother is just my age. We used to wheel you in your buggy."

"Then you're Alec Hunter," the boy said. "Bill told me about you."

Alec thought: Ten years, really almost eleven, and here was Bill's image swimming in the same hole they had used in their own good youth. He asked, "What's your name?"

"Joe," the boy said. "Dad named me after Grandpa."

"How is your dad, Joe?" he asked. "And say, is Bill home now?"

"Dad is fine, sir," the boy said. "And Bill is at the lumberyard right now. He's home on furlough. Are you in the Army?"

Alec said, "Yes, Joe. I was in the Pacific. I'm home for a while, too."

He thought then how this boy was so like his brother, and his father, in his slow talk and his deliberate sure movements, just as Bill had been in the old days—maybe not the first to do anything but always mastering it in time and eventually better than all of them.

The boy scrambled out toward his clothes. "It's time for the noon passenger, sir."

"I thought it came at one," Alec said.

"It comes at noon now," the boy said.

They had changed the time then, since the old days. Many times Alec had stood on the bank above the hole and watched the train rumble past, moving toward the depot. He had waved at the engineer and heard the shrill whistle, and on special occasions when the engineer felt funny, they would be sprayed with hissing white steam that didn't hurt a bit. He said, "All right. We'll dress and watch it, and then go see your dad and brother."

They dressed on the bank, wiping their feet on the clean grass and slipping into the dry, warm clothes so that shirt and pants stuck wetly to their skin. The boy stood on the log, watching Alec slip into his khakis, counting the ribbons.

The boy said, "I know what most of them mean."

Alec wanted to say: You think you do, Joe, but I hope you'll never really know. But he smiled and said, "Your brother probably has most of them, Joe."

"Some, sir," the boy said. "But not the red and white one and that blue one with the stars. What are they for?"

Alec felt like a fool, but this was the time and place, if ever, in which he could speak the words. He said, "Nothing much, Joe, nothing much. Maybe for this swimming hole and your cannonballs. . . . Listen, I hear the train."

THEY ran up the bank and through the overgrown grass to the right of way, and the train slipped past them, bell ringing and steam hissing out the sides. Alec stood beside the boy, dropping one hand on his shoulder, savoring some of the fine sweet taste of his dreams and his growth, reliving lost days and straightening out the knotted problems in his mind. The boy, too, would have to steam onward, growing older, keeping a small part of youth for himself, and leaving the swimming holes for other small boys.

The train was over the bridge and moving into the depot, and he looked down at the boy and said, "Well, let's go and see your dad and brother, Joe, and then we'll have a malted milk. Does Bill still go for them?"

"Yes, sir." The boy smiled. He seemed to be struggling with some thought, and then he said, "Is the town still the same as when you were here?"

Alec said, "Joe, it's the same. I thought that it had changed, but I guess it never will. Come on, we'll walk the rails to town."

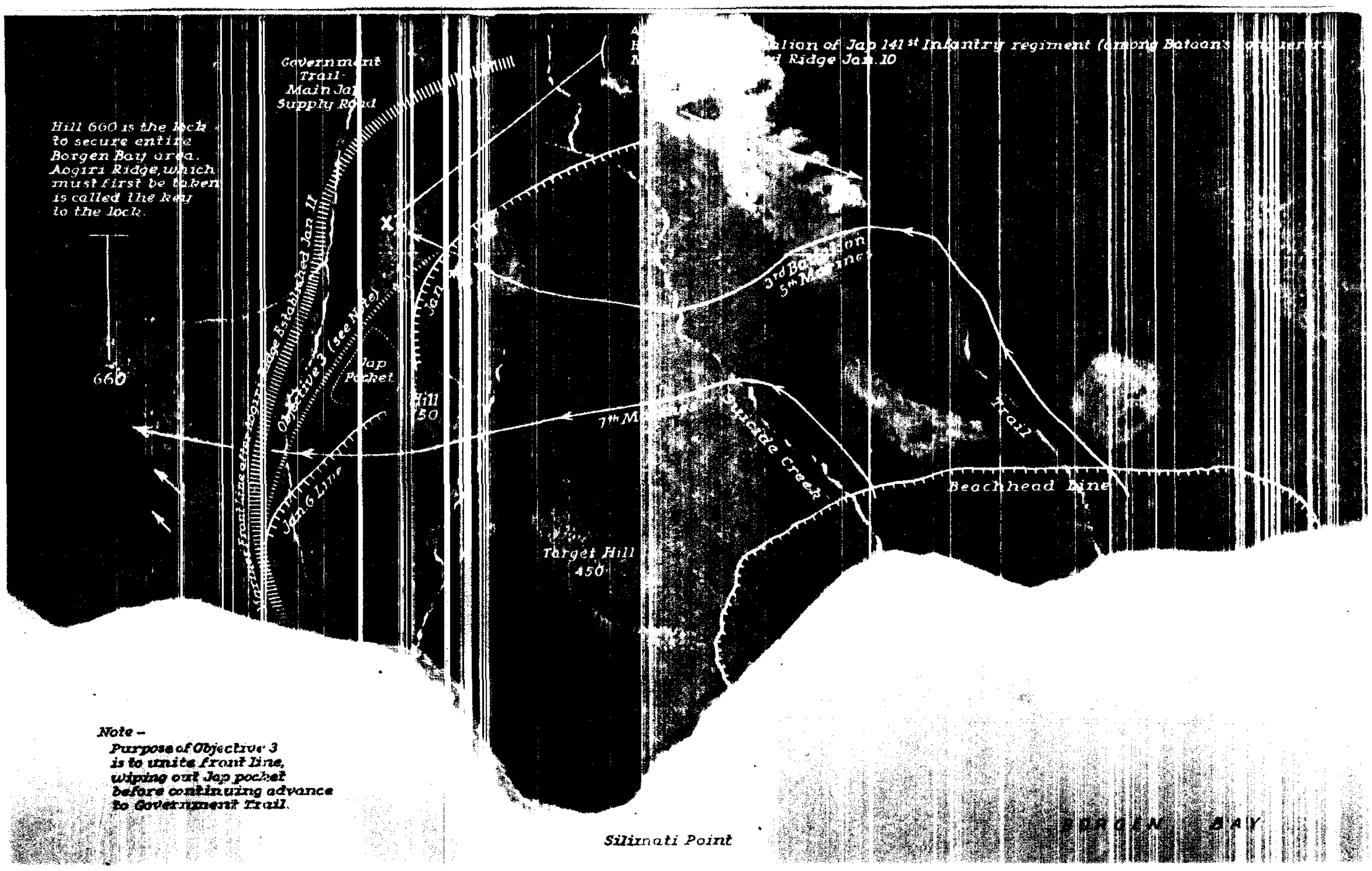
ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR GROSS

a short short story complete on this page

SUICIDE CREEK

BY ASA BORDAGES

TECHNICAL SERGEANT, U. S. MARINE CORPS


Government Trail- Main Jap Supply Road
Hill 660 is the lock to secure entire Borgen Bay area. Aogiri Ridge, which must first be taken is called the key to the lock.
660
Marine Front Line after Aogiri Ridge Established Jan 11
Objective 3 (see Note)
Jap Pocket
Jan
Hill 150
Jan 6 Line
7th M
3rd Battalion 5th Marines
Suicide Creek
Trail
Beachhead Line
Target Hill 450
ation of Jap 141st Infantry regiment (among Bataan's conquerors
Ridge Jan. 10
Silimati Point
BORGEN BAY

Note –
Purpose of Objective 3 is to unite front line, wiping out Jap pocket before continuing advance to Government Trail.

Concluding the story of the U. S. Marines on Cape Gloucester as they press to a climax their battle for supremacy in the jungle. At the right is a map-maker's sketch of the course of the action. The distance from jump-off to victory was no more than a man might stroll in an hour. Marines fought through nine grim days and nights to cover that brief distance

MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

II

THE rain kept on. The battle kept on. Each day the Marines fought deeper into the jungle. There'd be a pillbox, a nest of machine guns, and the Marines would have to blast them out to advance. The enemy had tricks, too. Good tricks, some of them. He'd draw his men back, abandoning a bivouac area or a nest of foxholes. A Marine patrol scouting through the jungle would report the way clear and pass on. The enemy would filter back into the position, and the larger body of Marines following the patrol would be hit from ambush.

On January 7th, the sixth day of battle, Lieutenant Colonel McDougal went ahead of the line with a small party and inspected an abandoned bivouac area. You wouldn't have thought there was a Jap in miles. The Marines even pawed over some abandoned gear and picked up a few souvenirs. A little later, as the advance continued, McDougal returned to this bivouac area to set up his forward CP.

The jungle was still. But the enemy had seeped back into the area. As the CP party came into a clearing, the Japs cut loose.

The Marines dived for the deck with bullets cutting around them. Some crouched behind a big log. Some were in the open, with only weeds and bush for protection. Some were wounded. Colonel McDougal was firing his pistol at a machine gun when he was hit in the right shoulder.

He rolled over on his other side and said, "I guess I can't use that hand any more." He changed his pistol to his left hand. Then he lay there, firing at them with his left hand and hollering for a telephone.

Command of the battalion was assumed by Major Joseph Skoczylas, of Philadelphia, a varsity track and soccer man at the Naval Academy. He was shot in the face. It was a bad day for officers. Lieutenant Chisick was hit. So was Lieutenant Olaus W. Larson of Meridian, Texas. So was Captain Thomas F. Guffin, Jr., of East Point, Georgia.

Then there was "Barney O'Goodman." The records list him as Captain Howard K. Goodman, a New York lawyer, but they called him "Barney O'Goodman" because he could sing more Irish songs than any man in the regiment. They called him "Bugle Boy," too, because he blew his company's calls in camp. It was the only company in the Marine Corps with a captain for a bugler. It was pretty much a company secret.

Captain Goodman's parents live in Long Beach, N. Y. They say there wasn't a lot of money in the family, and young Howard Goodman had to work his way through school. He was the pride of his parents. He would be a lawyer, maybe a judge even.

Instead, he went to Guadalcanal, won the Silver Star for heroism and came to Cape Gloucester to die. He was 25. He was killed that afternoon because he exposed himself to spot the enemy rather than order one of his men to do it.

It was a bad day for enlisted men, too. They fought all day to push ahead, and the enemy was pounding harder with mortars. The Marines couldn't get at them. They could only duck, sprawl flat in the mud and hope the shrapnel would pass over them.

The Marines didn't know that this was the spot prepared by the enemy for the final showdown. They didn't know that just ahead of them was the stronghold of Aogiri Ridge. They knew that not far ahead was the Government Trail, their objective, but they thought the dense growth between hid only more jungle flats. The map didn't show any ridge, and the jungle screen concealed it.

Aogiri wasn't a big ridge. From the base of one nose, across the crest and down the slope to the base of the opposite nose, it was perhaps 200 yards long. The ground in front of the ridge begins rising slowly, the pitch gradually increasing until it starts sharply upward at an angle as great as 40 degrees. That last steep rise to the crest is only about 50 or 60 feet. Against this face of the ridge, hidden from them by the jungle, the Marines were advancing.

The enemy had prepared an elaborate network of camouflaged bunkers and machine-gun emplacements. They were all along the crest of the jungle-masked ridge, thick along its steep face, stretching down the noses of the ridge and off on either flank into the jungle flats. There was no spot on the approaches to the ridge that could not be covered by the defenders' machine-gun fire. And the area was thick with foxholes of supporting riflemen.

The enemy was dug in even on the reverse of the ridge, which sloped down into a little valley through which ran the Government Trail, the enemy's precious supply line for the Hill 660 sector. Across that little draw was another ridge. There the enemy had prepared positions from which his force on Aogiri Ridge received strong supporting fire.

The Japs Were Sitting Pretty

The Japanese stronghold was manned by a battalion of veteran troops. A large part of them had been resting in bivouac, well fed, as comfortable as men can be in the jungle, during all the time the Marines were bludgeoning their way through the jungle, the rain and the mud—fighting on their nerve, sick from exhaustion, from dysentery, from fungus infection. And now "the bug" was beginning to hit them again. Malaria.

Some of the sick had to be sent out with the wounded. But if a man could walk, if he could shoot, he stayed in the line.

When Major Skoczylas was wounded the afternoon of January 7th, the enemy was hitting them from the front, from the flank, and snipers were picking men off from the rear. When night came, the battalion had lost contact with the unit on its left and was forced to form a tight circular defense, a despondent circle in the dark. To make matters worse, a strong pocket of Japs separated one company from the rest of the battalion. This isolated company had to form its own defense circle in the rainy dark.

The men were out on their feet. A captain who has been recommended for the Navy Cross says, "They'd taken all men could. The will to fight was gone. I couldn't blame them."

A platoon sergeant, one of the noncom regulars who are the backbone of the Corps, put it this way: "They'd have kept on fighting. They'd have kept on as long as you told them to. But it wouldn't have been no use. This battalion was licked. They'd gave up hope."

That was the situation Lieutenant Colonel Lewis W. Walt, 30, of Vallejo, California, faced the next morning when he came slopping through the jungle to take command of the battalion. It was January 8th.

With him came his runner, Corporal Lawrence H. Larson, 21, a Guadalcanal veteran, an orphan from Muskegon, Michigan. The

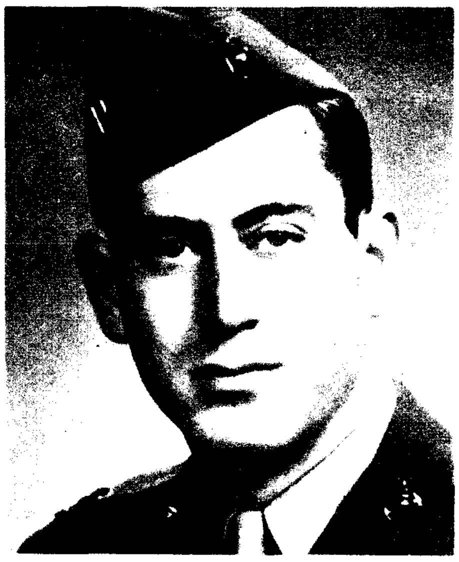
(Continued on page 28)

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

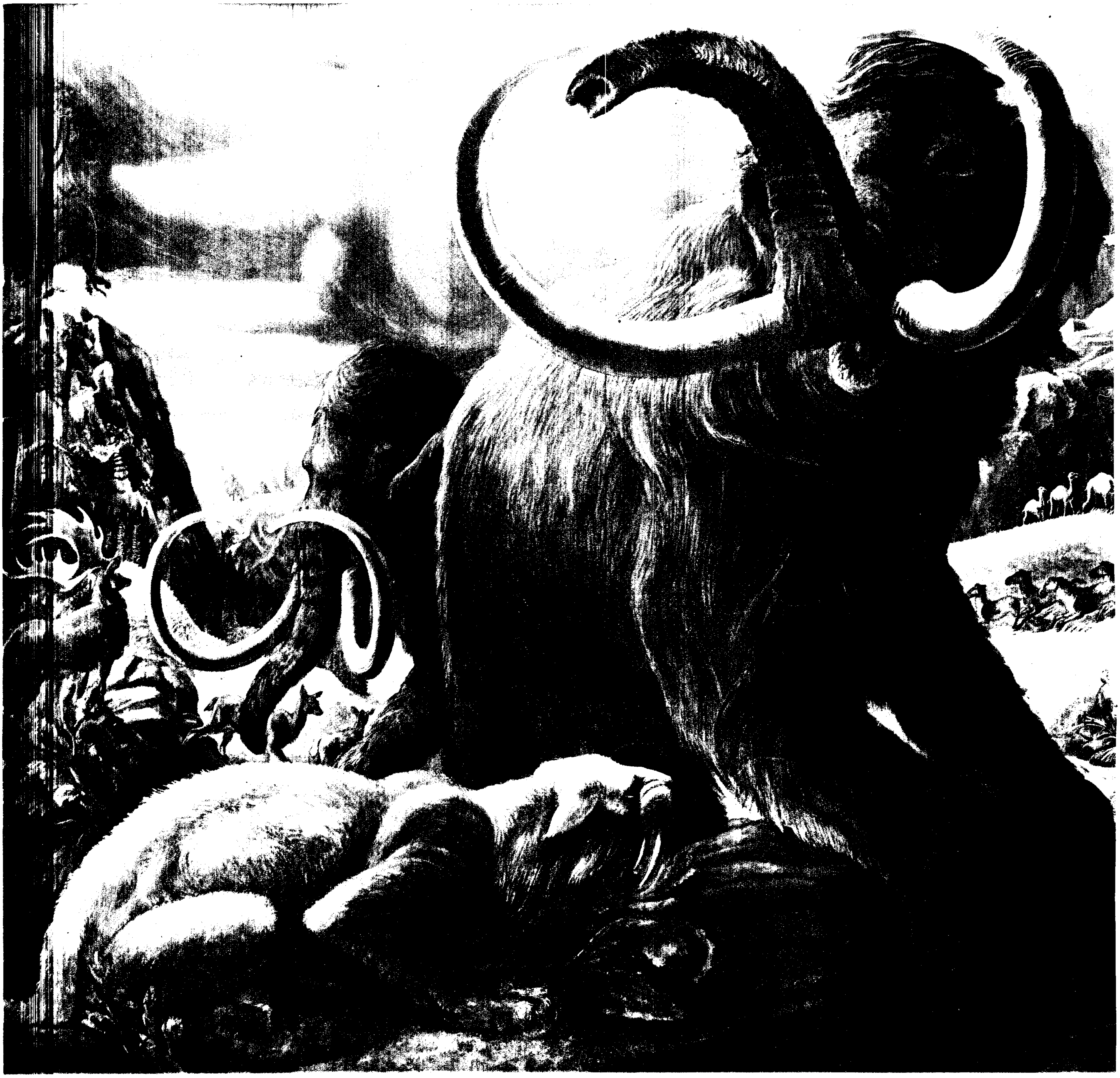
Lt. Col. Lewis W. Walt, of Vallejo, California. He attacked with everything he had—not excepting himself

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

Platoon Sgt. "Pop" Haney, a Marine since Chateau Thierry. This fight was much the worst he had ever seen



Capt. H. K. Goodman, whose parents live in Long Beach, N. Y., won the Silver Star and died a hero's death



BY FRANK DUFRESNE

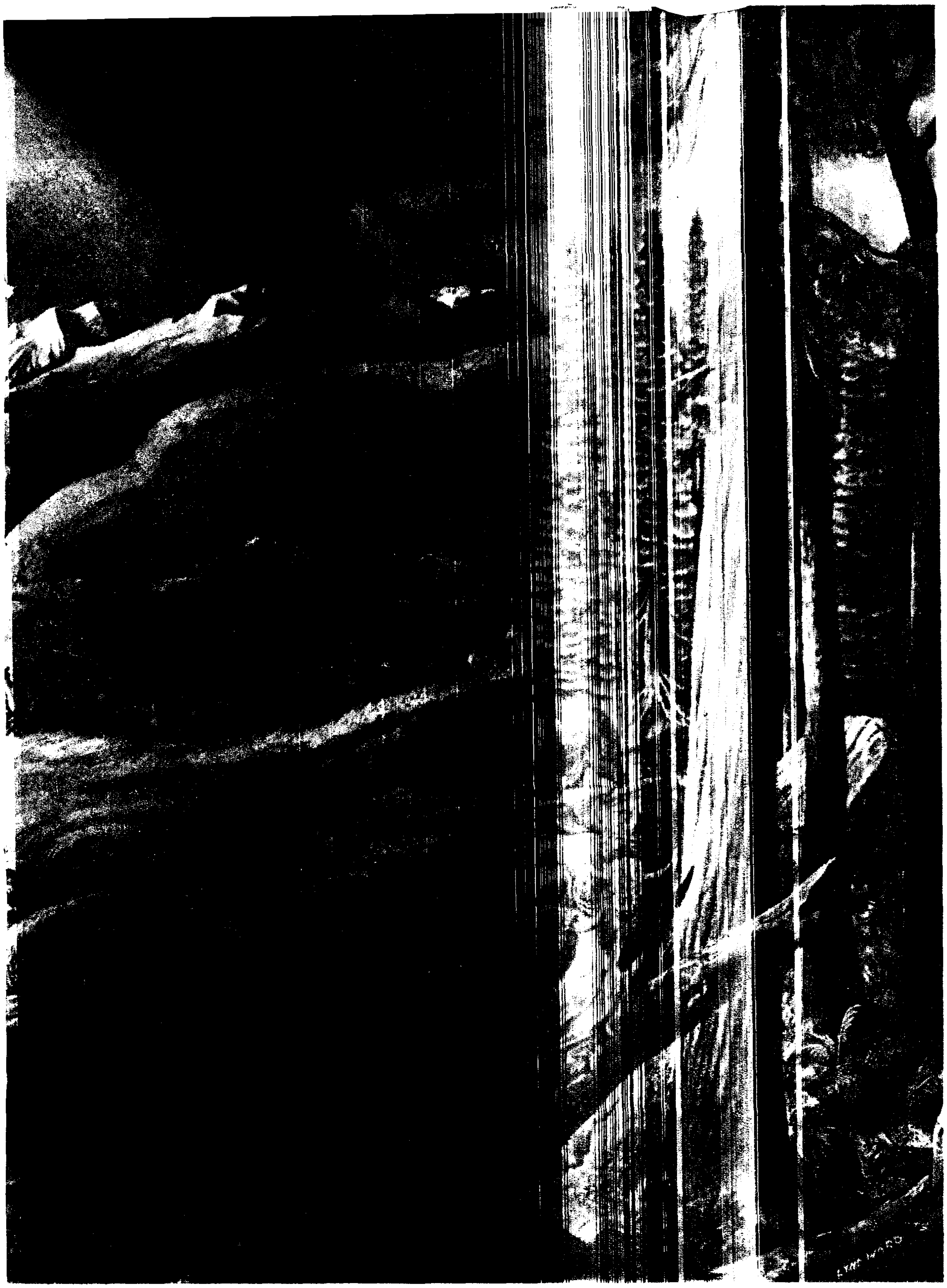
ILLUSTRATED BY LYND WARD

It was at least that long ago when advancing glaciers overlaid all of Alaska with ice hundreds of feet thick, covering the buried bodies of thousands of animals now extinct. Today they are being recovered from the ice—mammoths, mastodons, bears, saber-toothed tigers, giant cats—many of them in a remarkable state of preservation

IT WAS midsummer in the arctic. The Eskimo Napauk and I had come a long way to visit this remote spot on the bleak shore line of Kotzebue Sound, in northwestern Alaska. From where we stood under the receding glacier, you could look out past our schooner riding at its anchor and see the pea-green expanse of the polar ocean, dotted with sparkling jewels of ice, curving away over the top of the world. Bright-plumaged eider drakes flew by in small groups; a school of milk-white pygmy whales puffed and sighed beyond the breakers.

Just above the swirl of the surf, we had been exploring for teeth and bone fragments of Pleistocene creatures. The spreading horns of an extinct bovine had already been balanced across the Eskimo's kayak and paddled out to the schooner.

A fossilized molar the size and weight of a cobblestone had been dug out of the sand, and I was prying at a thighbone big as a small tree trunk, when Napauk's gaze suddenly



A million years or so ago, these creatures and many others fought for existence in one of the greatest game fields of all time: the area now known as Alaska. Vast ice glaciers crunching down from the north, as they had done at least four times before, finally put an end to the kind of life we see here. Before the ice came, the saber-toothed tiger (lower left) menaced every living thing (we see one here snarling at one of two woolly mammoths); giant Irish elk walked softly (a male and two females are shown just above the tiger); and great mastodons (upper right) prowled everywhere. Others which Artist Ward shows us are: two giant sloths and another tiger, with a bear shuffling toward them; two giant beavers (lower right-hand corner); a herd of running horses and a file of camels—the ancestors, so the scientists tell us, of our modern horses and camels. Like to hunt? Well, you're a little late this time—by just about a million years

riveted on a spot above the thudding water.

"No use diggum any more," he said. "Here comes a whole one."

It looked just like that at first. It looked like a curiously deflated elephant in the very act of breaking through the walls of its icy prison. Two enormous tusks of stovepipe diameter, curled back against themselves like giant fishhooks, hung suspended in the air. Part of a huge skull was in sight. A poised foreleg gave the impression that this long-dead beast was probing cautiously for a foothold before taking another step. You caught your breath in the wonder of it! Here was a woolly mammoth—something out of a legend. It just didn't exist any more. It belonged to another age. Yet here it was, moving out into the sunlight of today.

There wasn't much to be done about it. For one thing, we had no way of scaling the slippery white wall, and there was little we could accomplish if we succeeded in reaching the animal. We could only keep our rare discovery under observation during the short summer; see it project farther out like a mounted specimen on the mantelpiece as the ice melted away from it; watch it collapse gradually for lack of support, and see pieces of it come toppling into the sea. We gathered handfuls of long dark hair; picked up chunks with flesh and hide still attached to the bone.

Dark Meat from the Ice Era

Napauk even chewed on a grisly dark joint. "Plenty old!" was his only comment, and he didn't reach for a second helping.

Perhaps we were fussier than the Siberians across Bering Strait, or maybe they grew a better grade of mammoth over there. Anyway, it is claimed that cold storage specimens recovered from Siberia were devoured by dogs and bears. In a pinch maybe a man could have eaten this ancient flesh, though I am inclined to believe he would first have consumed all the dogs and bears in sight.

On the [illegible] side of Bering Sea, the news of the [illegible] of Ice Age creatures filtered into Nome largely in the form of complaints from the [illegible] miners. To begin with, it was trouble enough to cut down through a hundred feet of frozen muck in order to reach the gold-bearing gravels on bedrock. Streams of snow water gathered in ditches dug around the mountain slopes were led down into the valley through flexible canvas hose, and shot through tapering nozzles to thaw and wash away the overlying debris. But when the sluice boxes were in place and the long-awaited "clean-up" at hand, more troubles appeared.

In a few instances long strands of black hair and rust-colored wool clogged the riffles of the sluice boxes. Strange-looking skulls bigger than the camp cookstove, too bulky to be carted off in wheelbarrows, had to be pushed and rolled out of the way. Ivory tusks longer than any sported by modern elephants required the strength of two men to carry them from the pits. And over the whole area was the penetrating odor of decaying flesh thawed and shredded by the giant hydraulic nozzles.

But it was in the Fairbanks region that paleontologists really hit the jackpot. Here in central Alaska, gold mining was conducted on a grand scale and by newly discovered wrinkles that permitted extensive areas to be stripped of endless tons of muck and ice. It was here, far below the present earth's surface, that one of the greatest game fields of all time was laid bare. The miners found a setting that obviously had swarmed with wild life. They found abundant remains not only of mammoths and bison, but also of horses and camels and giant cats.

A Golden Age of the Animals

Contemporaneous with a long list of vanished species were practically all of our existing forms. Both in numbers and variety, the Pleistocene life excelled anything left on the continent today. Only in the heart of darkest Africa may living man hope to see its equal. Actually, what we have in America today is only a remnant of that which occurred before the glaciers moved down from the polar regions to blanket the top half of the New World.

Not only once, but probably four times, the ice advanced upon temperate America. Originating in Canada, it reached roughly down to a line drawn from New York through Cincinnati to Saint Louis, then swung sharply northward to near the Canadian border and west to Seattle. Mountain valleys as far down as mid-California were covered. Greenland got such a heavy dose of glaciers that it hasn't recovered from the shock yet; geologically, it is still in the Ice Age.

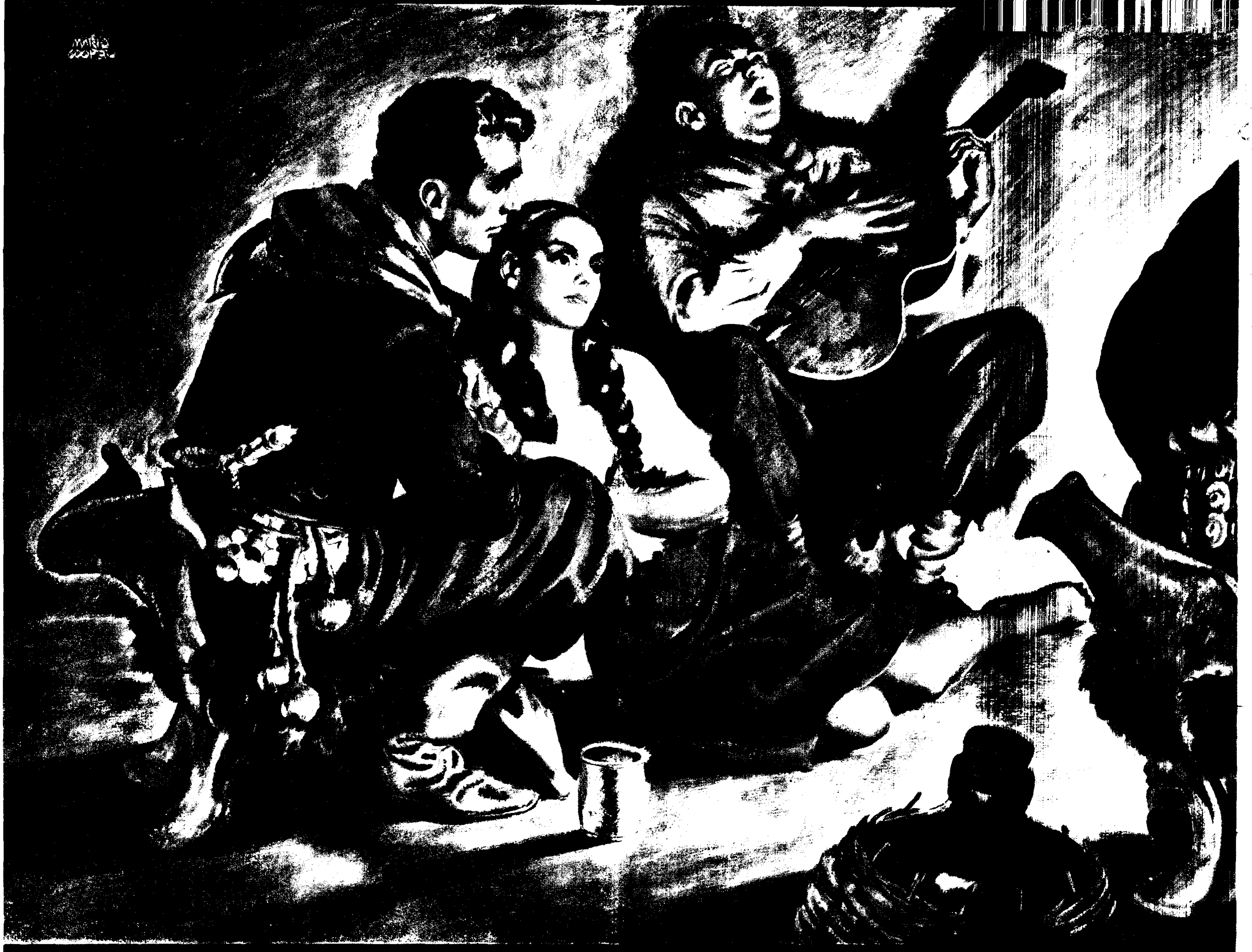
When did it all happen? Probably a million years ago, and it lasted to within twenty-five to eighty thousand years of the present time. The glacial epoch of the Quaternary period, known as the Pleistocene, played no favorites. A large part of Europe and Asia fell under the steamroller of advancing ice. The south polar region reached out from down under; even Africa had a touch. None of this implies a catastrophic change in climate. An average drop in temperature of ten or fifteen degrees might bring the ice far southward, a corresponding lift would start it back for the arctic. Not fast, though; you can't hurry a glacier. It counts time in thousands of years.

There are two reasons why Alaska is such a good hunting ground for long-dead animals, and why it may hold the key to many questions, including that puzzling one about when man first made his appearance in this country. In the first place, Alaska forms one end of a land bridge that once connected America with Asia across Bering Strait. The walking is poor up there right now: there are thirty-five miles of water separating Cape Prince of Wales on the Alaska side from Russian Diomede Island, and it is about the same distance from there to East Cape, Siberia. But back in a far distant age, it is

(Continued on page 40)

The Dark Land

BY MARY MAN[illegible]



Manuelita and the Domador sat until late into the night with Don Plácido and his sons, drinking and singing and listening to tales of long ago

On the pampas, men are wanderers. Or so Manuelita was told by her father—and then again by the Domador, who had ridden off with her heart

UNDER the growing heat of the morning sun, a man was riding; the jingle of his bridle, the soft thud of his horse's hoofs in the heavy dust of the road were the only sounds in the quiet world. The man looked ahead at the flat horizon with the narrowed eyes of one who habitually searches the distances and grunted with satisfaction. On the rim of the earth lay the long, low shadow of trees rising from the vast fields of alfalfa and maize that stretched from sunrise to sunset.

"Eeeco! Vamos!" he urged, lifting his reins a little so that the roan lengthened its stride into an easy canter. The man's body swayed to the quickened movement of the horse as if they shared muscle and nerve alike. He was a young man, no more than twenty-two or twenty-three, lean and slight and hard. His narrow, aquiline face was tanned by the wind and sun of the pampa; his brown eyes, alternately laughing and melancholy, were shaded by his hat which he wore tipped forward, and beneath the shadow his mouth seemed a little ruthless even when he smiled.

Because of the heat he had taken his poncho off his shoulder and laid it across the high pommel of his *recado;* the poncho was of fine quality vicuña wool, and the saddlecloths and sheepskin that he used under and over the wooden *recado* were new and clean; the silver on his rawhide bridle glittered and there was the silver embossed haft of a knife protruding from the broad belt of silver coins that held up his baggy black cotton *bombachas.*

The trees about the mansion house were clearly visible now, eucalyptus, acacia, paraiso and peach trees, and there was an indefinable stir of human activity in the air. Before entering the avenue which led to the house he had to pass through a gate guarded by a small cottage. As he approached, two nondescript dogs came racing forth, yapping and snarling at his horse's legs and, at the noise, a girl came running out of the cottage.

When she saw who it was, she paused for one heartbeat of time, her face lighted by sudden inner ecstasy.

"El Domador!" she exclaimed involuntarily. And then back over her shoulder she cried happily. "He is returned, the Domador!" And she ran forward, her bare feet thudding in the dust, to open the gate for him.

"I have waited for you," she said breathlessly, shyly, as he rode through the gate. "From sun until sun have I waited!"

"Aiee!" he laughed. "If it is not the *morochita,* the Manuelita! But you have become a woman since I went away, Manuelita!"

"You have been away too long," she said, looking up at him with her large, serious brown eyes. "I am seventeen already."

"Seventeen! And still unwed!"

"I have told you. I have waited as you asked!"

He laughed somewhat uneasily and opened his mouth to reply but was interrupted by shouts of welcome from three men who came out of the cottage. They were Manuelita's father and brothers and behind them came her mother, ña Dominga, a quiet woman of few words.

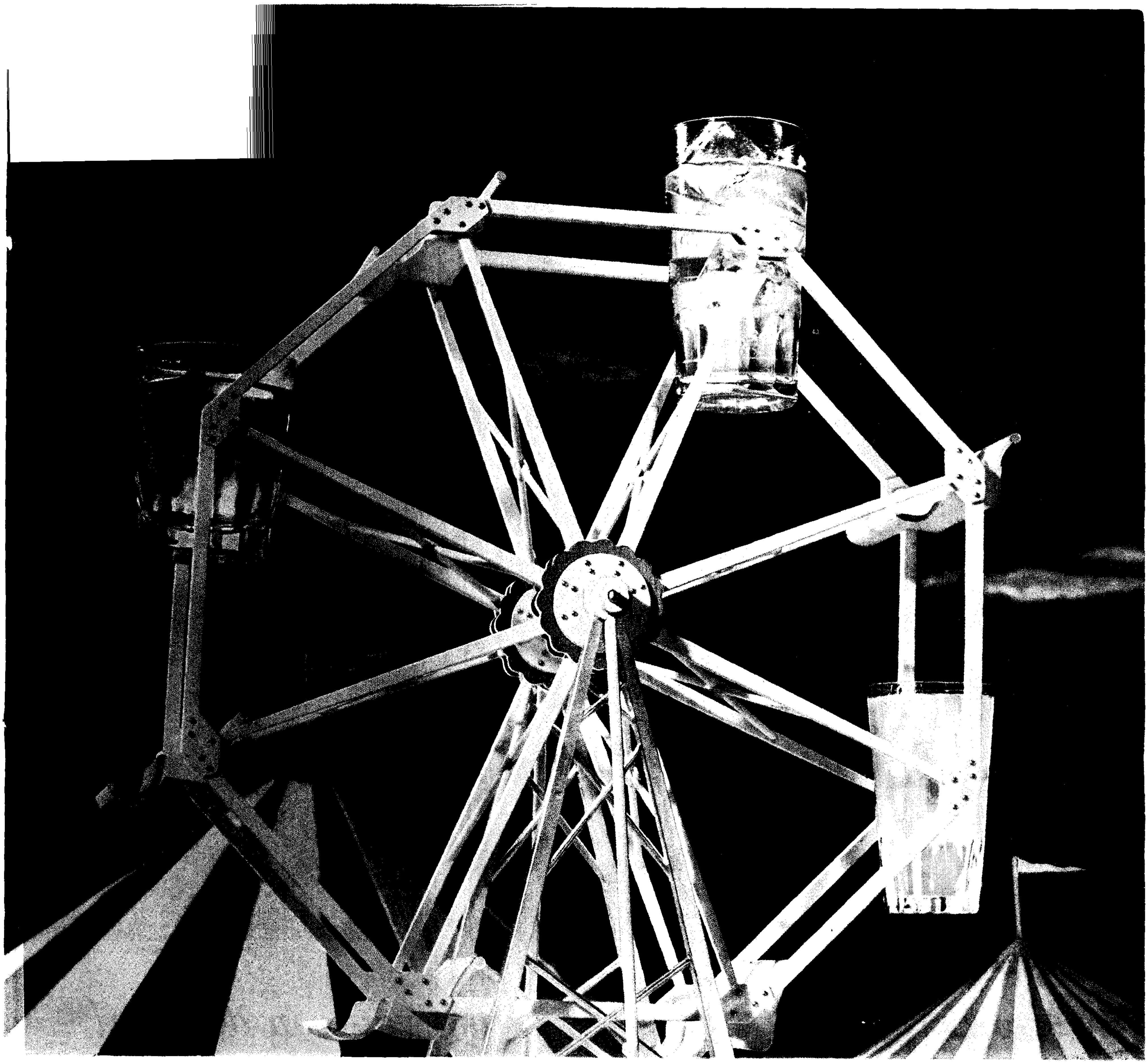
"How goes it, *ché compadre?"* Don Plácido cried, coming forward and slapping the young man on the back warmly. The two younger men greeted him respectfully. "Enter and make yourself at home. My house is yours!"

THE Domador—he was a horse-breaker and commonly called by the name of his profession—was held in high esteem by the old superintendent, not only for his calling which was of much repute among the people of the pampa, but for a certain inherent authority and pride evident in his carriage and manner of speaking. It mattered little that no one knew of his family nor whence he came, that he owned nothing but his horse and its accoutrements, that he came and went as unpredictably as the wind.

The men seated themselves on the benches on either side of the rough wooden table. The adobe house was clean and, for all the chickens and cats and dogs that wandered in

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



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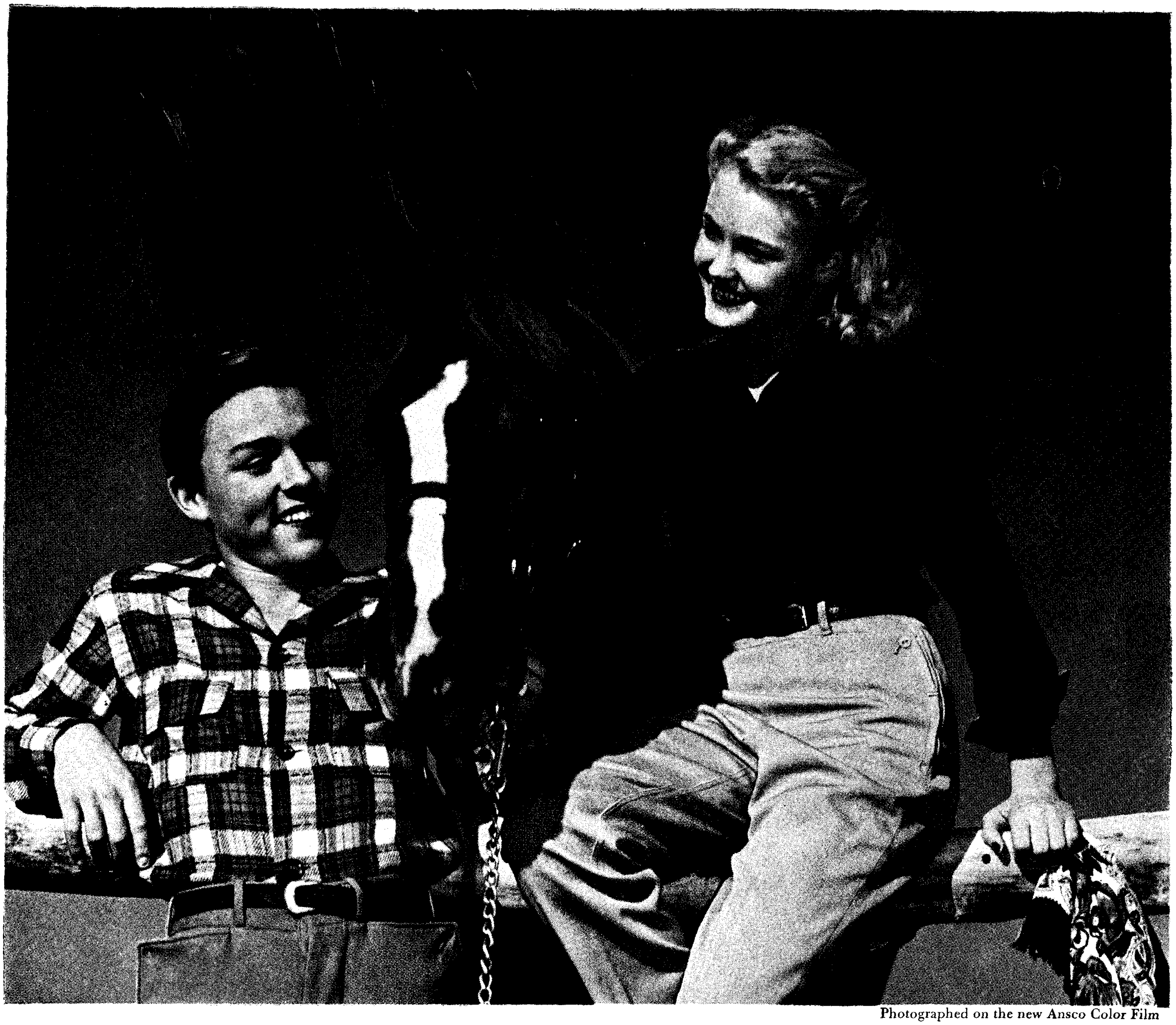

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Continued from page 17

sergeant. This gave Lubin the hard practical foundation that has been so valuable to him. It even got him praise from Veblen, who had a horror of men who popped off just to hear the sound of their voices.

"Lubin is the sort of young man," said Veblen, "who learns so much about the thing he is going to attack that he could set up as an expert on it. Then he attacks it."

It was while Lubin was teaching at Michigan that Doctor Harold Moulton selected him as one of the members of the staff of the Brookings Institute, just being started in Washington. He landed there in 1922 and stayed until he entered the Labor Department under Mme. Perkins in 1933.

At Brookings in those days, either as students or instructors, were such men as Leo Pasvolsky, later to become a powerful factor in the State Department; Mordecai Ezekiel, economic adviser to the Department of Agriculture, and Max Lerner, professor and writer. Lubin's first job was a book on the coal industry at a time when nationalization of the mines was talked about. It set the tone of his later work because it was factually sound and unprejudiced. His success in the Labor Department has been such that both industry and labor have accepted his statistics and findings.

From interviewing various Washington people who have observed Lubin at work, this composite analysis of his character has been evolved:

"Lube is a liberal but not a doctrinaire," say these people. "He has the faculty of getting along with whatever group he is dealing with. By careful and painstaking work, he was able to reach a point at the Department of Labor where industry was glad to turn over information to him. Where other departments sent investigators into factories to dig out information, he got his directly from management. He is essentially a loyal man and something of a hero worshiper. Madame Perkins got him into the White House, and it would have been a simple thing for him to arrogate power to himself because of his position close to the President, but he was always careful to see that in affairs concerning labor, she was the first to be consulted. He worshiped Harry Hopkins and the President."

Trained in Internationalism

Lubin's first experience in international affairs came from his position with the International Labor Office at Geneva, part of the League of Nations. For three years (1935-36-37) he was American representative and got a good insight into how affairs are run between nations. It is generally agreed that the International Labor Office was one department at least of the League of Nations that functioned effectively.

"I had never been too sure that merely sitting down with a rival would get you anywhere," says Mr. Lubin, "but I had that idea quickly knocked out of my head. You can't always work out an agreement, but it is foolish to think that the human factor isn't important in negotiations."

At the White House he worked with the Combined Chiefs of Staff (United States and Great Britain) in getting war materials and determining where they should be delivered. No general ever has enough of anything, and our situation in 1942 was critical. The Germans and Japanese were rampaging over the earth with such overwhelming force that it took a stanch soul to believe that they could be stopped.

"As a matter of fact," says Mr. Lubin, "there was more optimism at the White House than anywhere else in Washington. We insisted that things be done which industry said were impossible. They were right when they said they couldn't do it, but they did it. Most of that drive came from Mr. Roosevelt. I never saw him upset or worried."

There were great decisions to be made, and Lubin beat a steady path from the White House to the military men with suggestions and orders from the President. Should our weight be thrown against Hitler or against Japan? Should we give precedence to the fight of the British in North Africa or should we give all our strength to building up our own Army? Do the Russians or the British get the next batch of tanks we turn out?

Lubin became so valuable to President Roosevelt that after he attended the International Labor Organization meeting in London in 1944, the President asked him to make a tour of France, Belgium, the freed parts of Holland and the occupied sections of Germany.

Fact-Finder for the President

There had been so many conflicting statements on conditions in those countries the President felt he needed a report from somebody close to himself. Judge Samuel Rosenman was on the Continent making a complete survey of the situation, but the President needed immediate information.

"I got in touch with labor leaders and social workers in France, and visited the industrial sections around Paris," Lubin said. "I managed always to visit a home at mealtime to see what the people were eating, and I spent a great deal of time just gabbing around in grocery stores and butcher shops. I found out that things were pretty bad for the French."

"I slept like a log last night"

COLLIER'S

HANK KETCHAM

Lubin's visit to Aachen taught him other things. He found that even in that ruined city the Germans were faring well.

"Better than the French?" he was asked.

"Better than the English," he replied.

His visit to the Cherbourg section taught him something else. On a tour with a colonel, he was warned to walk carefully behind the colonel, even to follow in his exact footsteps.

"If you step off either to the right or left," warned the colonel, "you'll probably hit a mine and get your leg blown off, and I'll get hell from the general."

The matter of the use of German labor as part of reparations enters here. The French have a very practical view of the matter.

"We don't care whether they call it forced labor or not," they say, according to Mr. Lubin. "We aren't going to have thousands of our people killed and maimed digging up the land mines the Germans have planted all over France. They put them in; they can come back and take them out. We estimate it will take fifty thousand Germans to do the job and we insist on it being done."

The British delegation to the International Labor Organization meeting in London went on record as approving the use of German labor in postwar reconstruction. The Russian view is well known, and there was President Roosevelt's approval of the principle at a press conference after his return from Yalta.

This will be only one phase of the reparations problem, which is now being thrashed out by the commission at Moscow.

Lubin has spent months studying the record of the Peace Conference at Paris on reparations after the last war. The problem is of the greatest complexity. The attempt to make Germany pay in cash after the first World War was an utter failure, and it has been agreed that reparations after this war must be "in kind." That means that Germany must pay in goods or services. It must be determined whether German factories shall be taken over by the Allies to make payment for industries they have destroyed; it must be decided how many Germans will be needed to rebuild the devastated regions throughout Europe.

The Problem of Reparations

Decisions will depend on the gathering of accurate information on Germany's resources. Lubin is an expert both at collecting data and analyzing it. Since the Reparations Commission will be in essence the economic dictator of Germany and hence of all Central Europe for a decade, Mr. Lubin's skill will be employed in collecting one of the biggest bills in history. He is not prepared to announce what his opinions on reparations are until he has studied the problem with the British and Russians, but he has views on it.

"All I can say about it," he comments grimly, "is that it isn't going to be like last time. That policy was a failure, and everybody knows it now."

Lubin's personal life has been on the tragic side. He was divorced from his first wife, and his second wife died in childbirth. There is an older daughter of about eighteen and another of eight. Lubin was an ardent baseball and prize-fight fan until the outbreak of the war (he never missed one of Joe Louis' fights), but his real loves are gardening and fishing.

Until the death of his wife they lived on a farm outside Washington, and Lubin's rose gardens were celebrated in the vicinity. His closest friend in Washington is Leon Henderson and they have adjoining farms on the Chesapeake, where Lubin spends every week end, winter and summer. In summer he fishes almost constantly, and in winter he goes down to the farm alone and chops wood and cleans up around the place.

Lubin is absolutely the worst man in the world at keeping appointments on time, according to his friends, but when he arrives he is so good-natured and contrite that everybody forgives him. In 1932, he bought a secondhand car and keeps it in operation to this day. His friends have remonstrated with him about the effect on his dignity but it makes no impression on him. He is the greatest buyer of gifts for friends ever known. Not only does he remember their birthdays but he remembers what they like and they are likely to get a gift whenever the spirit moves him. This is particularly true when he travels. If he gets near a foreign country famed for perfume, all his women friends get a husky sample of it. In every case he sends childrens' costumes from that country.

A Preference for Government

He is still listed as Commissioner of Statistics at the Department of Labor (on leave), and he will probably return to government work on his return from Moscow, although back in his mind he still cherishes the idea that he will become a professor again. He turned down a job in private industry for three times the money he was to get in Washington even before he went into the Department of Labor and he has been turning down even better ones ever since.

When asked why he does it, he says, "I suppose it's part egotism, but when you're working down here, you really get a chance to help people. The money isn't so important."

His trip to Europe last year knocked his health out pretty badly and he lost thirty-five pounds which he hasn't been able to get back, but he doesn't worry about his Moscow trip. Ambassador Harriman has invited him to stay at Spasso House, the American Embassy in Russia, and has also asked what Lubin needs in the way of a special diet.

"I won't need a diet," Lubin says, "but you have to admit a thing like that sets a man up in his own importance."

President Roosevelt's death was a great blow to Mr. Lubin. After the first shock, he thought of the man who would be most affected by the tragedy and knew it was Harry Hopkins, seriously ill at the Mayo Clinic. Lubin took a plane for Rochester, Minn., on Thursday night, met Mr. Hopkins there and brought him back to Washington for the services at the White House on Saturday.

It was a hard trip for a man who is not himself in the best of health, but Lubin is one who lives by loyalties.

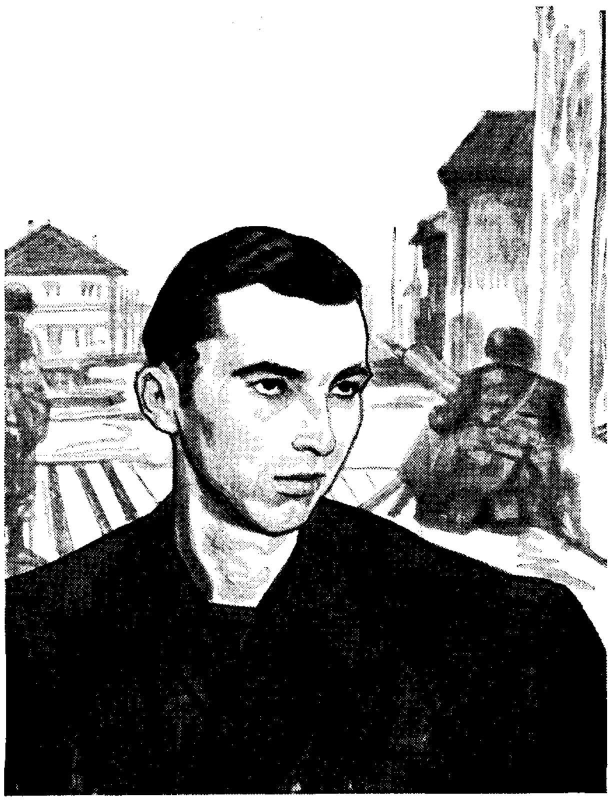
"The only definition I know for a friend," he says, "is somebody who helps you when you need it. Other times don't count."

That genius for friendship extends into the higher circles. At important meetings of industry or with foreign representatives, the others invariably mother him. It reached a peak at his last meeting with President Roosevelt, who treated him like a son. The President waved an admonitory finger at him and said, "Now, Lube, you do as I tell you; you be sure to take your rubbers to Moscow."

THE END

THE Heroes

XXXII



PFC. WILBURN K. ROSS

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

KENTUCKY now has a "one-man army" to match the fame of Tennessee's celebrated Sergeant York. Pfc. Wilburn K. Ross, a 22-year-old youngster from a farm near the pinpoint town of Strunk, has just been awarded the Medal of Honor for turning back nine counterattacks of veteran German troops. All he did during five hours of continuous battle was to kill or wound fifty-eight and develop a broad yellow streak in the others.

The action took place last October in the mountainous country around Saint-Jacques, France. A company of the 30th Regiment, Third Infantry, Seventh Army, was ordered to take a strongly defended hillside position, and Wilburn and his trusty light machine gun went along with eighty-eight riflemen. Although the Americans moved forward under heavy fire from behind logs, rocks and sandbags, they carried the hill, forcing the Germans to fall back to a prepared position some two hundred yards away.

A costly victory, for of the original eighty-eight, only thirty-three were still on their feet. These dug in as best they could. The expected counterattack was not long in coming, and it came with a rush. Unfortunately for the Germans, Private Ross had been suffering for some time from a deep sense of grievance. During his fighting in Italy he had been wounded twice by Kraut bullets, and the places still ached. So, at sight of the yelling Jerries, he lifted his machine gun out of the foxhole, and planted the tripod on a slight elevation some ten yards in advance of the riflemen. A dangerous post, to be sure, but as Wilburn explained later, he always liked a lot of elbow room.

Down raced the Germans, and the riflemen let go, but the young Kentuckian, brought up in the school of Daniel Boone, waited until he saw the whites of their eyes. And then, according to the glowing report of First Sergeant Gerald T. Heckman, a New Jersey man, he "mowed 'em down like a combine going through a wheat field. Yes, sirree! That Ross boy certainly taught the Krauts to roll over and *be* dead."

Attack followed attack, but Wilburn and his machine gun broke them up as fast as they came. As the Army explains it in technical language, he "absorbed the initial impact" of every charge. Not that he was having an easy time of it. Quoting Sergeant Heckman again: "I saw bullets bounce off his tripod, and others striking sparks from the stones on the ground around him. I spotted enemy soldiers crawling through the brush and grass cover to within twelve or fifteen feet of him, with grenades in their hands. They were at such close range he frequently had to jump up and shift his gun to change direction of fire."

Why, getting that near, didn't the Krauts throw the grenades? The answer to that is the necessity of raising up to toss the German brand of grenade. As they did so, Wilburn handled the light machine gun as though it were an automatic revolver, whirling it around in an arc that covered every yard of the ground in front of him—the old squirrel-hunting technique he had learned in the Kentucky woods.

There seems to be no question that it was the youngster's lucky day. By the time of the eighth attack, only eight of the thirty-three riflemen behind him were still fighting, twenty-five having been killed or wounded. Rifles and hand grenades were exploding all around him, and his position looked to be on fire, but Wilburn remained untouched.

Now, after the repulse of the eighth charge, the surviving riflemen fell back to the protection of a mortar squad, having no ammunition left. Neither had Wilburn for that matter, for he had shot away the last of eight boxes. "Quit it," yelled Second Lieutenant William T. Wardell, in command of the weapons platoon. "Come on and get out of there." But Wilburn only shook his head, and bawled back a request for five or six more boxes of ammunition.

Seeing one man standing out in the open all alone, the Germans massed for a final attack, converging their fire on Private Ross in a desperate attempt to destroy the single machine gun that stood between them and a decisive break-through. And then—another of the many miracles in Wilburn's behalf—two panting men dashed up to Wilburn's position, lugging boxes of ammunition. Loading at lightning speed, for death was only split seconds away, he squeezed off burst after burst, and the Jerries called it a day.

When a proud and grateful Army gave Wilburn Ross his Medal of Honor, this was the closing paragraph of the citation: "Having killed or wounded at least 58 Germans in more than five hours of continuous combat, and saved the remnants of his company from destruction, Private Ross remained at his post that night and the following day for a total of 36 hours. His actions throughout this engagement were an inspiration to his comrades, and maintained the high traditions of the military service."

The "high traditions of the military service" indeed! What Wilburn was maintaining was the right to go back to Kentucky, for he knew exactly what the folks at home would say if he let a passel of Germans make him quit.

GEORGE CREEL

Suicide Creek

Continued from page 21

new commander's first act was to reconnoiter his lines, slipping out as much as fifty yards in front of the line to see how the land lay.

They told Lieutenant Colonel Walt of their losses from snipers each time they started forward, and he ordered them to "give those trees a good spraying before we move out." They did, with heavy machine guns. It cost the Japs a batch of snipers. They struck back with a furious fire of automatic weapons and machine guns from two sides. Walt remembers, "We were pinned down for ten minutes."

But he had to attack. He had to re-establish contact with the main line and between his own units. He had to turn those circular defense positions into a battle line and push forward this flank of the general Marine offensive. He had to keep advancing until he was astride the Government Trail.

Lieutenant Colonel Walt ordered the weary companies to push out their flanks; to extend their lines to make contact. The enemy opened up with automatic weapons as the Marines began to move. Men were lost, but contact was re-established between all units; the whole battalion was brought into line of battle. Walt's pitiful reserves were the carrying parties, the clerks and specialists of the Headquarters Company. Those who have fought with him in other battles could have told the battalion: "When Walt attacks, he attacks with everything he's got—including himself."

Our mortars opened up. All through the battle, lone Marines crawled out in front of the line to act as eyes for their mortars. They wormed their way through undergrowth, slashed and raked by enemy fire. They searched until they found a spot from which they could observe the targets and report the effect of our fire. It was a one-man job, a job for volunteers; it was a job only for a man who could make himself forget that in a few minutes he probably would be killed.

Sergeant Oliver Ermin Pitts, 22, of Guilford College, North Carolina, was one who crept out to observe for the mortars. Enemy snipers located him, firing at him, but Sergeant Pitts didn't go back to a foxhole. He stayed until he was killed.

When they got his body, when they buried him in a temporary grave, they wanted some mark besides a helmet on a stick. They used the oval top of a mess tin, nailing it on a stick with a nail from a broken supply box. The epitaph was scratched on the mess tin with a knife.

It wasn't much of an epitaph. You could call it corny. But it was the best this Marine could do, whoever he was. There was his dead friend's name, his serial number and the date. And there was this:

A FRIEND TO ALL

That first attack of the battalion jumped off at 10:30 A.M., January 8th. Captain Haldane's company, on the right of the battalion line, was walking straight into the face of Aogiri Ridge. They had gone into battle with 174 effectives. They now had 90.

The enemy opened up with everything he had. A Marine said, "It was like all the seams of hell busted open at once."

They were held one hundred yards from the base of the ridge. The company was deployed in a ragged line through the brush. They still didn't know the ridge was there.

The order was advance. To stand up was suicide. Captain Haldane passed the word for the Marines to advance by crawling. They started crawling under the enemy fire, inching forward on their bellies, trying to get near enough to rush the machine guns. It seemed that nothing could live in that sleeting fire, but the Marines advanced seventy-five of those hundred yards before the Jap fire stopped them.

They lay behind whatever cover they could find, too dulled by battle and by weariness to feel—or even care. But they hung on.

It was some time during this day that they found they were attacking a ridge. Some of them discovered it when they started to climb it; some when they noticed the ground they were crawling over was beginning to rise. Some guessed it when they noticed that enemy fire was coming from above them. But they couldn't see it. They couldn't tell how long it was, how high it was, or how much the enemy had on it.

One of the first who discovered the ridge was "Dutch" Schantzenbach, of Macungie, Pennsylvania. Dutch was 22, but he was one of the veterans, a noncom regular. Now he lay behind a log with bullets drumming on it, lay there with another Pennsylvanian, his platoon leader, First Lieutenant William R. Reckus, of Wilkes-Barre.

Major Dillard came crawling up. The Marines couldn't push forward another foot. But they had to push forward. They had to straighten the line at this point or the whole position was endangered. It was one of those things. It couldn't be done, but it had to be done. It was up to Lieutenant Reckus.

He could have ordered his middle squad forward, of course. He could have stayed behind the log and ordered them to attack; to go forward until the line was straight. But these men were exhausted, the hope drained out of them. It was up to him.

He heaved a grenade. He stood up. "Come on, Dutch," he said. "Let's show 'em how the boys from Pennsylvania do it."

Reckus was stepping out. He turned to see if the men were moving up. Dutch was at his heels. Maybe Bill Reckus saw the others starting up. Or maybe he was hit too quickly. He fell, and Dutch pulled him back behind the log.

"Well, Dutch . . . It don't look like the boys from Pennsylvania did so good."

But they'd done all right. The men had seen him fall. They'd seen proof, if they needed it, that no man could go forward against that fire. But they went. Bill Reckus' men went forward until the line was straight.

A corpsman was dressing the lieutenant's wound. Bill Reckus said, "Give me the straight dope. How bad am I hit?"

The corpsman tried to tell him he'd be okay. "Don't kid me," Bill Reckus said.

They dragged in a stretcher and put him on it. He said, "So long, Dutch." A sniper shot at them. Later, he died.

All that afternoon they hung on at the foot of the ridge, but, in the end, Walt had to order them to drop back to the position they'd held that morning. There the company was bent in an arc to give the battalion protection against attack on its open flank during the night. At that time, they were the extreme right flank of the Marine front line.

It was raining. They tried to sleep—those who were not keeping watch. They needed sleep as men need air to breathe. Tomorrow morning they would attack again.

Bringing Up the Big Gun

Meanwhile, Walt had called back for a 37-mm. fieldpiece. It was held up in the jungle somewhere behind the battalion until an artilleryman from the 11th Marines said he might get the gun through with a caterpillar tractor. There was only one way he could go. For fifty yards or more that way ran right along the front line. It was through heavy mud; slow going. And he would be completely exposed to the enemy's fire. They told him that, but Pfc. Ellery Everett Marvell said he'd give it a go.

The battle was at a furious pitch as he came clattering along the front, perched high on the driver's seat of the tractor, perched there like a hen on a roost, the plainest target a man could have, with the whole enemy line blazing at him. Bullets banged on the cat, on the gun, and bullets hit within inches of him, but by crazy luck "that marvel Marvell" wasn't hit. He swung in at last at battalion headquarters. He lighted a cigarette.

"Here she is," he said. "Where do you want her?"

They told him the spot in the line. He said "Okay" and trundled off to deliver the

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gun. Then he swung homeward. They figured he was a dead man sure. He'd made it once, a million-to-one shot, and at those odds you don't repeat.

Again bullets banged and clattered against the ambling cat. Hundreds of bullets spitting past the driver's head. But the long shot came through again. It was plain impossible, but he didn't get a scratch.

A company of the 7th Marines was moved up as reinforcement that night, but it hardly brought Walt's force to a full battalion. This company was commanded by Captain John E. Weber, of Rochester, New York. Captain Weber's company was moved up on the left of Captain Haldane's hard-hit company.

Lieutenant Colonel Walt's battle order for the next day, January 9th, was that the two companies forming the right half of his line should hold. Haldane's company would swing like a door until it was on a line and would then make a holding attack against the face of the ridge. On Haldane's left, Weber's company would swing inward in an enveloping movement against the far nose of the ridge, flanking the enemy's position, rolling him up so that Captain Haldane's men could press home the frontal attack.

The attack began at 10:30 A.M. Captain Weber's company swung wide, advancing up the nose of the ridge on a line roughly at right angles to the main Marine line. They pressed forward against increasing resistance, fighting their way up the jungle-choked nose of the ridge until they were "utterly pinned down." They had advanced perhaps fifty yards along the rising nose. That was about one fourth of the length of the ridge from nose to nose. On that advance up the nose, every foxhole was a battle to the death. Some of them nobody won. The Jap and the Marine killed each other.

On the face of the ridge, Captain Haldane's battered company was advancing against the machine guns that had stopped it the day before. They had been hammered all that morning, the seventh day of battle, and now they were charging, veterans and green kids together, flinging grenades, clawing, firing, tearing at the steep slope to reach the enemy, to get within bayonet thrust.

Stopped Just Short of Winning

The fury of that charge, the fury of desperation, almost carried them to the top. Against any ordinary defense, it might have won the crest. But they were stopped; pounded like a punch-drunk fighter who can only cover up and clinch, hanging on for no reason in the world except that he won't give up.

They did not know then that one Marine kept going on alone. They did not know the high tide of their charge until the battle was over. There will be no monument erected there; no stone and bronze to mark the place. The high tide of the Marines was marked only by the body of a boy.

He went forward ahead of the others, alone. He shot and stabbed his way past three machine-gun nests—shot and stabbed Japs in the foxholes in his path.

They found his body at the edge of a Japanese emplacement. There were two enemy dead beside a machine gun there. That was high tide of the charge. A dead boy with a dirty face marked it. His body lay almost thirty yards beyond the most advanced point the others had reached. The boy was Private Robert Lee Gray of Los Angeles, California. He was 20.

Now across the nose of the ridge, Captain Weber's company lay in an irregular line at an angle of about 60 degrees from Captain Haldane's line fronting the face of the ridge. There was a gap between the companies; a gap that was an invitation to the enemy.

That gap had to be closed. Lieutenant Colonel Walt ordered the nearest platoon to swing forward on a pivot and link the companies. Perhaps this was when a young officer protested that his men could not do any more; could not advance another foot.

Walt's voice was ice. "Advance," he said, "or be relieved."

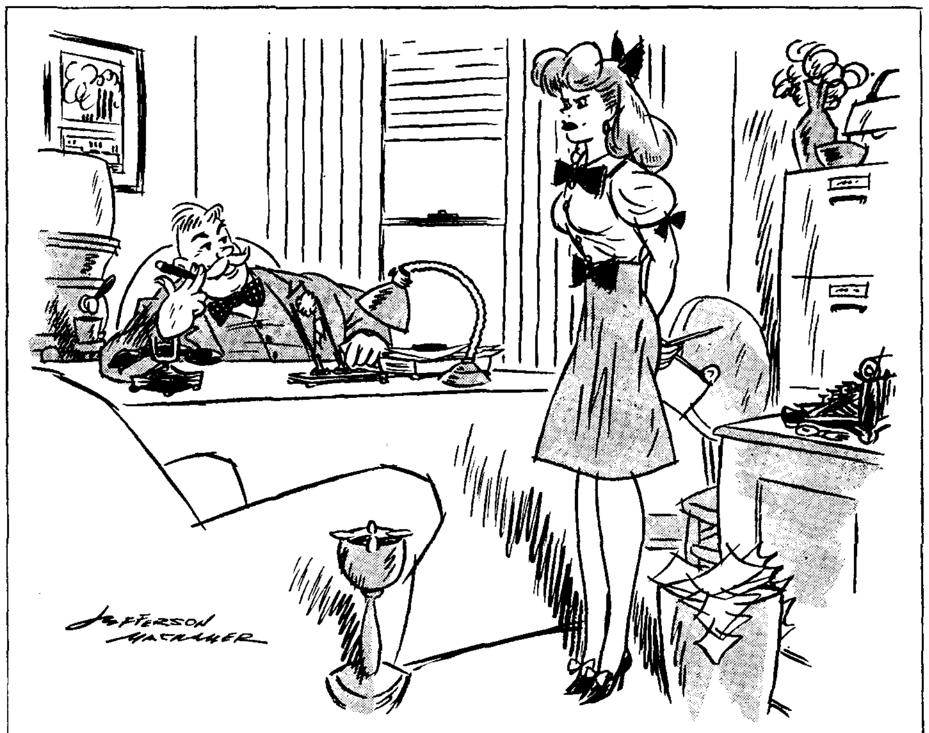
They advanced. Somewhere the men found the will, the strength to go forward one more time. They closed the gap under heavy fire. They bought contact with casualties. They had all they could do then just to hang on. There were long periods of quiet, of the waiting that saps men's will and strength, saps even faith. The enemy sat back. Whenever the Marines tried to move, he pounded them with fire, a storm of fire that stopped them; held them; left a few more dead crumpled in the brush. There were Marines, good men, who gave up hope that afternoon. They held on, hung on, because Marines are taught that way, but they had no hope of winning the battle. They had no hope even of living.

"It was the lowest ebb of spirit," Lieutenant Colonel Walt remembers.

It was about that time that Brigadier General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., made one of his visits to the front. He and Walt lay behind a tree discussing the situation while machine-gun bullets clipped the trunks of the trees around them. General Shepherd remembers a sudden burst of machine-gun fire that made them flatten out beside the tree roots. Walt had only one comment to make.

"General," he said, "we are going to take that ridge and we are going to hold it."

Most of the battalion would have said he was talking through his hat. Weber's company lying across the nose of the ridge was pinned down. Haldane's company fronting the face of the ridge was pinned down. The other companies couldn't help. They had all they could handle just to keep their part of the line unbroken. There was no reserve.



"Sorry—no vacations this year. But I wouldn't object to your wearing a bathing suit around the office the last two weeks in August"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"So I played my last card," says Walt.

That was the fieldpiece. It was half a ton of gun, and the Marines had to move it into the line by hand. They had to haul and shove the fieldpiece through mud, dense jungle growth and enemy fire. It took them an hour and a half to move the gun 150 yards.

Walt proposed to blast his way with canister up the steep, jungle-thick face of the ridge. The gun would have to be manhandled up step by step in the face of murderous fire. There were fallen trees, over which the 1,000-pound gun would have to be lifted. And the last of the slope up which they had to take the gun had a pitch of forty degrees.

It was late afternoon, almost dusk, when Walt gave the order to advance. It took about a dozen Marines, besides the gun crew, to move the piece. A few Marines took hold to heave the gun forward, but there weren't enough of them. The rest, sprawled on the ground in the brush, only stared and made no move to help. They just didn't believe the hill could be taken.

It was a moment of defeat. In that moment the whole outcome of that battalion's fight teetered in the balance. Walt saw it.

"Come on, Larson," he said. "Let's lend a hand."

He and Corporal Larson got a grip on the gun with the others. Bullets were banging against the shield; whipping the brush. The air was thick with the sound, the angry *ssspinggg!* a bullet makes. The Marines at the gun heaved, all together, privates, noncoms and the lieutenant colonel.

The gun began to move.

The men were getting up now—getting up, grabbing hold, fumbling, dull-eyed, stumbling maybe, but in the fight again. One of them tried to explain afterward how it was.

"You saw the colonel out there, straining a gut with the guys, and you figured, 'Oh, what the hell,' and got going again."

A Renewal of Fighting Spirit

Some explain by saying that the will to fight came back to them. Some merely note that dozens of men had cracked up in the battle before that moment. But after it, though they had to fight their way foot by foot up the ridge, though they had to hold what they took against night attack and five banzai charges, in all the battalion there were only two cases of combat fatigue. The others had gone beyond weariness. They could be killed, but they could not be stopped.

The gun was heaved three or four yards ahead of the riflemen's line. Sergeant Muzzey and his gun crew fired a few rounds of canister each time they stopped, tearing a swath through the jungle, blasting a road for the gun. Then the infantry moved forward, moving up even with the gun, bringing their line a few feet farther up the hill, firing to cover the next slow step in the gun's advance. Then they did the whole thing all over again.

It cost men to get the gun up, but there was always a Marine to step into each empty place; always men to keep the gun moving up.

When they were part way up the face of the ridge, they flung a few high-explosive shells at the Jap bunkers on the crest. They knocked out three machine-gun nests in their path. The line of riflemen coming up on either side of the gun killed the enemy that were in their way. They had to go slowly, but they weren't stopping now. Not for anything. They inched on. The Marines were at close quarters now. They could use the bayonet. This was what they'd been waiting for. They hacked, stabbed and clubbed their way until they got a toehold on the crest.

All this time, Captain Weber's company lying across the nose of the ridge supported the advance by pouring machine-gun fire into the Jap position from the flank. His linking squads had gone forward, too. Now if the Marines advanced farther, they would come under their own fire. And it was almost dark. It was not a good defensive position, but if they withdrew down the hill, they would have it all to do all over again in the morning.

As darkness fell on Aogiri Ridge, Pfc. Rumbley was entrusted with the defense of the fieldpiece. He put three machine guns close around it. He told a couple of Marines to crawl into the foxholes in front of it with rifles and bayonets. He crawled off and brought back some extra ammunition. Then he sat back with his tommy gun.

There was sporadic firing through the night. The Marines and the Japanese tossed hand grenades. A man couldn't see a grenade thrown in the dark. Hour after hour, a man could not know at what moment a grenade would explode in his face.

It was 11 P.M. The Marines heard wild screaming off on their left flank, down where the next outfit in the line had stopped for the night. They heard the screaming and a bedlam of gunfire. The enemy was hitting the next outfit. The Marines on the ridge couldn't know whether the line was holding or breaking. They could only wait for the enemy to come smashing through the darkness.

The moon came out, filtering down through the jungle, and for a little while they could see dimly. They could hear the babbling of Japanese off in the jungle now, beyond the crest of the ridge. The Nips were up to something. The Marines waited.

It was 3.30 A.M. Black clouds rolled over the moon, and the stinging rain began again. The foxholes were muddy tanks in which men crouched up to their shoulders in chilled water. There were strange bird calls off in the dark. Only they weren't birds. They were Japanese signaling to one another as they moved in the blackness.

It was 4 A.M. The Japanese began chanting in the dark. The whole night, the whole jungle, seemed full of their voices:

"Marines, you die!
Prepare to die!"

Walt knew what that meant. So did Tom Rumbley. And Dutch Schantzenbach. And all the rest who fought on Guadalcanal during those months the Marines hung on while the enemy bombed them at will; while the enemy pounded them with naval gunfire and they had no way of hitting back. They learned then what it means when the Japanese start chanting:

"Marines, you die!
Prepare to die!"

It went on and on, and the Marines lay silent in the dark, in the driving rain, listening to the war chant of the Japanese. It sounded like a whole army out there chanting:

"Marines, you die!
Prepare to die!"

They could see nothing. All they could do was wait. That is the hardest thing a man can do. Harder than fighting. Yet nobody got trigger-happy. Not even when the enemy screamed insults; not even when Japanese crept close to the line and yelled, daring them to shoot. Not a man revealed his position by firing. They just waited, dead-silent, ready.

The rain was sluicing down. The tempo of the chanting was wilder now and rising, rising. The Marines waited. Nobody said anything. This was the pay-off.

Then they came. They came shrieking. *"Banzai!"* The cry of death. *"Banzai!"*

It was 4:15 A.M.

The charge was preceded by a heavy machine-gun barrage from the supporting hill behind Aogiri Ridge. The Japanese on the ridge added their fire at close range and flung grenades into the Marine positions. The charge was made by a reserve unit, fresh troops, eager for the kill, rushing forward with the bayonet on a front of slightly more than 100 yards.

The Japanese wanted the fieldpiece that had enabled the Marines to gain a foothold on the ridge. If they could break through the thin line of Marines, if they could get that gun, they could sweep the Marines off that tiny part of the crest they'd won.

The shrieking charge came close to the gun. Men fought it out with bayonets close enough almost to touch the gun. But the gun didn't fire. If it fired once, if its position in the dark was revealed, the enemy's charge could converge on it.

Some of the Japs got to the line. Some tried to crawl in under the machine-gun fire;

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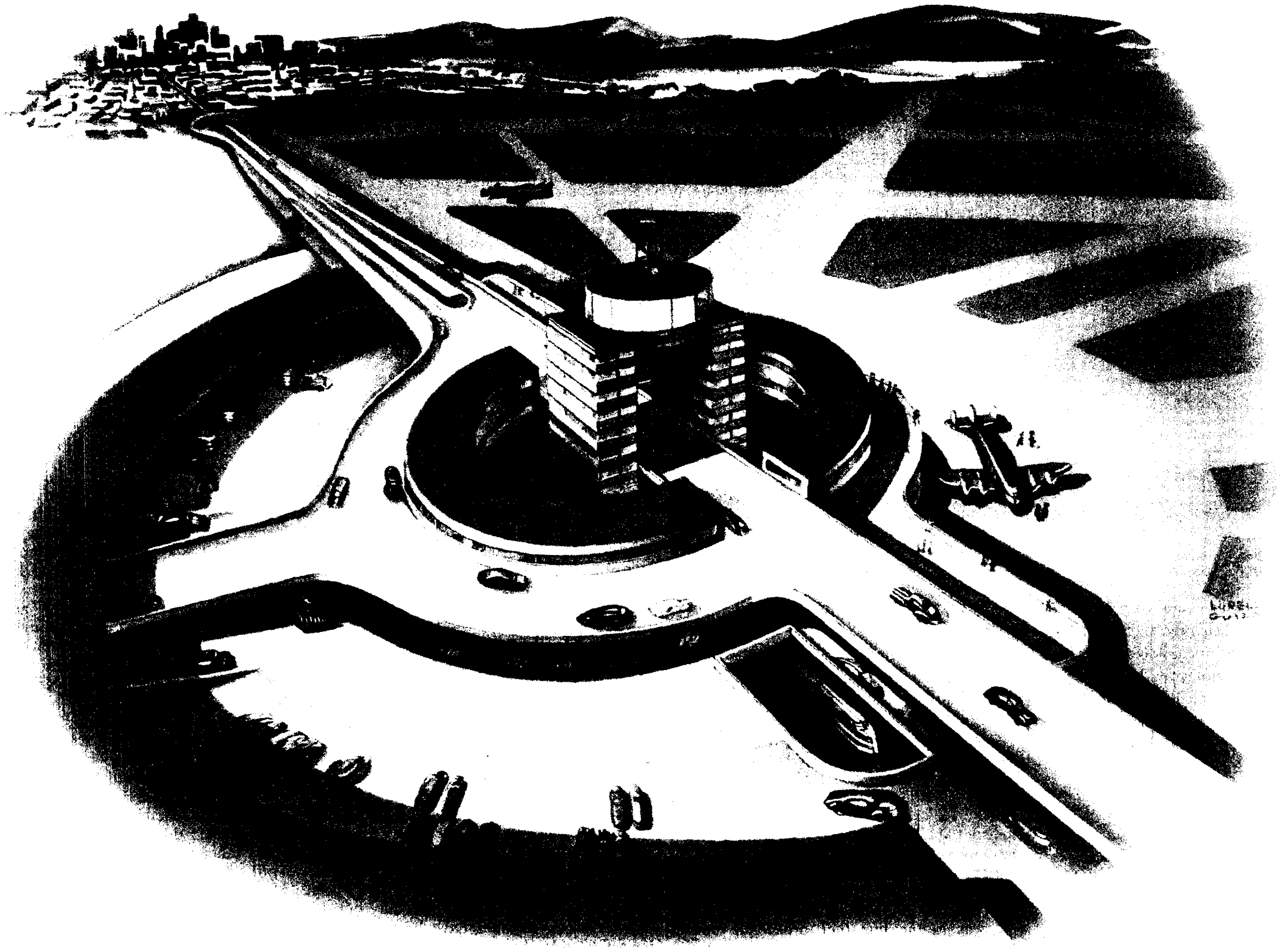

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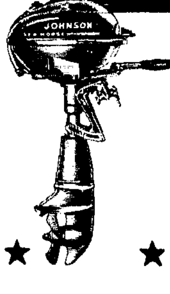
★ ★ ★ ★



the Marines met them with rifles, with bayonets. The charge broke. The wave receded.

There was gabbling off in the darkness. The enemy was re-forming. They'd be coming again. The Marines waited. Some of the wounded were moaning. The rain poured down. Perhaps five minutes passed. Or maybe ten. The enemy came again. They came fast, bent low, screaming death. They got within a dozen feet of the gun. They got to the line, hacking, frenzied, screaming triumph. This time they'd go through! This time they'd sweep the ridge!

It was hand to hand in the dark, in the pelting rain. Man against man in the dark, in the darkness ripped by flame. Man against man. Smashing, clawing in the dark. Stabbing, clubbing. Slipping in the mud. Gasping, grunting, dying. Each man alone in the blackness, not knowing what was happening on his right or on his left, but holding until he died the ground where his feet were planted. And the wild charge broke, dwindling, ebbing into the dark, broken on the rock of Marines who died but would not step back.

No Thought of Retreat

The Marines could hear the enemy re-forming again, gathering strength for another charge, fresh men filling the gaps in their ranks. The Marines waited. Ammunition was running low. Carrying parties were groping through the rain-drenched darkness to reach them.

But if the enemy charged before they got the ammunition up? What could they do? What could a man do when his last shot was fired?

"Fix bayonets and drive them back," Sergeant Louis Gargano said. His folks live in Bayonne, New Jersey. His Miriam was working in a plane factory waiting for him to get home. Then they were going to have a child. That's what he wanted most, Miriam and a kid. That was something a man could work for. Now there won't ever be any kid. Louis Gargano died to hold Aogiri Ridge.

Sergeant Schantzenbach—Dutch Schantzenbach—was talking with Tom Rumbley. You remember Dutch. He helped save the guns when the Japanese charged at Suicide Creek. He crawled up the enemy's fire lanes to spot pillboxes. He charged with Bill Reckus to show them how the boys from Pennsylvania did it. He pulled the dying lieutenant out of the line of fire to cover and then went on in the attack that took the ridge. He was in the line that broke the banzai charges in the rainy blackness.

On Guadalcanal, his whole squad was wiped out, killed or wounded, all except Dutch. On Cape Gloucester, his whole squad was wiped out again, all except Dutch. Now he told Tom Rumbley, "I wonder how much longer my luck's gonna hold."

It ran out on Aogiri Ridge. Dutch was 22.

In less than an hour that morning of January 10th, in the pitch-blackness before the dripping jungle dawn, the enemy flung five furious charges against the weary line of Marines. The fourth charge broke the Marines' line. The Japanese spear stabbed through the line over dead Marines. But only three Japs got through—three officers. Their spear of troops was shattered by fire, by bayonets, as Marines closed the gap. The three Jap officers must have tried to find the fieldpiece in the darkness behind the line so they could blast it with grenades, but Marines hunted them down; killed each of them in the dark.

Walt had called for artillery fire. He ordered it brought close to the ridge. He took time to warn his men along the line that there'd be one hell of a lot of shells falling. "Get down in your holes," he told them. "We're going to bring it down pretty close."

The artillery started firing at 200 yards or better in front of the line. The range was pulled down little by little until the center of impact was only 50 or 75 yards in front of the Marines. There is always danger of a short round of artillery falling among your own men. The danger is greater when it is raining because a powder charge may not fully ignite; may hurl the shell only far enough to burst among your own men. But that chance had to be taken on Aogiri Ridge.

The Japanese were forming their fifth charge. It would be a supreme effort. A full company would lead the way, fresh troops who had been waiting in reserve. They were big men, some of them over six feet, shock troops. They were the last of the Japanese reserve. The Marines had no reserve. They had only the tired men who had been fighting for more than a week without relief.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

Lean and battle-weary after 19 days of front-line fighting, Marine Pfc. George C. Miller of Jersey City carries a machine gun over a jungle trail on Cape Gloucester

A Marine machine-gun platoon was entirely out of ammunition. Others were almost out. It looked like the end of the road. Lieutenant Colonel Walt used the field telephone to call the CP for more ammunition.

"Get it up damn' fast," he said, "or start setting up a line. They'll be coming through."

Platoon Sergeant Haney was in charge of the ammunition party—"Pop" Haney, who'd been a Marine before most of them were born. He was born in 1898. He fought in this regiment through World War I. He tried the outside world for six years, selling vacuum cleaners, but he didn't like it. He's been a Marine ever since. He's done duty in most of the places Marines have been. Now he is past 46, a leathery little man, a stickler for discipline, as rigid as a ramrod, a man who knows the book backward.

His job was getting the ammunition up. He had to get that straggling line of Marines to the front before the enemy charged. They were out on their feet, staggering under their loads. They couldn't see one another to keep contact, but he had to keep them together, keep them going, get them to go faster, though already they were stumbling.

The firing grew heavier all the time. Great blasts of flame that shook the ground. Maniac chatter of machine guns. Explosion of grenades, of mortar shells. Both sides were throwing all the fire they had before the charge; everything they had before the last toss that would decide who should have Aogiri Ridge.

Pop Haney's caravan came crawling up. There were places in the line they couldn't reach because of the fire, and the ammunition had to be passed slowly from foxhole to foxhole. But it got there. Pop Haney got the ammunition to the line just four minutes before the enemy charged. That is by the lieutenant colonel's watch.

The last charge was stronger, more furious than any the enemy threw except the first. But it was only a fraction of the punch they had massed to throw. The artillery fire Walt had called for blunted the rest of it.

It was almost dawn when the last charge broke, when the conquerors of Bataan backed down before the victors of Guadalcanal.

As daylight came, the Marines pushed out their line to cover the whole ridge, mopping up pockets of enemy left on the hill. Another fieldpiece was in the line now, firing as the enemy was pushed out of the flats off the nose of the ridge. The Marines were doing the mauling now. They'd been taking it for eight days, but now, on the ninth, they were dishing it out. They liked it. They had their dead to settle for. An officer reported that he had to hold his men back to keep them from pushing beyond the ridge.

Rifles cracked sharply now and again. Snipers were still scattered through the jungle. A grenade exploded somewhere. Now and then there was a short burst of automatic fire. Walt, going over the ridge, found two boys in a foxhole.

"I thought they were dead," he said. "They were in water up to their armpits. They were sound asleep."

By the time night fell, the Marines held all of Aogiri Ridge, and Walt had reorganized his force to resume the attack. The attack began at 8:15 the next morning, January 11th. There ahead of them was the Government Trail, the enemy supply line. That was the Marines' final objective. A colonel who watched the attack said, "It was the prettiest thing you ever saw."

There was an artillery barrage. Then for ten minutes before the jump-off, the mortars fired smoke shells. They laid down a screen of smoke 300 yards deep over the entire battalion front to cover the infantry's advance.

The Marines moved forward with six companies in assault. The sixth company had been sent from another outfit as reinforcements after the ridge was taken. Lieutenant Colonel Walt was attacking again with all he had. But he didn't need reinforcements. The conquerors of Bataan had pulled out. The Marines walked through to their final objective.

The Spoils of Battle

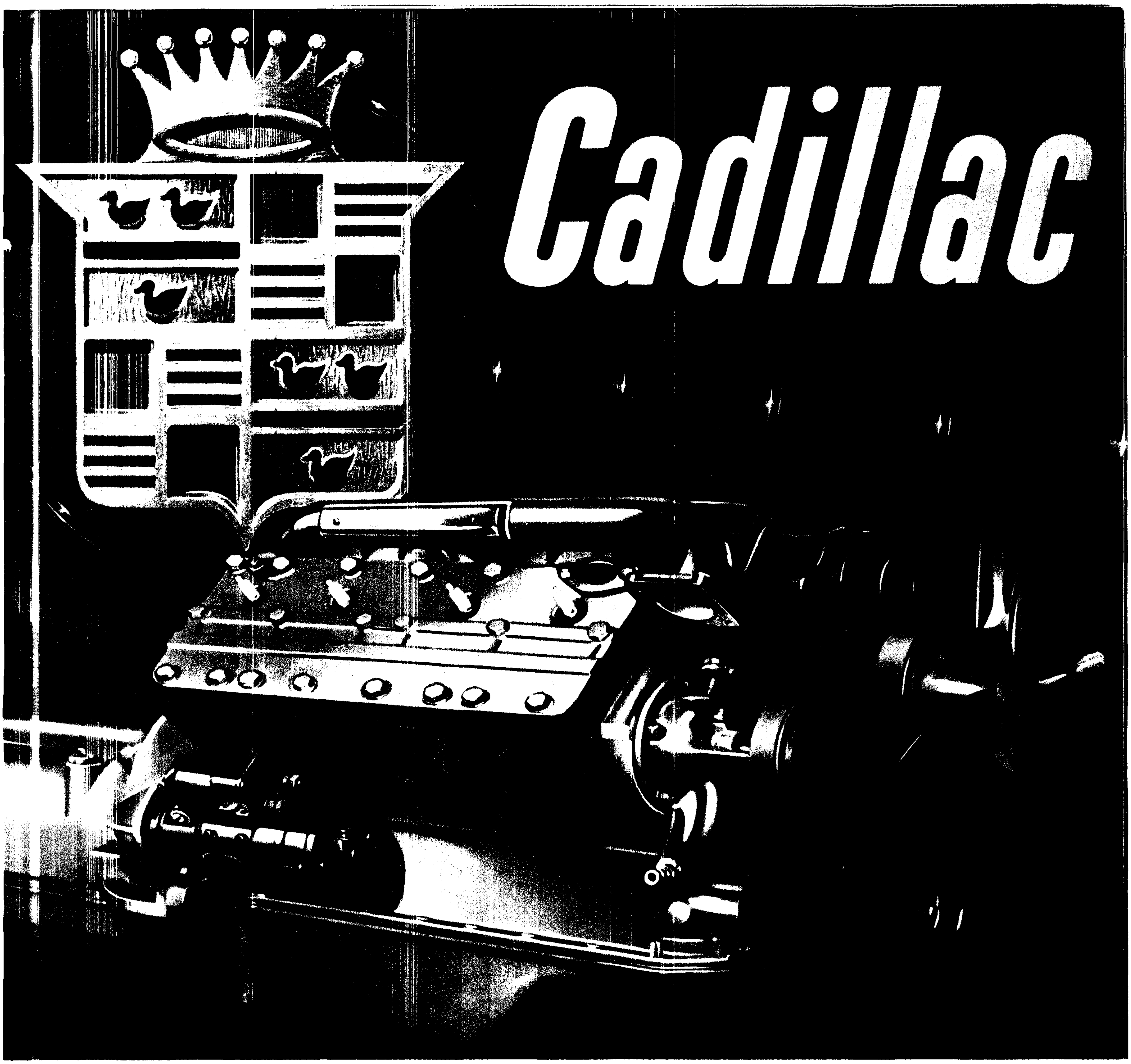
They caught up with a few stragglers, killed them, and went on. In the mess of a shell-shattered Japanese bivouac area they found table-tennis sets, baseball equipment and even officers' uniforms. The Marines also captured several American machine guns and small arms from the enemy during the nine days battle. They must have been captured on Bataan or maybe Wake Island. Today those weapons are being used by Americans again, by Marines.

Lieutenant Colonel Walt pushed on past the Government Trail and began setting up a defense line to clinch their grip on the trail and on Aogiri Ridge. The Marines had learned the name of it by that time, and a draftsman was going to mark it on the map. But Brigadier General Shepherd came along the line, checking his positions for the next phase of the offensive, and the general ordered a different name put on the map.

"We will call it Walt's Ridge," he said.

That was 3 P.M., January 11, 1944. The battalion's part of the battle was over.

THE END



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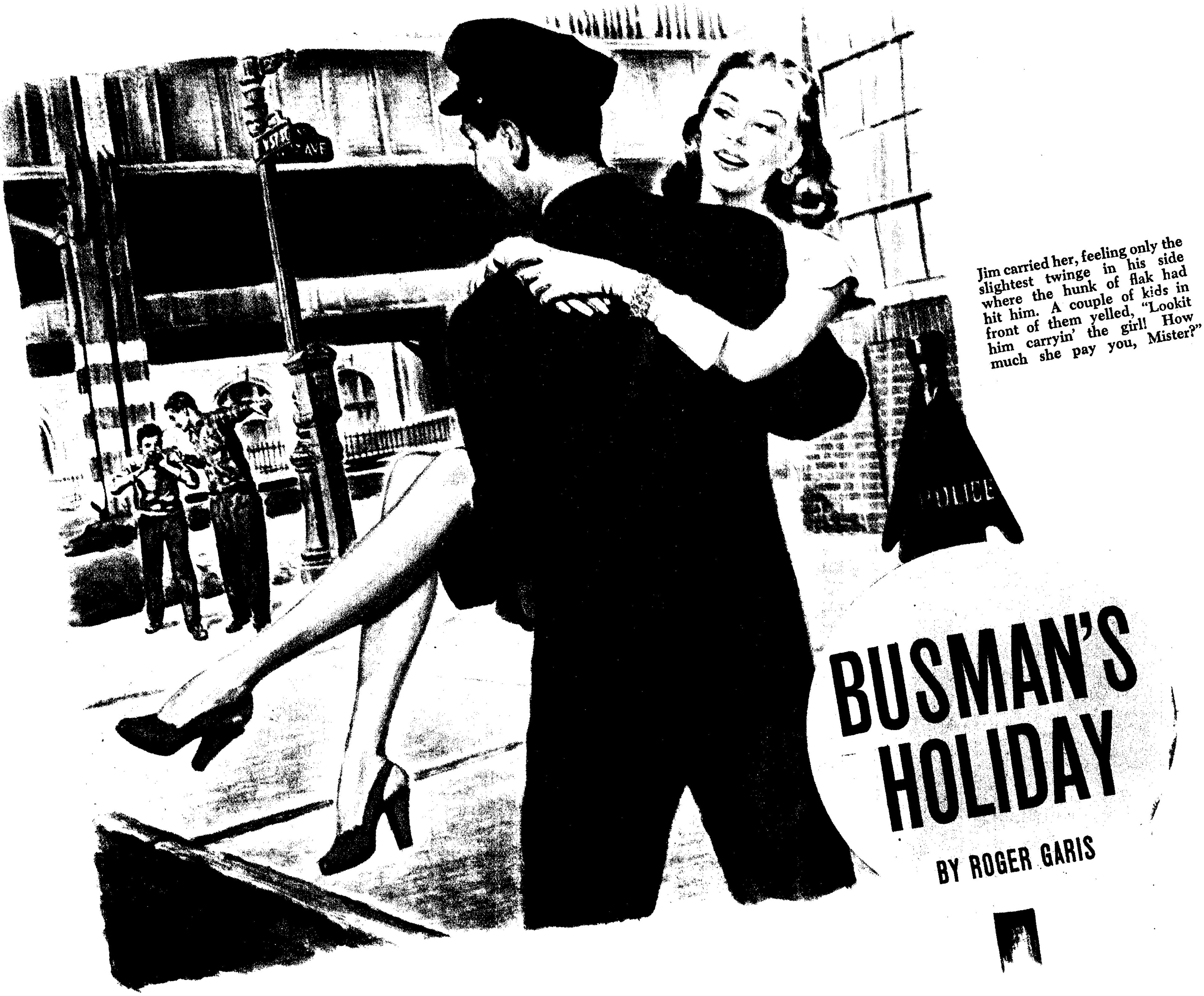


Jim carried her, feeling only the slightest twinge in his side where the hunk of flak had hit him. A couple of kids in front of them yelled, "Lookit him carryin' the girl! How much she pay you, Mister?"

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

BY ROGER GARIS

Jim said he was driving a bus for fun, pure and simple. Lois didn't believe it—but both of them learned that fact and fiction can be mixed up hopelessly in a problem of love

SO HERE he was driving a Number 20 bus across town on 57th Street. It was a damn' sight different from driving a B-29 across wind to Kyushu or Hankow, but the doctor had said it was good for him, that he had plenty of time to become the nation's top advertising executive, and that Jim should take a job for a few months that kept him outside so he could get smoothed off inside.

It was quite a lot of fun, after a while—the bus run. It started at Sutton Place and south to 57th Street, west on 57th to 12th Avenue, south on 12th to 55th, where the terminal was, and then back again. After the first week he didn't get so tired, and a few times he took the place of a man supposed to make the Sunshine Run, another name for a rush-hour run taken over by a night man, who gets time-and-a-half. The dough didn't matter much to Jim, because Carson and Blakesley was keeping him on at half pay, which was fairly considerable, but it was good to know he could put in extra hours without caving. That was the important thing. That was the present Jim was supposed to get from driving the Number 20 bus across town on 57th Street.

Jim also got another present, that wasn't on the books. He got it at 3:10 of a Thursday afternoon, on a nice sunny day, when the tower of the Empire State was shining bright against the blue sky, and the kids on the East Side were playing one-old-cat. The present was Lois Wingate.

Lois got on Jim's bus at Broadway and 57th and gave Jim a dollar. Ordinarily he would have given back ten dimes in change, just to teach customers not to make drivers change dollar bills, but he looked at Lois and gave her two quarters and five dimes. She dropped one of the dimes in the box and sat down on the side seat near the driver.

Of course he didn't know her name was Lois then. She had big brown eyes and a smoothly curved mouth and pretty legs. Jim kept looking at her with side glances, which wasn't too good for his driving, but he figured he never so much as ground-looped a B-29, so why should he worry about a Number 20 bus on 57th Street? Lois looked straight ahead, but he knew she knew he was giving her the eye, and what's more she didn't mind, because she was smiling—a tiny, this-is-my-own-secret smile, but still a smile. She rode to within a block of the terminal.

She was the last one on the bus, and when she got up to leave, Jim said, as he flipped open the door, "Watch your step, girlie."

She looked around quickly, as though she were surprised and a little frightened. Then her foot slipped off the top step, and she took a dive, tried to grab the guardrail, and missed, then sort of half turned as she hit the street, gave a little scream, and was down, her nice blue suit all dirty.

Naturally Jim was immediately at her side. He had the good will of the bus company to protect.

"Lady," he said, "that was a bad spill."

She looked at him, not exactly smiling now. "Yes," she said. "Help me up, will you? Don't stand there staring like a big ape."

JIM, who was big but who was by no means an ape, being very nice looking with brown curly hair and a wide friendly mouth, put his hands under her arms and lifted her to her feet. She rested in his hands for a moment, which was quite pleasant, and then put her weight on her legs, gave a moan and clutched at Jim.

"What's the matter?" Jim said.

"It's my ankle," Lois said. "I'm afraid it's sprained."

"Or maybe broken," Jim said helpfully. "Where do you live?"

"In the next block," Lois said. "Number 422."

"I'll carry you there," Jim said, holding her a little tighter, so she wouldn't slip.

"Don't be silly," Lois said. "You can't carry me a block."

"Why not?" Jim asked.

"What about your bus, for one thing?"

"No one steals busses. Besides, this is practically the end of the line. Here, rest over on me."

Lois looked at him carefully, her eyes appraising, then said, "All right. Only you'll have to carry me up two flights of stairs. There's no elevator."

Jim lifted her, feeling only the slightest twinge in his side, where the hunk of flak got him over Nagoya, and began walking with her. A couple of kids in front of them yelled, "Lookit the man carryin' the girl! Hey, mister, how much she pay you, hey mister?"

"Ninety dollars a month," Jim said. "Scram, now."

They came to Number 422, and Lois started to squirm in Jim's arms.

"What's the matter," he asked. "Aren't you comfortable?"

"I'm trying to get my key out, silly," Lois said.

She got it out and gave it to him. He carried her up the two flights of stairs, opened the door she pointed out and carried her in. It was a tiny apartment and looked as though it had been rented furnished. Jim put Lois on a couch.

"Do you want me to call a doctor?" he asked.

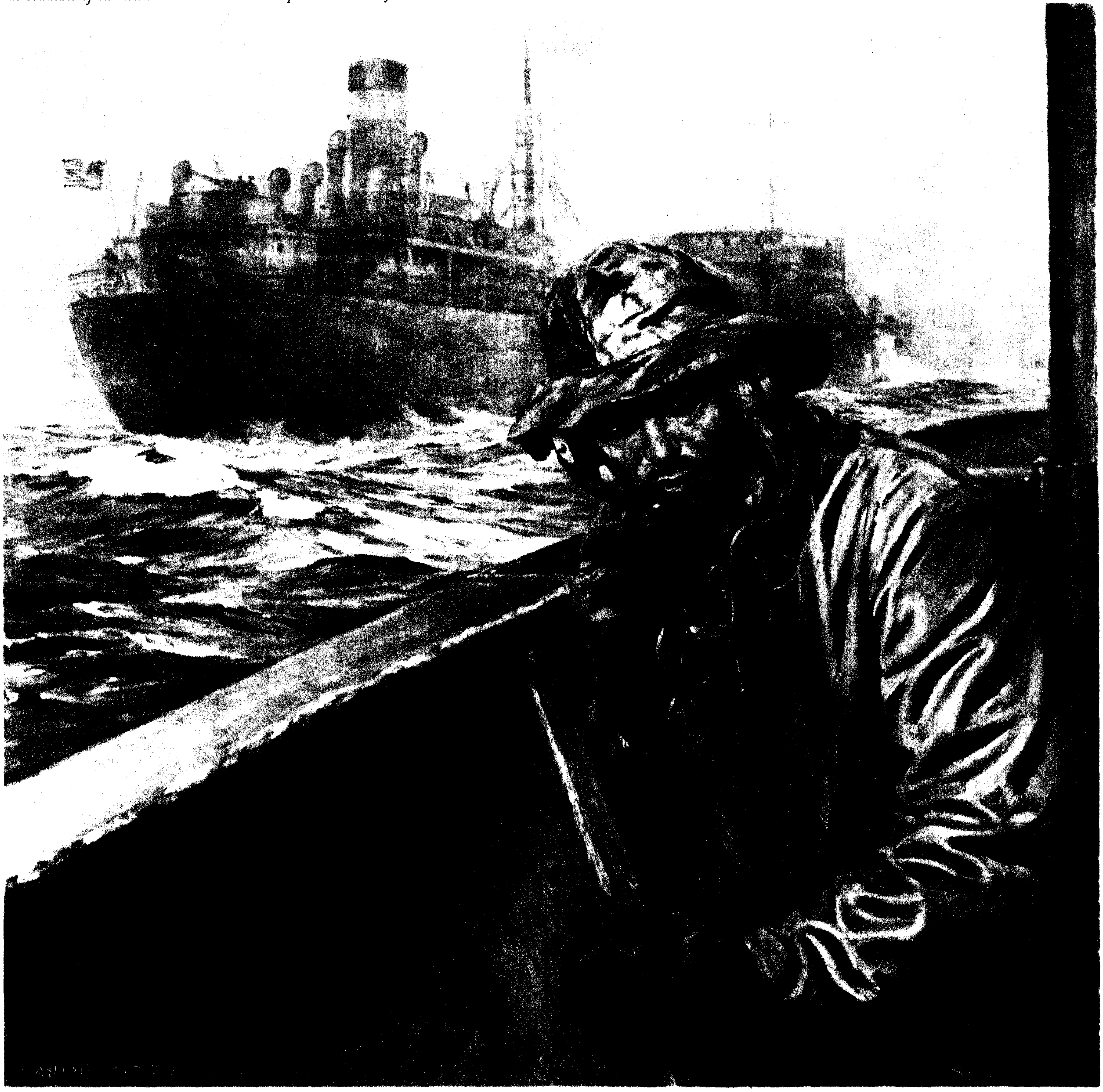
"Goodness, no. It feels better already. I'll soak it in hot water and it'll be fine. Thank you very much."

"I have to have your name," Jim said,

(Continued on page 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RADER

All branches of our wartime services use the telephone. No. 15 of a series, Merchant Marine.



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BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED? HOW COME I'VE LOST OUT WITH YOU—AND HOW DO I WIN BACK MY RATING?
WELL, A SHORT TRIP TO YOUR DENTIST'S WOULD HELP, JIMMIE! ON ACCOUNT OF THE CARDS SAY...YOUR ROMANCE HANGS BY A BREATH!
HERE'S WHAT JIMMIE'S DENTIST SAID!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
THAT LITTLE BARRACKS OF YOURS AND MINE SHOW UP YET, SUGAR?
RIGHT HERE, JIMMIE! IT'S IN THE CARDS NOW—BUT DEFINITELY!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night—NBC Network

Dark Land

Continued from page 24

and out, the earth floor was freshly swept and neat. Manuelita was bringing a demijohn of red wine to the table.

"And how is the old Patrón?" the Domador asked with a jerk of his head toward the mansion house.

"Eh, but only yesterday he spoke of you," Don Plácido said heartily, "for he has horses to be tamed . . ."

"So I had hoped."

"Then you will stay!" Manuelita exclaimed, unable to conceal her joy.

"Come here, girl," her mother called, her voice sorrowful rather than stern.

"Eh, the women!" said Don Plácido with a shrug of his shoulders.

After the men had eaten and sat out under the vines for a little while, sipping maté and smoking, the Domador made his excuses, saying that he must go on to the house and speak to the Patrón. Manuelita was already at the gate but she did not open it at once and he had to draw rein.

"Adios, *morochita* . . ." he began.

"You will meet me . . . tonight . . . under the Ombú tree where you told me goodby?" she whispered. He looked down at her small, eagerly upturned face; there was no coquetry in her manner or her words; her eyes met his honestly, her mouth trembled a little with the depth of her emotion.

"You are not so much a woman as I thought, Manuelita," he said gently. "It is better that I do not meet you. I may be going away soon."

"Oh!" She gave a little gasp of pain and then went on bravely: "But in any case I shall be there waiting for you."

He said nothing but turned away and rode off down the avenue. . . .

The old Patrón was delighted to see the Domador again and made a great fuss over his arrival.

"There is no other man," he said, "with your hands for a young horse! If only you would stay here, *ché*, I would give you a nice little cottage to live in. What do you want to go wandering over the republic for? A man like you! Pick yourself a wife and settle down!"

The Domador laughed, shaking his head. "I could not, Señor Patrón. I do not know what it is in me—perhaps that I was born in the shelter of a wagon and that the saddle was my cradle but when I am long in one place I am filled with a restlessness; I begin to feel possessed by the sticks and stones around me. And then again, not to see the stars above me when I sleep, that is not my life!"

As if to demonstrate his words he had taken the cot out of the room he had been assigned in the peons' quarters and pulled it out to where the stars shone down through the paraiso berries. Yet when it came time for him to sleep the Domador could not bring himself to close his eyes; try as he might, he could not keep his thoughts from the Ombú tree and the child that might still be waiting there.

She is only a child, he assured himself, remembering the candor of her eyes and her smooth black hair parted and plaited like a little girl's. But his thoughts trespassed on to her broad pale brow and her small rounded chin, to the generous curves of her mouth and the sway of her hips as she walked.

It is in the way a woman walks that you see she is no longer a child, he thought, springing suddenly to his feet. He would go and look, just to make sure she was no longer there. He set off toward the Ombú tree which stood alone beyond the orchard.

He heard her before he saw her, a little rustle like the sound of a bird in the grass, and there she was beside him, her eyes shining in the starlight.

"I knew you would come," she said, moving closer to him. "I knew you would come."

He anchored his hands by the thumbs to his belt and said gently, "Look, Manuelita, when I last saw you you were a little girl. Now you are a woman and a lovely one. I used to tease you and call you my *chinita* and tell you to wait for me. Those were idle words and foolish. Now you must think of the serious things in life and find yourself a good and dependable husband."

She looked at him gravely. "I love you," she said. "I can marry no other."

He made a gesture of impatience but there was no unkindness in it. He took her hand.

"Manuelita, little one," he asked, "what is it you picture when you think of marriage?"

She drew in her breath and replied, half laughing, "Of what does a girl think? A little house . . . children maybe . . . and a garden—yes, I would like a garden!"

"You see! A marriage means to you a home, children, a garden! That is what life should bring you." His voice dropped and he made a gesture full of sadness out toward the darkened land: "And there is my life—the darkness, the loneliness, the emptiness of the pampa—I cannot change! I was born so. I am a Gaucho, I could not be happy in one spot nor could I make any woman happy. Go home now, little one, and find yourself a man who will make you happy. . . ."

She drew herself up proudly and looked him straight in the eye.

"I shall go now. But remember, Domador, you are my life, you are my love, and I shall wait for you for all my life and after. And should I die before you, there will be a new star in the sky and you will look up and say, 'There is Manuelita who waits for me!'" And with these words she was gone.

For a long time he stood staring after her and then, with a sigh, he turned and went off to the corral where his horse was enclosed. A few minutes later he rode away, down the avenue, out into the night.

"A pest upon women!" Don Plácido exclaimed, turning his broad back on his wife. "In my day women married whom they were told!"

His wife glanced quickly at him over her shoulder, pursing her lips, and then, without a word, turned back to the fire.

"It is three months since the sargento comes here, every Sunday evening, and what encouragement does he get?" the old man continued peevishly. "And he is a fine man—he has money in the bank!" he went on. "And look what an advantage, to have a policeman in the family!"

"Juan-Carlos could get drunk without fear of being jailed!" one of his sons jeered, glancing slyly at his brother.

Juan-Carlos shrugged his shoulder and grinned. "That policeman! He would jail anyone for spite! Or let them go free for ten pesos!"

"Eh!" said his father comfortably. "Those are the idle rumors of the countryside! The sargento is a man to be envied . . ."

"And feared!" said Juan-Carlos. "I will meet any man in open fight—but a stab in the back or a shot in the dark—no, Señor! And as for that brother of his, that Bautista!" Juan-Carlos spat through the open door.

"They are close as flesh and nail . . ." his brother chimed in.

"Bah!" interrupted the old man. "He is another one altogether! That Bautista stinks in any nostril! But it is not the Bautista I ask her to marry. The sargento is a man of substance—a man of weight!" He pushed himself back from the table and turned toward the women, his voice rising angrily: "Why she must go whimpering after that Domador. . . . He is a fine man, I grant you; but a man for men, not one for a girl to marry. He will never marry and raise a family! Now the sargento . . ."

"Enough!" his wife interrupted suddenly, laying down the ladle and putting her hands on her hips. "That sargento is a worthless one, of little honor, another one as his brother! The girl does not like him. She shall not marry him!"

"Woman!" Don Plácido cried, rising to his feet. "You do not know what you say. Look how the Domador leaves the Patrón! In the middle of the night! Two weeks he has been gone and God alone knows when we shall see him again. A fine bridegroom for any girl! Listen here, Manuelita, you make up your mind to the sargento or I'll beat you . . ."

But Manuelita was not there to answer. When her father began to shout she had slipped out into the gathering dusk and hidden behind the stack of corncobs by the side of the road. She could see nothing, for the dark sky was merged with the darker earth, but she listened as she had listened night and day for the beat of hoofs. She heard nothing but the faint beat of her own heart.

Her father came to the door of the cottage, cursing at one of the dogs who lay in his path, and shouted into the darkness. "Come on in, girl. The sargento will be here. Come in out of the night."

She turned her head, her face wanly shining in the dark. Then all at once she was seized with the desire to escape. Leaping to her feet, she fled under the trees, across the alfalfa and toward the orchard and the Ombú tree beyond. On reaching the shelter of the twisted gray branches, she stumbled, blinded by unshed tears, her breath strangling in her throat. When a voice called her name she was certain it was but part of the torturing nightmare that involved her, but then the Domador stepped out from under the shadows and gathered her to his breast. Unbelieving, she clung to him and burst into a storm of passionate weeping that was beyond all control.

He let her weep, fondling her gently and speaking in soothing tones until the storm subsided, and in a small, unsteady voice she said, "I thought you were gone forever this time. . . ."

"And so I thought!" he answered softly, putting his hand under her chin and raising it gently. "But I could not go for when I looked up at the sky it was no longer the stars but your eyes that I saw. When I lay down upon the earth it was your arms that held me. . . . I could not go."

"But you . . . you will be unhappy if you stay," she faltered.

"And if I go I shall die of sorrow," he replied.

For a while they were silent. And then she asked, "But from where did you come? Not by the road—I listened!"

He laughed.

"From the river. There is a place there—beyond the empty shack where the pampa grass grows so tall it will hide a horse. I lay hidden there all this time, thinking well what I should do. For I will no longer come and go as the locusts. I will root myself as this Ombú! Tomorrow I will ask the Patrón if he will give me work and the little cottage he spoke of. We will live here till we grow old. You will have your home and your garden . . . *mi china, mi chinita*. . . ."

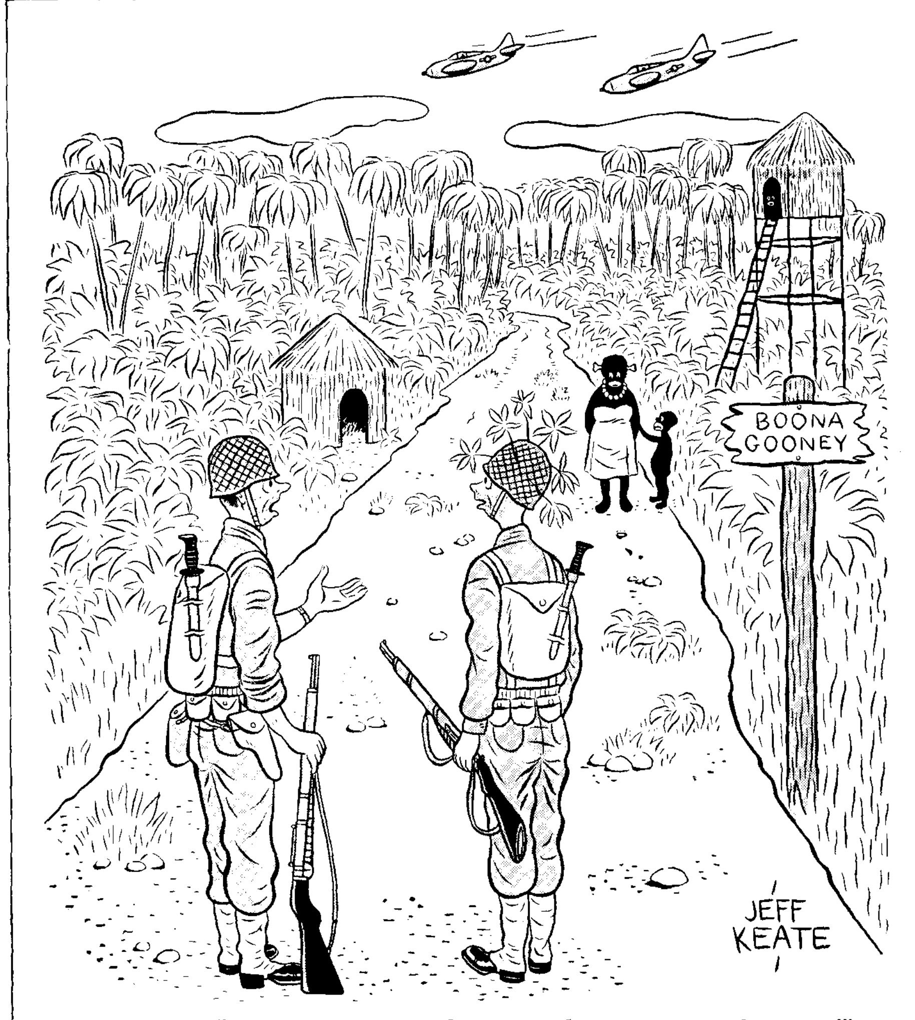
After a while they went back to the cottage. The sargento's piebald pony was waiting by the fence and, from within, they could hear the sargento's voice raised in argument with Don Plácido.

When the old man saw them in the doorway he began to bluster angrily, for it was already late; but the Domador drew himself up proudly and asked formally for his daughter's hand. At that the old man was highly delighted and began to praise Manuelita for her good sense and steadfastness as if it were his advice she followed. He paid no attention to the sargento, who was regarding the Domador with ill-concealed spite, but called to his sons to fetch out the wine and drink to the good health of the *novios*. The sargento sat down with them but he drank with a wry mouth as if the wine were bitter and, when he said good night to them, his words were too smooth to come from his heart. Late into the night Don Plácido and his sons sat with the young couple, drinking and singing and telling tales of long ago; but ña Dominga was not with them for she was weeping quietly to herself behind the water tank.

FOR a month the Domador worked from sunrise until sunset with the Patrón's young horses, and in the evenings he talked to Don Plácido or wandered under the trees with Manuelita. She watched him anxiously, sensing the sadness beneath his laughter, for he was very gay as if it were himself he must deceive into contentment.

At the end of the month he took his pay and went into the town to put it into the bank as the Patrón and Don Plácido advised; they told him that so he would save enough in two or three months to buy Manuelita her wedding dress and the other things a girl expected.

His business done, he went out to look for a present for Manuelita; the hot pavements hurt his feet in their soft colt-skin boots, the women eyed him boldly and smiled without shame, and nothing he saw was lovely enough to take to Manuelita. All their



"One thing I'll say for Europe—when we took a town we took a town!"

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trinkets seemed gaudy and trivial, but he found and bought at last a bright silk kerchief whose soft colors reminded him of the flowers that grow wild upon the pampa. Then he mounted his horse and turned its head homeward.

The sun was setting and the streets were full of young men and women promenading slowly up and down; there were bright lights everywhere, and the sound of laughing voices, but a great sadness filled the Domador, a great longing for the emptiness of the open spaces. He would never make the Manuelita happy, he thought gloomily; he would always be restless and ill at ease.

But she would be waiting for him at the gate, he told himself tenderly, in the pink dress that was her best; they would make a little celebration this night and talk of their plans for the wedding. He must not appear unhappy and detached. And he decided to stop at the tavern by the crossroads and take a glass of wine to get himself out of this miserable mood of discontent. He urged his horse on, happier already.

The tavern was a long dreary building with a corrugated-iron roof and a hitching rail along the front. From the door a bright square of light fell across the road and the sound of raised voices broke the stillness. Dropping his reins the Domador went in.

There were about half a dozen gathered before the wooden counter, and in the middle of the floor, with his back to the door, stood a gross black-bearded fellow who was holding forth with the aggressive emphasis of one who is a little drunk. It was Bautista, the brother of the sergeant of police, whom all knew for his treacherous ways and evil tongue.

He did not see the Domador enter, but went on talking, punctuating his words with leers, winks and oaths.

"They have caught him nicely!" he was saying. "His wings are clipped! The Manuelita is not the little innocent she appears! My brother was present. When the two of them entered in the middle of the night her father threatened to shoot the man if he did not marry her!" He laughed, his huge belly shaking up and down with his mirth. "I would not trust a woman who has once . . . He had better take a whip, the Domador had, for the Manuelita . . ."

His last words were spoken to an audience strangely still and tensed and, following their eyes, he himself turned slowly toward the door.

The Domador had stepped forward and his silver-hafted knife was in his hand.

"Liar!" he said softly, thin lines of white showing about his mouth.

As Bautista reached behind him someone shouted and, at the shout, the Domador leaped forward. A shot rang out and a scream. Twice the silver haft flashed in the air. Bautista grunted as if the wind were knocked from his gross belly, his knees buckled beneath him and, with the smoking gun still in his hand, he toppled over.

The Domador stood looking down at him; then, scornfully, he looked slowly round at the men cringing back against the walls. No one moved. Without a word he turned and went out into the darkness. No one moved until the pounding of his horse's hoofs had died away into the distance.

IN THE white heat of the rage that still consumed him, he rode toward the plantation, spurring his horse until the animal rocketed over the ground, its neck stretched horizontal, and white flecks of foam flew back upon the air. But gradually the rhythm of the hoofbeats quietened him and he drew his horse in and took counsel with himself. And he knew that he could not return to the plantation, that he must never again see Manuelita, that he must ride away and out of her life forever. He turned his horse off the road and down a track that led toward the river; there he would hide a while and rest his horse, for the animal was in no condition for a long journey.

He rode down the half-dried bed of the stream until he had passed a ruined shack, where he turned his horse up among the great clumps of pampa grass. He dismounted beneath a small overhanging cliff and left his horse standing there while he stood immobile, staring up at the dark sky.

Standing so, he prayed, humbly and inarticulately, that he be forgiven the blood upon his hands. Then he squatted down on his heels and rolled himself a cigarette, thinking of the flight that lay before him. Now that his future was darker and more uncertain than ever before, the secure and peaceful life he might have led seemed the most desirable on earth. Then cautiously, as a man feeling the extent of a recent wound, he approached the thought of Manuelita. The anguish was more than he could bear and he sprang to his feet so suddenly that he startled his horse into a jingle of bridle and stirrup.

"Let her forget me," he whispered not knowing that he prayed, "let her forget me. . . ."

And then, because he was a strong man and a resilient one, he began to plan his movements. He would wait here until the following night when his horse would be well rested. It was unlikely that he would be found for there would be no great enthusiasm among his friends in the search, and the sargento had more malice than brains, more spite than courage. Then he would make north and east to Entreríos and somehow cross the river into Uruguay. There he would be unknown and safe.

He sat there, smoking cigarette after cigarette, and thinking of the vastness, the loneliness and uncertainty that lay ahead.

Just as the stars were paling and one bird called to another across the water, a sound, almost inaudible, made him stiffen, his hand on his knife.

Something was moving quietly down the river bank. He stepped noiselessly between the clumps of grass until he was almost at the water's edge.

And then he saw her. Manuelita was coming steadily toward him.

When she saw him she ran to him, half sobbing, with arms outstretched. He held her, pressing her head against his breast, his cheek laid upon her hair.

"Manuelita, *mi china . . . mi chinita . . .*" he groaned.

"Juan-Carlos told us," she sobbed. "He came running to say the Bautista was killed and the sargento swearing he would have your blood. I ran to the Ombú tree and when you did not come I wandered everywhere, crying your name. And my mother came and she told me that, if I knew where you might be, to go to you and follow you. . . . And then I thought of this place by the river, and I ran all the way across the pastures. I feared so greatly that you would have gone. . . ."

"Manuelita . . . my life . . ." he sighed, drawing her into the shelter of the grasses and rocking her back and forth in his arms as if comforting a child. "You cannot come with me, my little one! It will be all danger, flight and loneliness. No home . . . no garden . . ."

She laughed unsteadily through her tears. "You were ready to give up your way of life for mine but I knew, for I have seen it in your eyes, that you would not have been happy. And I, too, would have suffered with you. This way is best. A home, a garden! They were the dreams of a child! To me, life means you and only you. . . ."

"Think well, little one. I am an outcast and a lawbreaker and as such, I shall suffer. Life with me will take great courage. . . ."

"My mother told me," she said, "that if you have a great love, you must have a great courage, for the one will die without the other."

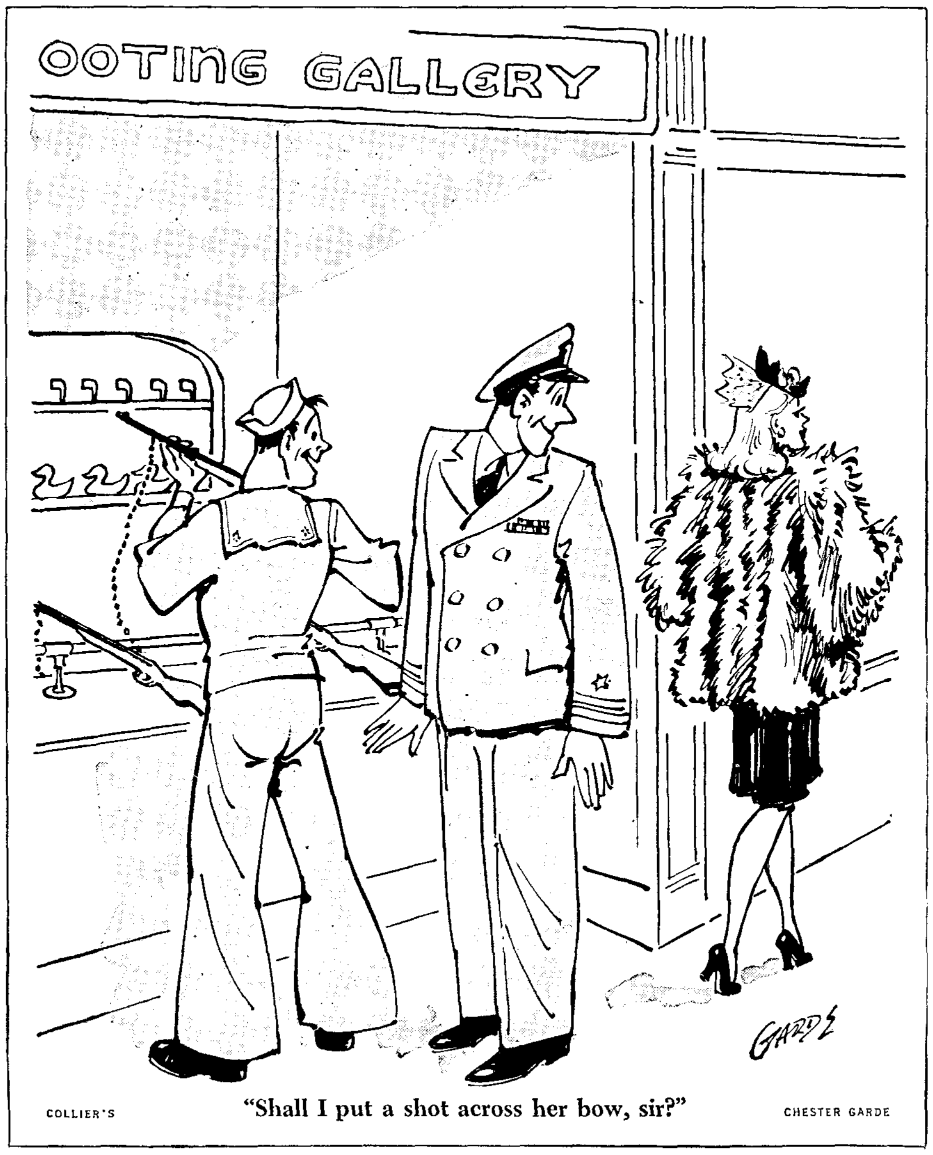
THE sun had risen, filling the world with its pale early gold; there were the sounds of birds and insects; of the wind in the grass, the running water and the movements of the horse, but there was no human sound except for the soft murmur of their voices from the grass where they lay hidden.

"Somewhere in Entreríos or Uruguay we will find a priest who will marry us," he said. "Until then do you trust me, *chinita?*"

"With my life," she said, "and with my heart."

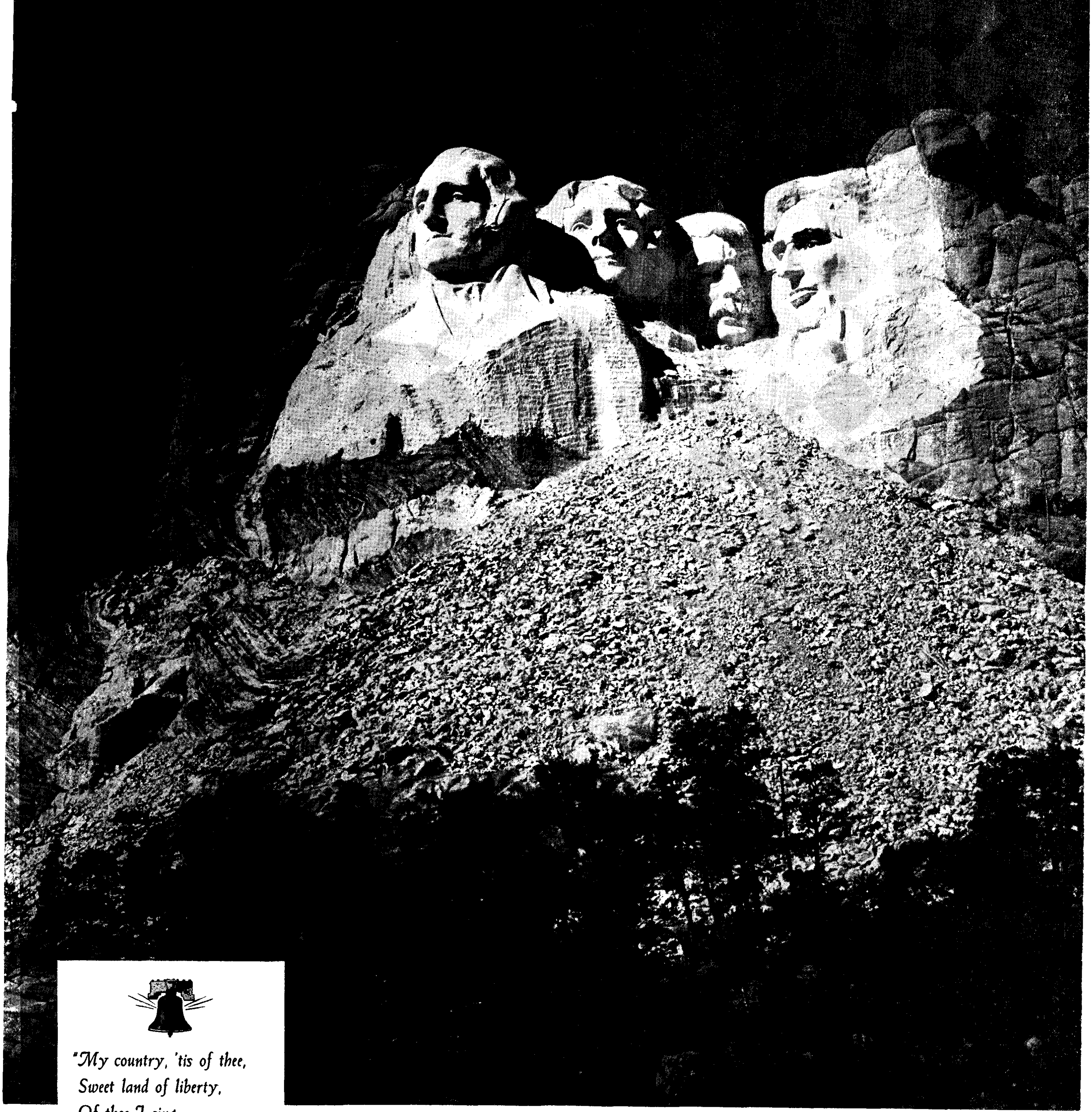
All through the long hot day they lay there hidden, and when evening fell, he rose and mounted his horse and swung her up on the rump behind and, with her hand upon his shoulder, they rode forth, across the water, and on into the dark land beyond.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Shall I put a shot across her bow, sir?" CHESTER GARDE

"...FROM EVERY MOUNTAIN SIDE LET FREEDOM RING!"



Mount Rushmore National Memorial in the Black Hills of South Dakota

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!"

The fight for freedom of worship, speech and enterprise—the ideals of the men who built our nation—is your fight, too. Put every spare dollar in War Bonds.

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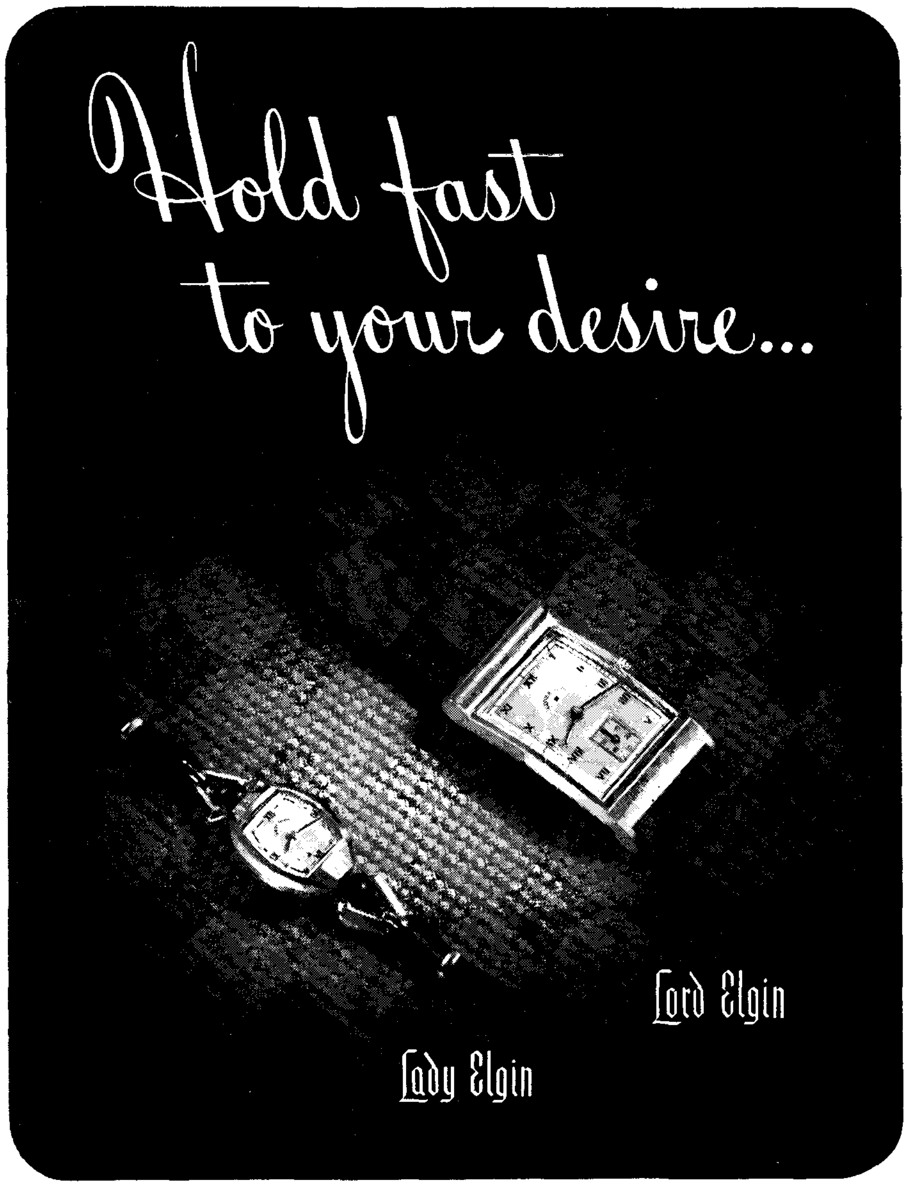

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RIGHT NOW Elgin's fourth generation craftsmen are devoted to precision tasks of war . . . as they properly should be. Yet they are eager to resume the art they know so well, the creation of fine watches for men and women. This they will do at the right moment . . . without delay.

Meanwhile, you may see *foreign*-made watches with unsecured reputations trying to take the place of the American-made Elgins. But hold fast to your desire for a real masterpiece of timekeeping accuracy. There *will* be more Elgins . . . distinctively styled, wonderfully accurate, timed to the stars. *You'll be glad you waited for an Elgin.* Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A.

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Continued from page 23

believed, it was a wide and fertile valley across which came the ancestors of our moose, elk, caribou, wild goats and sheep, bears and many other animals. Probably even man with a stone club on his shoulder trudged along this trail.

Another good reason why Ice Age fauna is so easy to find in Alaska is that excellent cold storage is provided in many, but not all, parts of the Territory. Because of its prevailing colder climate, full recovery from the last advance of the glaciers has not yet been reached. To this day, over wide expanses of central and northern parts of the Territory, the soil is thawed only a few inches or a few feet.

All you have to do on wide stretches of the tundra to find solid ice is scrape away the matted roots of dwarf vegetation with your hands. There is your ice, more than a hundred feet thick, covering thousands of square miles of the old earth's surface. Any animal pinned down by this cold weight is quite likely to be right where hard luck overtook him, and just about as well preserved. What apparently happened was that the animals became buried in mud, muck and silt, the water in which then froze.

That was why collectors got on the job soon after the hydraulic nozzles at Fairbanks blasted the first mammoth out of its icy crypt, incidentally scattering the precious pieces far and wide over the landscape. This was soon remedied by an arrangement whereby the miner swung his nozzle in another direction whenever he spotted a new creature showing up in the ice.

Mammoths by the Carload

Following this bit of co-operation, no scientist ever had better equipment at his command for removal of overburden—such equipment as thawing devices, scrapers and giant electric dredges with chains of buckets reaching a hundred feet down into the earth. It took the incentive of gold to warrant such extensive equipment—scientists are notoriously poor—but at any rate the mounds of recovered bones grew to astonishing proportions. They were hauled away by the truckloads.

Not only bones, but bits and patches of hide, hair and tendons were recovered. Mammoths and regal bison were among the commoner types found, although it wasn't long before the antlers and skulls of giant elk-moose, caribou, musk oxen, horses and bears came to light.

Then came a mastodon, which is like a mammoth but with different type molars, a saber-toothed tiger big as a grizzly bear with six-inch fangs used in stabbing its prey to death, and an enormous cat that could chase any African lion off the veld. One of the queerest finds was the great dire wolf. Smaller animals were harder to pick up because they got lost in the silt, but enough parts were recovered to show that this million-years-old game field had its full quota of foxes, lynxes, squirrels and other rodents.

You have to imagine what it looked like then; no one can tell you. You have to see in your own mind's eye the trumpeting mammoths big as so many loads of hay, their 12-to-15-feet-long curled tusks swinging from side to side as they shuffled along in these forests of long-ago Alaska; see them reaching with their trunks to wrench tasty vines from the tall trees, or maybe tearing a smaller one up by the roots just for the fun of it. They would have caught your eye first of all, but you couldn't very well miss seeing other creatures; the now extinct giant elk-moose pushing its massive antlers into view through the thick underbrush, perhaps on its way to a deep, dark pool constructed by beavers as big as our common black bears.

Away from the gloom of the forests—the biggest trees there now are mostly waist-high willows—herds of yaks and camels covered the meadows, sharing space with bulbous-nosed antelopes and horses; preyed upon by tigers, lions and wolves.

Life in the Alaska Pleistocene period was a strange blending of animal forms, some of them soon to succumb to the grim decree that only the fittest may survive. Gone are the mammoths, mastodons and the giant elk-moose, and with them they took the fierce smilodon, or saber-tooth tiger, and the carrion-eating dire wolf.

By an odd twist of circumstances, the horses and camels that once loped over Alaska's plains are credited with siring present-day types, even though they had to leave the continent to do it. The horse was gone from America many thousands of years before the Spaniards brought it back in the 16th century, all dolled up with armor and trappings to frighten the natives.

Did man live here when all this was going on?

Well, they thought they had the answer to that one when the skull of a mammoth calf was brought out of the ice at Fairbanks with an object like a jadeite axhead lodged in the lower jawbone. It was finally concluded that no human hand had delivered the lethal blow, that the young mammoth had instead fallen onto a ledge. But this was negative evidence; it didn't prove anything. The search still goes on, based on a number of interesting if conflicting theories.

One eminent anthropologist denies the existence of the Ice Age man in America, holding firmly to the tenet that the forefathers of all our native tribes came across to us from Asia by way of the Aleutians at a much later date using the islands as steppingstones from one hemisphere to the other. This top-ranking authority has an imposing collection of Aleut mummies and low-browed skulls to back up his contentions. He's a hard man to argue with. But it cannot be denied that there have been persistent reports of American Indian culture fully as early as the Aleutian migration.

MAKE IT WE ALL

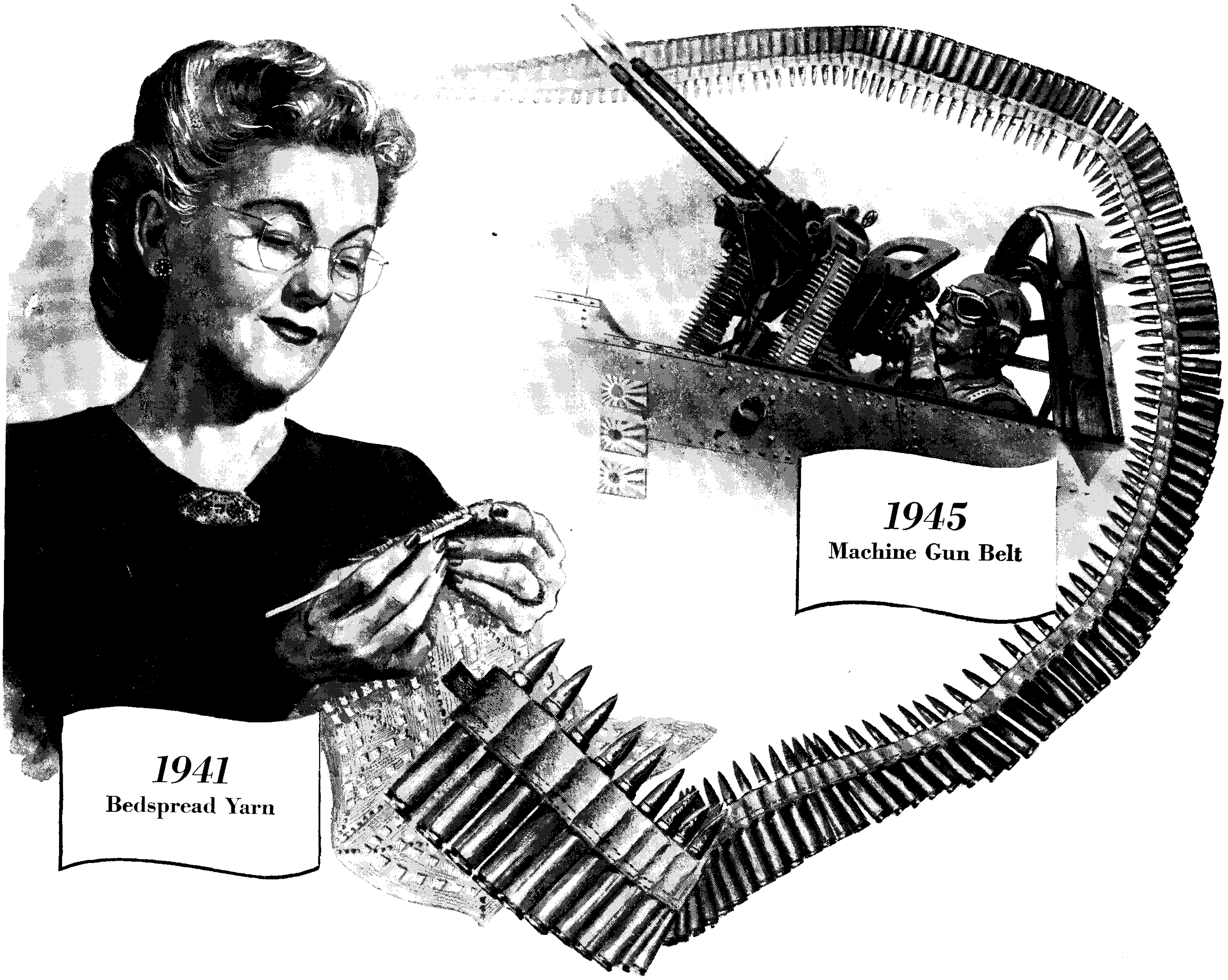
Let's be One—not dual.
Let's be wed in style.
Say the word—if you'll,
I'll.
—Berton Braley

They're still searching for the mysterious Folsom man whose distinctive weapons and other artifacts were found in New Mexico. These have given rise to another theory: namely, that immigration to Alaska from Siberia might have taken place anywhere from eight to twelve thousand years ago. The Peking man, found in Pleistocene caves of China, and from whom this pioneer stock may have sprung, almost certainly existed a quarter of a million years ago. This ties in with the prevailing supposition that the first American was a Mongoloid invader.

Even this has been disputed, though not too successfully, because the published theory that America originated its own human life seems to have died with the author of it. This student took us down to the other end of the Americas for his proof, contending that human life sprang from the pampas of Patagonia. While this idea appears to have few supporters at the present time, nevertheless there is a belief that some of the humans found in the lower Argentine might date back to the Pleistocene.

It's all very confusing to the layman and may not be so clear even to the experts, but so far as the records show, no human skeletal remains have been found in American Pleistocene deposits. We can go a step further: No anthropoid ape fossil has been found here. That is why Alaska's vast deposits of frozen muck are important. Not only may now unknown species of animals come to light, but there is always the possibility that the red letter day will arrive when America's number one citizen may be found resting in his icy shroud. New developments in this field may be delayed because of war conditions that put a stop to most gold-mining activities.

THE END



The thread that reached the sky

ONCE you used it for bedspreads—now it makes the machine gun belts our fighter pilots use. Thread becomes a mighty lifeline when science takes it over. Twenty-nine years ago—to produce better the kind of tire you wanted—we started to manufacture our own tire cord. That's how the Textile Division of United States Rubber came into being.

Today, "U. S." Textile Division is producing nylon, rayon, all types of synthetics, while cotton thread is improved and put to wide and varied uses. Aided by extensive scientific research, we became geared to change and demands for improvement. We learned to make *new things right.* Meeting your needs for stronger tires expanded into meeting your needs for better living.

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And they are . . . thanks largely to you.

It was you—back in peacetime—who wanted tires of the highest quality. We started a Textile Division to help produce your kind of tires. You wanted textiles of great endurance and comfort. That inspired us to expand our Textile Division. When Pearl Harbor changed America's status—we were already geared to change our output. Our members were old hands at producing new things right.

Fabrics are a vital part of most of the rubber products you use. The science behind textiles goes hand-in-hand with the science behind rubber. Both are working to meet our war needs of today and your postwar needs of tomorrow.

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WOMAN AT BAY

Continued from page 12

"I guess I took my eye off the ball," MacKinnon said. "Sure, I'll go, only"—he laughed shortly—"it's still a lousy twist."

"You'll have a better chance than a stranger."

"Yeah."

"And it could be important. The State Department would like to get its hands on a document like that; so would De Gaulle. Things are tough over there now and there's lots to be done. Men are being tried and shot, and others are being imprisoned, and not all the denouncing is fairly done. The records of some are clear, and they will be taken care of, but it's not often that simple. Some of the innocent will be punished with the guilty, and there'll be plenty of real collaborationists that get away with it if nothing can be proved against them."

"What else?" MacKinnon said. "Isn't there an American angle somewhere? There usually is."

Adams hesitated; then he grinned. "You're all right, Mac. You always were. Yes, there's an angle. You know United Chemical?"

MacKinnon said he knew it was the second largest chemical corporation in the country, and Adams said, "We've been wondering about some of its internal affairs for quite a while. Without being able to prove anything, we've wondered if it wasn't another of those cartels with roots not only in Vichy France but in Switzerland and in Germany. You know—patents, formulas, investments. We're particularly interested in its president—Bruce Aitchison."

He lighted another cigarette and leaned back to stare at the wall. "He lives in Cuba about half of the time. Has a place down there, investments—either his or some others he represents. He's flying down there today."

"You think his name might be in that diary—if there is a diary," MacKinnon said.

Adams sighed and rumpled his hair. "I don't know. Maybe this is just another Dave Adams pipe dream, but follow me, will you? Suppose there is a diary. There could be a half dozen supposedly patriotic Americans mentioned in that manuscript, and if there are, we want to know it. I only hope the dame has got it—or knows where it is."

WHAT Adams said sobered and impressed MacKinnon—until he thought of other things. "Why should she take it to Cuba—if she has it?"

"There are Frenchmen in Cuba. The acting French government can't reach them, and they're safe until they try to return. There are others in South America and Mexico—Americans, too, the kind we'd like to put the hooks into. If you were a French industrialist with a few million and you knew that if it weren't for Sevigny's record you could go back and take up where you left off, how much would that manuscript be worth to you?"

"Whatever I had to pay."

"And if there were a dozen such guys, maybe some of them rich Americans whose goose could be thoroughly cooked if the State Department got hold of such a document—well, you get the idea."

"You're sort of reaching, aren't you?" MacKinnon said.

"You can say that again."

They were silent, and then MacKinnon, following Adams' progression, realizing the importance of the potentialities of such a manuscript but still trying to get things clear, said, "If Mrs. Sevigny wanted money and she had that manuscript—which I doubt—she could sell it on the Continent, couldn't she? Why should she go all the way to Cuba?"

"We don't know."

"Oh," MacKinnon grinned crookedly. "Outside of that, you make it sound good. It sounds swell. It's got just one little weakness: The whole thing is predicated on a damn' flimsy hunch."

"Yes," Adams said. "Sure," he said. "But there is one other little thing and it's worth going down there to find out about it: *Why is Mrs. Sevigny going to Cuba at all?"*

MacKinnon found no answer to this.

"She's an American citizen," Adams went on. "She could come direct to New York. She couldn't bring anything much in, but she could come. We're curious as to why she doesn't. Why is she going to Cuba first? That's what we want to know—what you're going to find out."

Adams stood up, his voice blunt again and the interview over. "Your papers are ready; pick them up down the hall. You'll get a morning plane out of La Guardia—I don't know which one yet—but you'll get the four-thirty out of Miami tomorrow afternoon. . . ."

THE little car had been parked across from the customhouse for nearly an hour, and now, under the hot midmorning sun, the temperature inside was gradually approaching the incubating point. Paul MacKinnon sat and took it, not daring to get out and stretch. He knew if he did, she might come out and see him first, and he did not want it to happen that way.

He sat up, squirming to get the wet shirt away from his back, and looked again at the broad high doorway across the street. Presently a slender, well-dressed man in a tan suit and a Panama hat sauntered out and paused briefly in the sunshine. He did not look across the street, but to his left and then to his right, so that his passing inspection of the sedan was outwardly casual. Apparently what he saw did not interest him greatly, for in a few moments he strolled off to one side.

ERIC PETERS

COLLIER'S "At least, my sarcasm wasn't wasted on him" ERIC PETERS

MacKinnon watched him stop a hundred feet away and light a cigarette. When he leaned idly against the building, MacKinnon continued to watch, because he had seen him before. At Sans Souci a few nights back the man had been playing blackjack; yesterday, at Oriental Park, MacKinnon had been buying a ticket on the sixth race when he glanced round and caught the fellow watching him. Now he wondered about this.

Across the street, Leon Vidal came out of the customhouse. He was smiling as he approached the sedan and he was hurrying, and that made him waddle, because he was plump and not very tall. He leaned in the window, mopping his round face and grinning broadly.

"You were right," he said. "Within a few minutes she will emerge. Miss Norma Travers. I myself heard her say the name. Also she is to stay at the Hotel Habana. There are two others. A party of three." Leon Vidal spoke breathlessly, as he always did. "It was what you wanted?" he asked.

MacKinnon winked. "Exactly," he said, and then a movement across the street caught his eye and he leaned back and watched two porters stagger out of the doorway with a load of handbags.

Presently a small, dark woman in a white suit and turban came out, followed by a second, taller woman and a man. The man was big and blond, and the woman wore a light-colored suit and a floppy-brimmed straw hat that shaded her face. Only when she glanced up at the man and MacKinnon saw her profile was he sure that it was Norma Travers.

He examined his feelings and found he felt nothing but a moderate curiosity. Perhaps, he decided honestly, it was the distance or the hat. From where he sat she could have been any well-dressed woman from eighteen to fifty who had a slender figure and nice legs.

They were getting into a taxi now, and he glanced down the street. The man in the tan suit had moved. He was walking away from the doorway and an ancient sedan, which apparently had been waiting farther down the street, was moving slowly toward him. It stopped, and the man got in.

MacKinnon looked at Leon Vidal. "I think I'll ride out to the hotel." He watched the taxi start up. The sedan began to move. "You want a ride?"

Leon Vidal was a reporter on *El Sol* and among his many accomplishments was a memory for names. In making a routine check of the arrivals at the hotel, he had recognized MacKinnon's name and, in his delight at finding a brother journalist, had promptly appointed himself MacKinnon's guide, mentor and eager collaborator. Now he shook his head and spoke regretfully.

"I would like to," he said, "but this morning there is much writing to be done. You will appreciate this."

MacKinnon watched the taxi angle out of sight. He said, "Okay, Leon. Stop by for a drink when you get a chance."

THE sedan was following the taxi and MacKinnon trailed along. When the two lead cars came to the fenced-in bluff on which the hotel stood, they turned left up the hill, and right again.

By the time MacKinnon made this turn, the taxi had already swung into the hotel driveway and out of sight. The sedan had slowed down opposite this entrance but did not turn, and as MacKinnon approached, it picked up speed and went on down the other side of the hill. MacKinnon turned into the U-shaped drive, parked just off the street and lighted a cigarette. When fifteen minutes had ticked off on his watch, he got out and walked back to the entrance of the hotel.

At the desk he asked the clerk if he could see the cards of the three guests who had just registered. "I thought I recognized one," he said. "But I can't think of the name."

They liked Paul MacKinnon at the hotel. He tipped well and was never loud nor quarrelsome. A New Yorker, the manager told those who asked, down for an indeterminate vacation. The clerk smiled and produced the cards.

Even after six years, MacKinnon recognized the writing with its rounded slanting letters and the way she made the N. *Norma Travers,* the card said. *Paris, France.*

He did not know he was staring, nor realize how far away his thoughts were until the clerk asked him if this was the one he referred to.

"She was the blond one—Miss Travers."

"No," MacKinnon said and looked at the other cards, finding the name on the second vaguely familiar.

Dennis Clarke, Lisbon.

He said, "Dennis Clarke," to himself and looked at the third card which was written in bold, broad strokes and said, *Mrs. Adrienne Brissard, Saint-Etienne, France.*

"It was the guy," he said to the clerk. "Thanks," he said, and glanced quickly at the room numbers. Clarke had 412. The two women were on the fifth floor, in 516 and 517. He passed the cards back and went over to the elevator.

"Arriba?" said the boy, who made a game of teaching him Spanish.

"Arriba," MacKinnon said. *"Cinco."*

HE DID not linger in the fifth-floor hall, but opened the door of his room, 508, and went in quickly. The room boy had closed the shutters, and MacKinnon folded them back and looked down across the hotel grounds as he took off his coat and shirt.

He hung the shirt on the shutter to dry and stood there staring out the window with unseeing eyes, a moderately tall man, not big but rangy, with good shoulders and jaw and a nice depth to his chest. His skin was smoothly tanned to the waist, and his hair, medium brown and wavy, was bleached a little at the edges, from the sun.

There was a small tight smile at the corners of his mouth now as he thought of the background he had established for himself in the past ten days. He had begun by renting a car, and a driver whom he seldom used. He had letters to the club and he played golf there almost daily and sometimes swam and stayed for lunch if he was not going to the races. He had met a few people and bought some drinks, and though none of the Americans he had met had said anything, he could tell by their eyes that some of them wondered about him.

Now, with his background set up the way he wanted it, it was time to go to work, and he saw that the first step was obvious and elementary; further, he could find no excuse for postponing it. It was just a question of the right time, and he thought this might be it.

He glanced at his watch and saw it was a half hour since the others had arrived. He felt his shirt. It was nearly dry, and he put it on and fixed his tie.

He went down to the lobby and out on the stone veranda, a wide, colonnaded affair running across the front and one side of the building. Moving toward this side, he turned the corner as inconspicuously as he could and kept well back in the shadows.

The swimming pool was at a lower level, a 75-foot affair and occupied at the moment by two men, a woman and two boys. Another dozen guests relaxed in the sun at the far end where some sand had been trucked in and scattered on the flagstones. There were a few tables and chairs and umbrellas here but no sign of Norma, so MacKinnon leaned against the shadowed corner and waited.

Less than ten minutes later his hunch paid off, and Norma and her friends moved out from a lower hall into the sunlight, walking to the far end and hanging their robes on the wire fence, as others had done.

Norma sat down almost at once. She wore dark glasses, and he could not get a good look at her or tell how much she had changed. She wore a blue suit; her ash-blond

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hair was pinned up, and her skin seemed very white in comparison with the others who lounged there.

The dark-haired woman came to the edge of the pool and stuck her toe in the water, and she was a big surprise to MacKinnon. He had remembered her as slim and small. Now, in her white, one-piece bathing suit, her skin was brown and she had a lot more figure than he had suspected, all of it very nice.

Dennis Clarke walked back along the pool toward the diving board. Seeing his face, MacKinnon wondered if perhaps he had told the hotel clerk the truth after all. There was something familiar in the face and in the name, but when he could not associate them with any remembered incident, he moved back around the corner, and into the hotel again.

Back on the fifth floor, Paul MacKinnon searched the corridors until he found the boy who took care of his room. With a grin and a story that he'd locked himself out, he borrowed the master key, went down the hall to 516 and unlocked the door, fixing the catch so he could get in.

He returned the key, but coming back, he met a man and woman in the hall, so he stepped into his own room until the elevator came; then he went to 516, opened the door and walked in.

THE room was a duplicate of his own, high-ceilinged, with a tremendous bath and a double row of closets flanking the door and making a sort of entrance hall. On the bed were a hatbox and suitcase, both of them half full of clothes. Some dresses had been spread on the bed, and a handbag and some toilet things were on the bureau; other than this, there was only the light-colored suit and underthings on the chair, the straw hat on the bedpost.

He stood a moment looking about him, finding something hauntingly familiar in the scene and knowing finally what it was. An odor. A faint, remembered scent, long forgotten, which brought back other memories to surge unchecked into his consciousness, stirring up old hopes and pleasures that time had buried deep inside him. When he realized where his thoughts were taking him, he shook himself and laughed abruptly, telling himself it was imagination, that he could not possibly remember so vague a thing for so long.

A quick, superficial look through the two bags told him that what he wanted had too much bulk to be hidden here in its original form. But he knew there could be a microfilm copy, so he became methodical and examined each article, finding nothing worthwhile or familiar until he saw the Florentine dagger and metal sheath that Norma's father had once brought her from Italy. He inspected it, remembering how she had always used it for opening letters, and went about his business.

When he had finished, he stood back and inspected the bags to make sure he was leaving them as he had found them. Then he moved about the room, inspecting the furniture, the bath, the bureau drawers and the handbag which lay with the toilet things. Inside he found the usual accouterments; so far as he could tell, the passport and papers were in order. There was a wallet, with two hundred-odd dollars in bills and a draft for five thousand; there was no jewelry but a string of pearls, and he had no idea whether they were real or not.

He put the bag down and then turned, startled, as knuckles drummed on the door. Taking a quick forward step, he looked instinctively for a place to hide. Before he could decide, he saw the doorknob turn. He watched, fascinated, as the door opened an inch and stopped. A man's voice said, "Mozo?"

The door opened wider, and a face peeked round the corner.

MacKinnon relaxed. "All right, porter," he said. "Come in."

"I have the trunk," the porter said. "For Miss Norma Travers."

"That's right," MacKinnon said. "Put it over there in the corner."

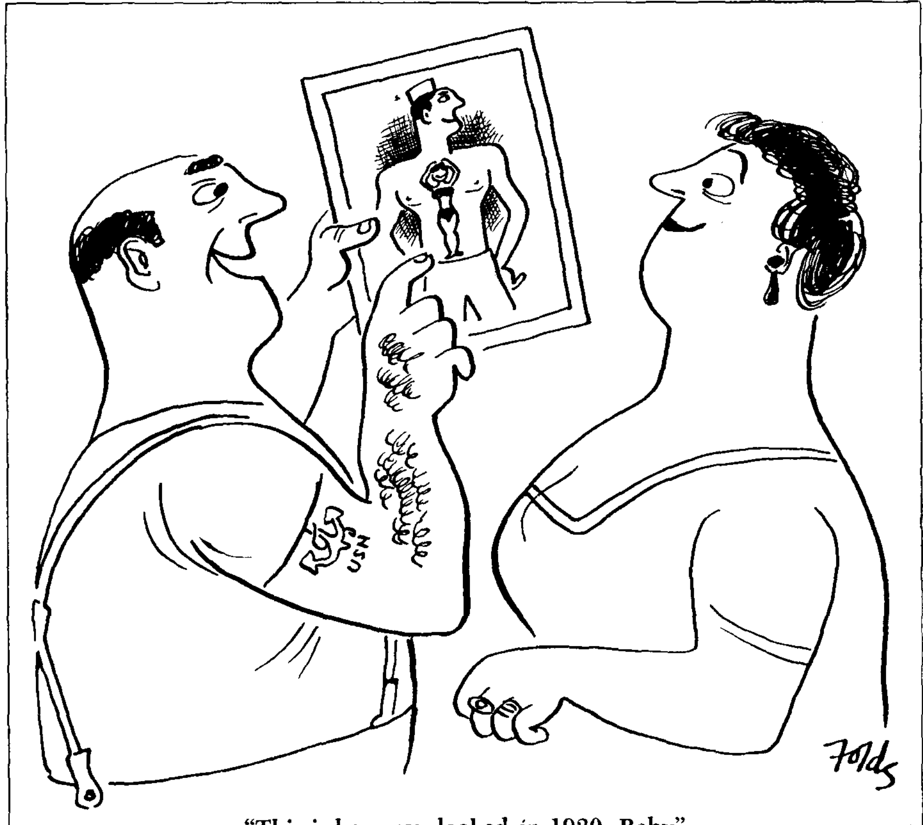
The porter wheeled it in on a truck, accepted payment with a smile and withdrew. MacKinnon took a look at the trunk. When he found it locked, he knew he would have to come back again after it had been opened. It was not, he thought morosely, a thing to look forward to, but then the job itself was no bargain.

THE cocktail room of the Habana Hotel was small and modern, with a small curved bar on one side, and on the other a dozen tables and leather benches. Three of these were occupied as MacKinnon walked in before lunch, and Norma Travers, sitting with her two companions, was faced diagonally away from him so that she could not see him without turning in her chair.

Mrs. Brissard and Dennis Clarke glanced up at his entrance, but MacKinnon appeared not to notice them. Instead, he took a stool at the bar and was grateful that he had no excuse yet to approach Norma. Then he was instantly angry at himself for feeling as he did.

"A Martini," he said to the bartender. "Very dry."

He had a feeling, now that he was settled, that Dennis Clarke was looking at



COLLIER'S "This is how you looked in 1930, Baby" TOM FOLDS

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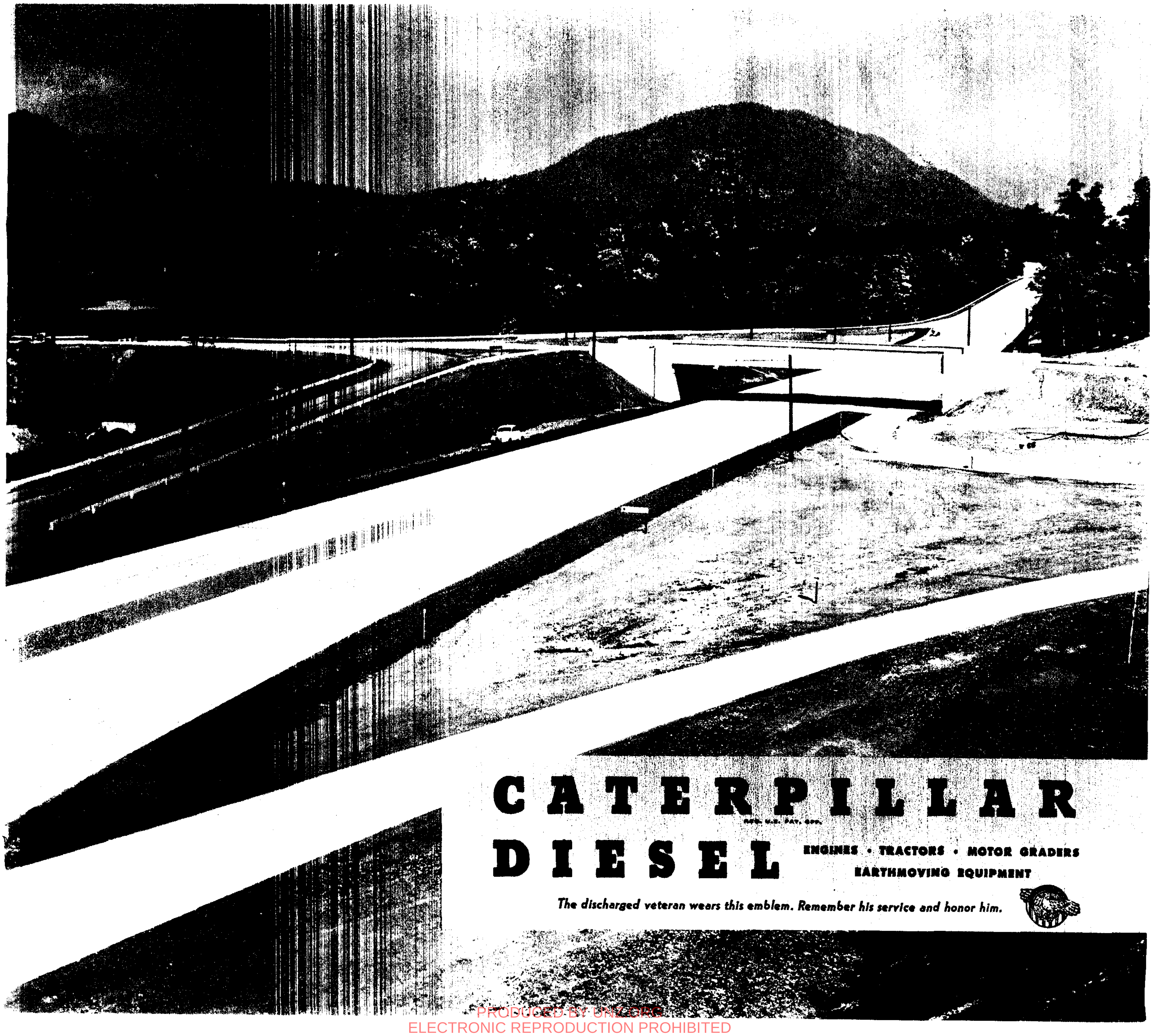

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him. He shifted slightly so that he could get a side glance without appearing to, and then he saw Clarke stand up and start his way.

"Aren't you MacKinnon?"

MacKinnon turned his head without shifting his elbows and was sure now that he had known this man somewhere before. He nodded, waited.

"And your first name is—"

"Paul."

"Sure." Clarke grinned and offered a big hand. "In Madrid. In the hospital, back in '39. I'm Denny Clarke."

Seeing him close like this, MacKinnon remembered. It was Clarke's left eye that had confused him. Clarke had flown for the Republicans at a thousand a month. He had crashed and been imprisoned and released, and he was just getting on his feet again when MacKinnon moved into the hospital. Clarke had a bandage on that eye then and no front teeth; now the teeth were white and gleaming, there was a small, clipped mustache topping them, and the eye seemed all right except for a faint scar that ran just below it and curved up along the outer angle.

SAVE WASTE FAT

COLLIER'S "Ah hates short'nin' bread, Mammy" GEORGE SHELLHASE

"You had a thing in your leg or something," Clarke said.

"That's right," MacKinnon said. "Sure. I remember now. The eye looks fine. How are you?"

"And the teeth," said Clarke, pointing. "Say, this is great. Are you alone? Well, come on over and meet a couple of women. Put that drink on my check, waiter."

MacKinnon stood up. He signaled the waiter to carry his Martini. Then Clarke had him by the arm and was walking him to the corner table, and Norma was turning, watching him come.

"This is Mrs. Brissard," Clarke said. "Adrienne—Paul MacKinnon, and—"

He stopped. Adrienne Brissard smiled and nodded, and the smile went away and she was looking at Norma.

"Hello, Norma," MacKinnon said.

FOR an instant Norma's lashes were high and her mouth opened; then the green eyes steadied, and her voice was cool and brittle.

"Why, Paul." She held out her hand. "Well, hello."

MacKinnon took her hand. He smiled and found his face was stiff. Her hand was cold—or his was—and he let go of it. He turned to Adrienne Brissard, and she wanted to shake hands, too, only hers was soft and warm.

"Hey!" Clarke blinked. He was not, apparently, very quick about some things. "You two know each other?"

"Very well," Norma said.

"Well, what do you know!" Clarke said. "Sit down, Mac. Sit down. When was all this?"

"In Paris," MacKinnon said.

"Oh," Adrienne Brissard said. "When?"

"1938-39."

"You were going to Spain, weren't you?" Norma said. "Did you stay long?"

Wham! thought MacKinnon and knew he was not the only one who was bitter.

"Sure, he went to Spain," Denny Clarke said. "That's where I knew him. In the hospital. He had a thing in his leg."

"You fought in Spain, Mr. MacKinnon?" Adrienne asked.

"The shell fragment that nicked me," MacKinnon said, "was probably the last one fired in the war. I was a little late getting there—or maybe not late enough. I was a married man at the time and—" He broke off, gesturing idly, and then suddenly brought himself up sharply, remembering that if Dave Adams knew how he was handling this, he'd murder him.

Clarke helped him out. "Well, what do you know!" he said. "We just got in from Lisbon. Came in last night and got ashore this morning. How long've you been here? Are you going to be around a while?"

MacKinnon told him. He did not know how long he would be here. A week or two, maybe longer; he was just taking things easy for a bit.

Clarke ordered another round of drinks over Norma's protest, and after that, MacKinnon did not look at her when he talked. He needed time. It had not been as easy as he thought, and his nerves were still taut and jumpy. "What about you?" he said to Clarke. "Where are you bound?"

"New York, pal." The big man grinned wryly. "When I get a couple of things straightened out with the State Department. They got some rule about losing your citizenship if you stay out of the country to avoid the draft. How do you like that? Me and my cocked eye. I've been in Lisbon since 1940 and . . . Oh, here we are." He gave the waiter a bill and waved him away.

MacKinnon turned to Adrienne Brissard. "And you?" he asked.

She was, she said, bound for South America. She did not know how long she would be in Havana but, after Lisbon, she was very happy to be here.

She was about his age, MacKinnon thought—maybe twenty-eight, maybe thirty-two—and he saw that she had nice skin and hands, on one of which was an emerald solitaire. Her black hair was sleek and upswept, and her small mouth red and mobile. Her nose was a little large, but if you watched her eyes, you didn't notice much else, for the eyes held promise of warmth and excitement.

"We were just talking about tonight," Clarke said. "We want to do some stepping. How about you coming along and showing us the ropes?"

"I'd like to. You might enjoy Sans Souci," MacKinnon said. He told them what it was like, and Clarke glanced at the women.

"What do you say?"

"Yes, please," Adrienne said.

Norma was watching Denny, smiling, looking very poised and indifferent. "It sounds very nice." She looked at MacKinnon and smiled at him, too. "If you're sure you don't mind, Paul," she added coolly.

MacKinnon matched the smile. He had things under control now. He found it rather interesting to see how she had changed. He thought she looked a bit dowdy. The plain blue dress had little style, and her tawny blond hair was straight and carelessly arranged. The eyes had changed, too. They seemed wiser now, tired, a little defiant. The rest was almost the same—the prominent cheekbones, the wide mouth, the clean line of chin and throat—and though he hated to admit it, he could see that with a little attention and new clothes, she might still be attractive to some men.

"Do you, Paul?" she asked, her smile still fixed and shallow.

"What?" he said, fussed because he'd let his mind wander. "No, I'd like to."

"Good," said Clarke. "Then that's settled. Shall we eat?"

THE late afternoon sun highlighted Morro Castle with a golden filter, and Paul MacKinnon sat by his window with his feet on the sill and watched the shadows lengthen beneath the cloudless sky. His mind was more at ease now that he had searched the trunk. The others had departed on a shopping spree shortly after lunch, and he had come upstairs and gone again to Norma's room. As he hoped, the trunk was now unlocked. He spent twenty minutes going carefully through it. When he finished without finding anything, when he looked again about the room in case something had been hidden since he had last been there and still did not find what he sought, he was curiously relieved and grateful.

But now he realized that he had perhaps oversimplified this lack of discovery. It did not mean, he saw, that the job was over; on the other hand, there was nothing definite yet, nothing that required either action or decision. So far, the rumor, or hunch, that had brought him here remained only that.

He rose, took a shower and shaved. When he was dressed, he found that he still had an hour and a half to kill before he could expect the others to gather for cocktails, so he went out to his car and started for the country club.

He took it easy going through Vedada, finding something new and interesting with each trip through this suburb, and as he drove slowly along Quinta Avenida, it was pleasant to be able to see the gulf and the yacht clubs and finally the rolling green of the fairways. He waited while he parked his car to watch a foursome hole-out on the eighteenth, and when he went into the bar he was delighted to find someone he had met before.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Molina," he said. "Will you have the next one with me?"

VICTOR MOLINA bowed slightly and with dignity. He did not seem overjoyed at the intrusion on his privacy, but MacKinnon was not sensitive. One of the hotel guests had made the introduction the previous afternoon, adding that Molina was in the diplomatic service of a Central American country and had just come in from Lisbon.

Wanting someone to talk to, MacKinnon said, "Will you be here long, Mr. Molina?"

Victor Molina, a tall straight man in his late forties with a sizable mustache, a serious manner and a precise way of speaking, took his time answering and was a little stiff about it. "Not more than a day or two."

"I should think Havana was a little out of your way. From Lisbon, I mean."

"It is sometimes necessary to stop here. One can always come up from Trinidad."

MacKinnon commented on the various airline routes and then, though he had had no such idea in the beginning, he saw that Victor Molina might have some useful information.

"I was in Lisbon back in 1940," he said. "I guess it's changed some since then."

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Molina shrugged. His drink came and he said, "*A su salud!*" He drank with MacKinnon and said, "I did not know the city in 1940. I was in Paris."

"I met a fellow today who's just come back. Maybe you know him . . . Dennis Clarke."

Molina continued to look straight ahead. "I have heard the name," he said, without interest.

"He came in on the Corrubedo," MacKinnon said. "Funny thing too, that he should be on the same ship with a girl I used to know. Miss Travers. Norma Travers. Did you ever happen to run into her in Lisbon?"

The only thing about Molina that moved was his hand. MacKinnon saw it tighten quickly on the glass.

"My social life is restricted, Mr. MacKinnon," he said stiffly. "There are a great many people in Lisbon I do not know." He stood back and glanced at his watch. He thanked MacKinnon for the drink. "You will excuse me?" he said.

MacKinnon watched him cross the room, and then started after him, not liking the idea but compelled now to follow through. He called, and Victor Molina stopped in the doorway.

"I just wanted to ask you," MacKinnon said. "You might know this girl under another name. If you were in Paris in 1940, I think you probably would. She used to be Mrs. Sevigny."

Molina's dark gaze was steady, but a muscle jerked at the hinge of his jaw and his mouth was a thin angry line. He said something in Spanish under his breath and stopped.

"I said there were many people in Lisbon I did not know," he added coldly. "There are others I know but prefer not to discuss with a casual acquaintance. Now, if you don't mind, I am in a hurry."

MacKinnon returned to the bar, feeling like a small boy who had been publicly chastised, and avoiding the curious glances of the others at the tables. He hooked his elbow on the bar and drained his glass. He straightened his coat, felt his tie and walked out.

THE night air was lush and fragrant at this time of year, and the management at Sans Souci, aware of the decorative advantages of such velvet skies, had installed a sliding roof over the dance floor. It was rolled back as the headwaiter led MacKinnon's party to a table, and the women noticed it at once and voiced their approval as they sat down.

Even Denny Clarke was impressed. "Say, this is all right," he said. "All except the band." He nodded at the native aggregation which was just finishing a number. "I never could dance those rumba things."

"There's another band," MacKinnon said. "Fairly solid, too."

Clarke ordered drinks and Adrienne Brissard turned to MacKinnon. "Do you rumba, Mr. MacKinnon?"

She had a low, pleasantly husky voice. The slight accent gave it additional charm, and there was also a nice intimacy to its cadence. MacKinnon liked it. It gave him a little lift when she looked at him and spoke. He reminded her again that his name was Paul. He said he sort of preferred the straight band.

"Then I will wait—Paul," said Adrienne.

They had already paired off, as foursomes do, but it was not MacKinnon's doing. Clarke had taken Norma Travers' arm as they left the hotel. He had helped her into the back seat of the car and climbed in after her. It was still that way. He had his hand on her arm, his eyes intent, and she was smiling back at him. He said he might try a quick whirl at the wheel if she would come and bring him luck.

The new band filed in and sat down. They talked it over a while and finally broke into a slow foxtrot. MacKinnon rose and went to Adrienne's chair. She smiled and stood up, and as they stepped to the floor, he wondered why he had always associated the term, voluptuous, with taller women.

Adrienne was perhaps five feet three, but the word was right. She wore a beige crepe dinner dress, sleekly designed and unadorned except for a shield-shaped brooch at the bottom of the plunging neckline. It made her look slender in a ripe, curvesome sort of way, and there was no room left in the fabric for wrinkles. When he put his arm about her, he knew there was very little underneath but Adrienne.

After a few steps, she looked up at him. "Oh," she said, her smile crinkling her eyes. "I like it. Paul . . . the way you dance."

"I like it, too," MacKinnon said.

"The way I dance?"

"Everything."

She came a little closer then. She was warm and soft in his arms but she did not cling.

"We do pretty good," he said.

She moved her head, which just touched his chin, in assent, and for the next chorus they just danced. After the encore he asked her about South America. It was, he said, a long trip. "Why?" he said.

"Why does any woman travel so far?"

"A man? . . . Mr. Brissard?"

"There is no Mr. Brissard." She paused. "Captain Brissard fell in June of 1940." She looked up, her red mouth wistful. "But it is a man. You said this afternoon that you were married. Is there now a Mrs. MacKinnon?"

"Not any more," MacKinnon said, and he thought: If Norma hasn't told her, neither will I.

IN THE wide, well-lighted gambling room, business was only fair when MacKinnon and Adrienne came in after their dance. Several tables stood empty, but at one, half a dozen men and women played blackjack, and there was a sizable group about one roulette table.

Denny Clarke was playing here with concentration, and from the size of his stacks he seemed to be doing all right. Norma stood beside him, and MacKinnon watched her covertly, resenting somehow the change in her. The afternoon had been nicely spent. Her skin was smooth and radiant, and now her hair was lustrous and smartly coiffed, and the flowered print, with the skirt hanging straight from slim hips and a nice snugness up top, made her look young and blond and lovely.

Adrienne, who had stopped to get her bag, gave the attendant some bills and they made a place for her at the table. MacKinnon touched Norma's shoulder and spoke into her ear.

"We could dance—unless you're going to play."

"All right."

MacKinnon's intentions were of the best. A dance, a little inconsequential talk, a compliment or two and everything charming, just as Dave Adams said. The trouble was Norma spoiled all this high resolve before he could get started.

"I'm surprised you're not in uniform," she said, with studied sweetness.

MacKinnon almost stopped dancing. He stared at her.

"For one who felt so strongly about fighting in '38 and '39," she said, "I should have thought you'd be the first to go."

Quick anger boiled up inside him and he tried to smother it before it overflowed. He managed to say, "I was kind of young then. Your ideas change as you get older. I guess it's the same with you."

"Me?"

"Sure. You're not married, are you? And you've had a year and a half since the Liberation Committee took care of Sevigny. It didn't take you that long to get rid of me and snag onto him."

She missed a step, and he felt her catch her breath. "At least he didn't run away."

"I thought I was taking a leave of absence," MacKinnon said stiffly. "You made it permanent."

"You ran out and you know it," Norma said, her voice rising, as she began to lose control of her icy manner. "You didn't come back."

"That's right. I heard about the divorce you were getting. I wanted to make it easy for you."

"Oh!" She sounded as if she would have stamped her foot if she could. "You—you—" She sort of choked on the word, stopped. He danced a few steps, still burning and waiting for the rest of it.

Then he felt her stiffen in his arms and looked down. She was not watching him but something beyond his shoulder, and he saw

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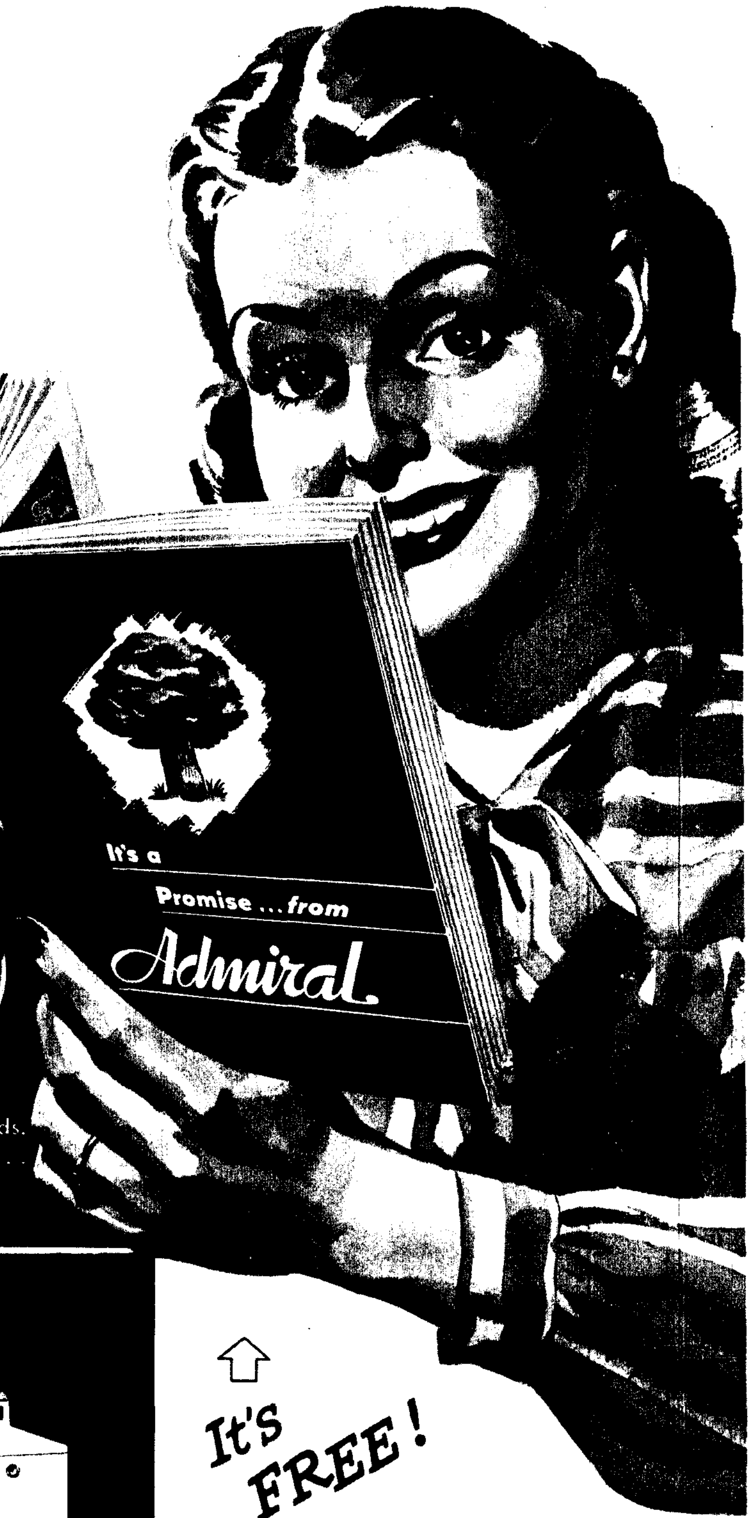

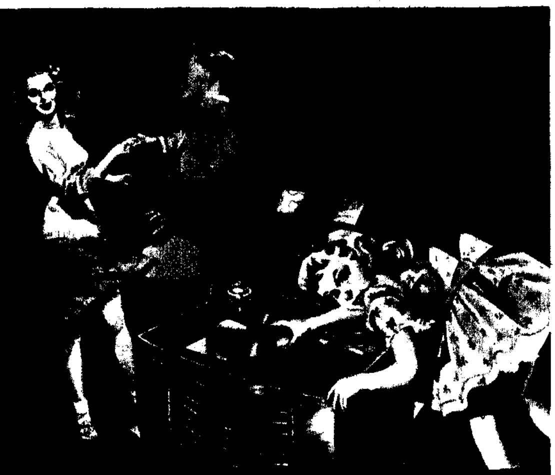

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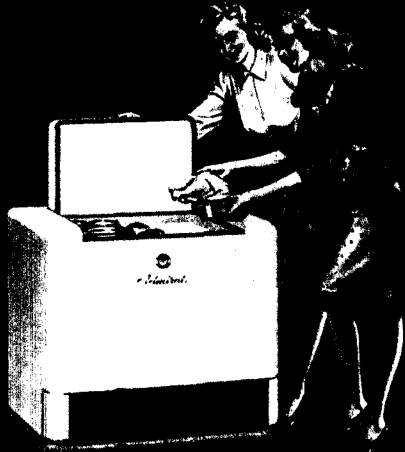

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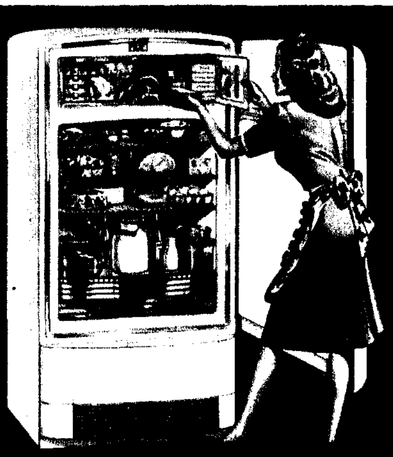

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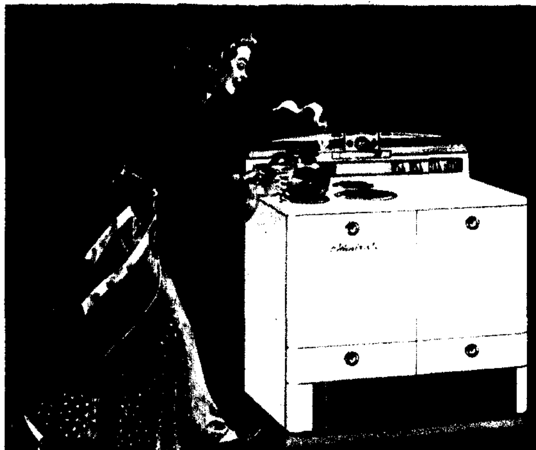

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the tightness in her mouth and the shocked alarm in her face.

"Now what's the matter?" he said.

"It—it's a man I recognized," she said, their quarrel forgotten. "At the bar. Near the man in the white suit, the second from the left."

MacKinnon had turned her as he danced. He saw the man in the white suit, and his glance stopped right there. For the man in the white suit was slim and dark and he had worn a tan suit that morning and leaned for a while against the customhouse while the passengers from the S.S. Corrubedo had been inside with the inspectors. He had a glass in his hand and he was looking out across the floor but he wasn't watching MacKinnon.

"He was the steward on the boat," Norma was saying. "Manuel something. Zayas, I believe."

MacKinnon forced his gaze beyond the white-suited fellow and located the man Norma had pointed out. He could not see his face now but at that distance, this Manuel was simply a swart, average-sized, youngish-looking character in a nondescript dark suit.

"Adrienne and I shared a cabin," Norma went on. "Twice it was searched and Denny said his room was searched too and—"

"It's a habit some stewards have," MacKinnon said.

"Yes . . . I guess I'm being silly. It's just that—that he was always around. You'd look up and there he was, or you'd step into a passageway and he would be just turning a corner and he never made a sound. It used to scare me sometimes because—"

She stopped as though realizing how concerned she was; when she spoke again, she had the proper note of superiority and indifference.

"Don't mind the melodramatics," she said. "It's just that I haven't got used to the fact that I'm in Havana instead of Lisbon or Madrid."

He let it go at that, but it suddenly occurred to him that what she said was no exaggeration. She had good reason to be afraid. This was not the spoiled child whose quick, gay laughter had so entranced him, who loved him fiercely and quarreled and repented and made each day and night exciting; this was a woman, still lovely but wiser now, who had chosen collaboration deliberately and taken its risks with open eyes.

BACK at the table, Adrienne and Denny were having a drink, and when she saw them, Norma told them about the steward.

"Oh, that guy," Clarke said. "I hope he loses his shirt." He had two stacks of chips on the table in front of him. He patted them affectionately. "I'm just about holding my own," he said. "I'm going to take another crack at it."

"Me," Adrienne said, "I have no luck." She opened her palm, and MacKinnon saw five chips there. She made a pout at him and smiled. "Would you bring me luck, Paul?"

"I could try," MacKinnon said, as Clarke stood up. "Go ahead," he said. "I'll be along."

Norma went along with Denny and Adrienne, and MacKinnon headed for the bar. He saw, as he crossed the wide entrance hall that Manuel Zayas was no longer there, but the man in the white suit was, and there was a space next to him.

MacKinnon took it and ordered Scotch and water. He looked again to make sure Manuel was not around and then took out cigarettes. He tapped one, and when the man glanced at him, he gestured with it. "Have you a match?"

The man did not answer but he brought out a silver lighter.

"Cigarette?" MacKinnon said.

The other shook his head and smiled and spun flame from the lighter. MacKinnon was aware now that the suit was not white, but cream-colored, expensive-looking and faultlessly tailored. He saw, too, that the man was about his height, square-shouldered, sinewy, his skin smooth and coppery.

MacKinnon bent to take the light, then lifted his glance above the flame. Black eyes that seemed quick and fathomless looked back at him from a long, angular face; he noticed that the nose and lips were thin, the cheekbones high. But mostly he noticed the eyes. When he straightened and said thanks, he was left with the impression that there was something quietly sinister about this man.

"I think I saw you down at the customhouse this morning, didn't I?" he said.

The man looked at the bartender and spoke rapidly in Spanish. The bartender nodded and addressed MacKinnon. "He says he is sorry but he does not understand English well."

Oh, fine, MacKinnon thought. "Ask him if he'll have a drink."

The bartender spoke again and was answered. He said, "He thanks you for your kindness but asks you to excuse him."

THE man finished his drink. He smiled at MacKinnon with those quick black eyes, bowed and moved away. MacKinnon drank and waited until the bartender came back to get some glasses.

"Who is he?" he asked. "The fellow who was here."

"That is Rodriguez," the bartender said.

MacKinnon crushed out his cigarette. "What does he do?" He watched the bartender's brows rise questioningly. "I mean for a living. What's his business?"

The bartender's face was impassive, his eyes guarded. He shrugged. "Rodriguez does not say," he said, and went away.

"But don't you think, Chief, that in deference to the senator's exalted position, we ought to spell liar with a capital 'L'?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

MacKinnon finished his drink, feeling singularly dissatisfied with himself. He had the idea this Rodriguez had known what he was after and he had been amused and had brushed MacKinnon off. The bartender, too, spoke as if he were holding out on him.

He went into the gambling room, and Rodriguez was watching the blackjack deal. Manuel Zayas was nowhere to be seen. Denny Clarke was busy with roulette, and Norma stood by his side. There were more players now, and a second table was in use, and Adrienne stood there looking flushed and excited. Her five chips had grown to nearer fifty.

He watched her hold her own for five minutes. "Maybe it would be a good time to quit," he suggested.

"When?"

"When you're ahead."

As he watched, the croupier spoke, and Adrienne gave a little squeal and squeezed MacKinnon's hand. She had a five-chip overlapping bet on 16-17, and the croupier was stacking chips for her.

"Yes," she said happily. "I think this time you are right, Paul."

She piled the chips in his two cupped hands and led him around the table to cash them in. Denny and Norma moved up as she stuck the bills in her bag. Denny was glumly brushing his little mustache with his knuckle. He said his luck had run out for the night, and how about a drink and a dance.

He tucked Norma's hand under his arm and at the table he held her chair. The rumba band was playing again. No one said anything about dancing, and Adrienne was still bubbling over about the sudden turn in her luck.

Then Clarke, in the act of sitting down, stopped and said, "I'll be damned! What do you know?"

He was looking toward the main entrance where a man and a woman in evening clothes were speaking to the headwaiter.

"That's Marie Gerand," Clarke said. "Excuse me."

He crossed the floor and angled toward the woman; she saw him coming and smiled quickly.

Adrienne frowned. "Who are they, Paul? Do you know them?"

"Bruce Aitchison," MacKinnon said, "and Marie Gerand."

"There was a Marie Gerand in Paris some years ago," Adrienne said. "She was married to a marquis."

"It's the same one," MacKinnon said.

He watched Clarke being introduced to Aitchison, saw him gesture toward their table, and then the three of them were coming over. MacKinnon stood up.

Aitchison nodded to him. He had a thick, blunt voice, a jerky way of speaking. "Evening, MacKinnon," he said. "You know Mrs. Gerand."

Denny Clarke completed the introductions. "I used to know Mrs. Gerand in Lisbon," he said, and turned to her. "How long was it you had to wait for a visa?"

"Seven months," Mrs. Gerand said, and shuddered. "It was ghastly. Oh, not you, Denny. Not the Casino or Estoril, but just Lisbon. Being there and"—she turned to Adrienne and digressed. "My dear, you've no idea how heavenly it is here after Lisbon."

MRS. GERAND was a tall, rather thin woman who looked to be in her middle thirties. She wore a black dress with a mink jacket and her hair was blond, with a fluffy bob and not much luster. She was rather pretty in a vapid sort of way, and she did not talk, she chattered.

"The waiter would like your order, Marie," Aitchison said.

"Oh?" Mrs. Gerand looked startled. "A crème de menthe, darling. Green. Frappéed, please." Aitchison nodded to the waiter and lighted a cigar. MacKinnon watched him a moment, thinking of what Adams had said in New York.

"This Aitchison," Adams had said, "was born in England and came over here to become a naturalized American twenty years ago. Ten years ago he was a partner in some brokerage business that folded, and after that, he was in some importing company—all legitimate so far as we know. The only thing is his associates were chiefly Europeans, the kind whose holdings we took over when we got into the war.

"He was in France in '39 and '40 and later in Lisbon, and then in '42 he hit the news by being hired as president of United Chemical. Since then, we've found out that he's very well heeled. He spends about half of his time in Cuba and he's poured a lot of cash into tobacco and sugar and real estate. He never had that kind of money before, and our guess is that he's acting for some group or syndicate looking for investments on this side of the ocean. Probably that syndicate is chiefly foreign, but there could be some Americans in it, too; in any case, my idea is that Aitchison and his group might not like it if Sevigny's manuscript got around. It may not be anything, but there's a chance Aitchison might be in the market for such a document. You ought to look him up."

MacKinnon had met Aitchison the day after he arrived. Since then, he had seen him frequently, and by discreet inquiry had found corroboration for most of the things Adams had told him.

A STOCKY, solid man, Aitchison was in his late forties, tanned, fit-looking, with thin graying hair which he wore parted in the middle and slicked flat against his broad skull. He did not drink and he smoked only cigars. He had the brusque impatience of the ultrasuccessful egocentric, and MacKinnon had an idea that to be under obligation to him seriously would not be much fun. . . .

"Not a party," he was saying now. "Just some people in for a drink. Sixish. Hope you can all make it."

From what the others said, MacKinnon gathered, the invitation was for tomorrow. Then Aitchison asked Mrs. Gerand if she had finished, thanked them for the drink and stood up, vetoing Clarke's suggestion that they stay a while.

"It's getting late," he said, "and we only intended to look in for a moment on our way home. . . . Ready, my dear?"

Clarke watched them cross the floor. "Looks like Marie has done all right for herself," he said.

"Is there no marquis now, Denny?" Adrienne said.

"I understand the marquis died in '42," Clarke said. "From what Marie told me, the title was a little tired anyway. She cashed in what she could and got out. Couldn't stand the shortages and the Germans." He thought a moment. "I wonder if she's going to marry this guy."

"They say they're engaged," MacKinnon said.

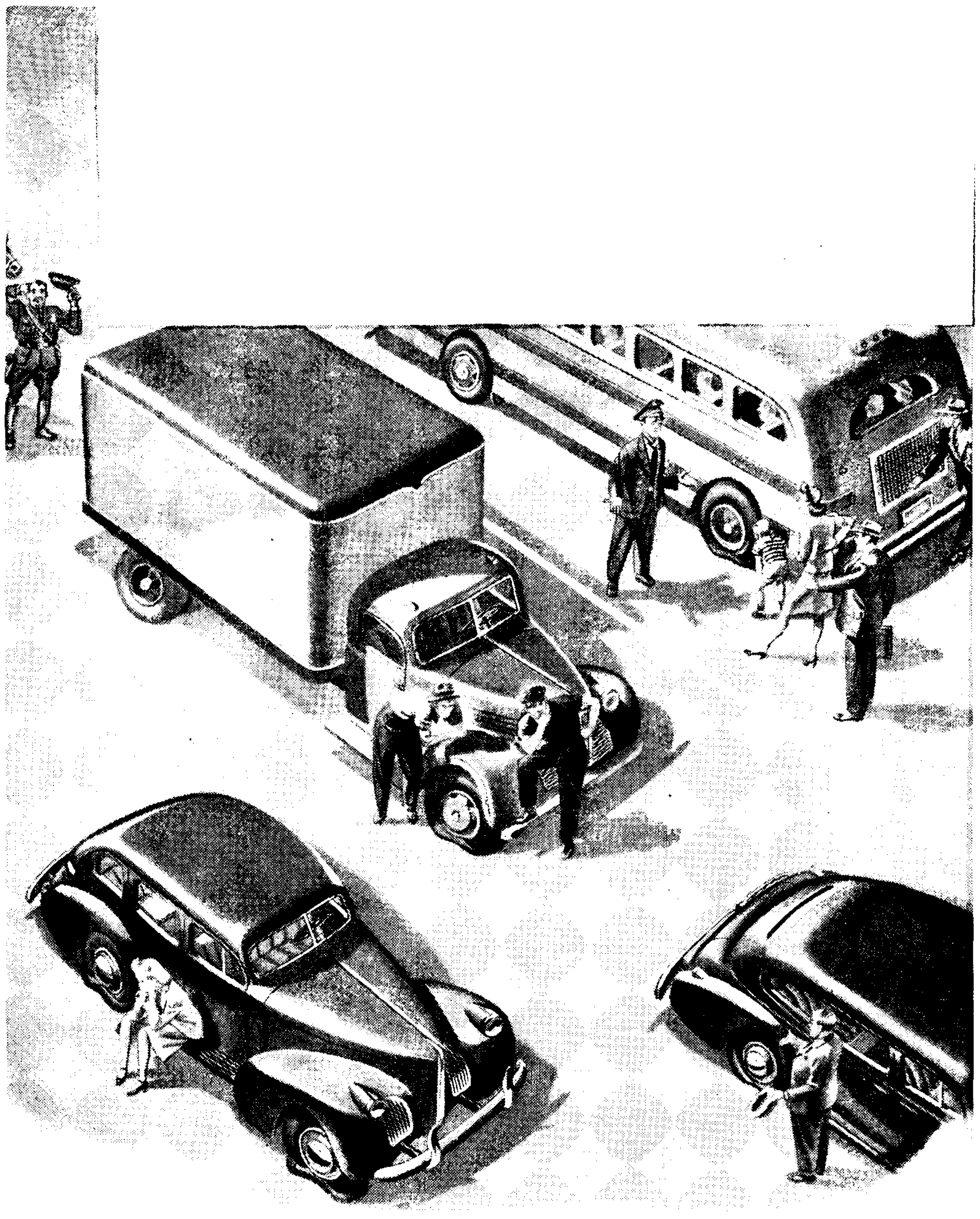
"I'll stop by tomorrow," Clarke said, "and ask her what the score is. We used to be pretty good friends."

By twelve-thirty it was agreed that they had had enough of Sans Souci for one night, and while the women primped and Clarke had a last drink at the bar, MacKinnon went out to get the car. The starter offered to send for it, but MacKinnon said he knew where it was and not to bother.

A half-dozen drivers were grouped at the edge of the circular drive, and MacKinnon passed them, continuing to the triple row of cars parked in the adjoining lot and picking his way between them to the last row. He saw a sedan that looked familiar, but as he approached it, he saw a man in it and went past, his eyes on the radiators that stretched before him.

He passed another car and counted six more ahead of him. Then he stopped, puzzled, looking again, aware that of these six, none was the right make. He glanced back. Across the hood of the nearest car he saw the door of the sedan open. The man was getting out, and MacKinnon started forward, a sudden tension spurring him on.

"Hey!" he said, rounding the fender of the next car.



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The man had started to close the door; now he wheeled, and MacKinnon saw it was Manuel Zayas.

Zayas must have been a little rattled. For in that first moment he hesitated. And then MacKinnon was close and reaching for him, not knowing just what he intended to do but determined to find out what the fellow was after and why he was here.

Believing he had the man cornered, he slowed down. Then Zayas moved. He made no sound, but stepped quickly back, sliding along the door. One hand darted into a pocket and whipped out, a metallic object gleaming darkly in the starlight. But Zayas was a little late. MacKinnon was too close and he did not hesitate or speak, but grabbed at that arm with his left and hooked a quick right to the fellow's head.

Zayas went back, bouncing off the car, and one hand, flung wide in an attempt to keep his balance, struck against the side of the body with a loud, clattering sound, and the metallic thing was knocked from his grasp.

It did not save him, for he took a backward step and went down, but it did take his weight off the unlatched door and this swung open, blocking off MacKinnon just long enough for Zayas to scramble to his feet and start running.

MacKinnon made no attempt to follow. He bent down and found a gun and put it in his pocket. He glanced inside the car. The back seat cushion was not quite in place, and the glove compartment was open.

MacKinnon grunted softly. The tightness was still in his shoulders and he flexed them to rid himself of the feeling, turning, glancing round to see if anyone had noticed the incident. Then he knew that someone had. Diagonally down the row of cars in front of MacKinnon a man in a very light suit and a Panama hat was standing with his hand on a car door: Rodriguez. When he saw MacKinnon look at him, he opened the door and climbed in.

MacKinnon grinned in the darkness. He heard the motor start, saw the lights come on, and when the car rolled across the parking lot he thought: It looks like we're getting under way. It looks like Dave Adams' hunch was right down the middle.

BACK at the hotel, Denny tried to sell the others the idea of a final drink at the bar, but Norma pleaded weariness and excused herself. In the end, they all decided against it, and MacKinnon rode up in the elevator with Clarke and Adrienne. Clarke got off at the fourth and said good night, and MacKinnon went along the fifth-floor hall with Adrienne.

He walked in with her when she unlocked her door and nothing was said or any invitation given; it seemed like the natural thing to do, and he had an idea that it would be all right with Adrienne if they had a drink and he stayed a while. He took her wrap and laid it across a chair. She offered cigarettes from a silver box, and he was about to ask if they could have a drink sent up when he remembered what he had to do: Make up for getting off on the wrong foot with Norma.

Adrienne was watching him questioningly, as though waiting for him to set the stage, smiling a little, her dark eyes speculative.

"What are you thinking, Paul?" she said in her throaty voice.

He put on a grin. He wanted to say, "I'm thinking about a nightcap, honey—with you." Instead he stammered and felt like a freshman. "I was thinking I'd better shove off and let you get some sleep," he said.

He backed toward the door, feeling warm around the collar. She tilted one brow at him, and the amusement was still in her eyes, and perhaps a little mockery.

"Yes," she said. "You are very kind. I had a wonderful time."

He felt for the doorknob, his cheeks burning now, hating the job and Norma and Dave Adams and himself. "Next time," he said, "we'll have a nightcap or three, hunh?"

"That would be nice."

"Well"—he got the door open—"good night," he said, and went down the hall cursing himself.

He took these thoughts into the room with him, but they went away when he turned on the light. For he knew at once that someone had been here, though he was not positive that the room had been searched until he examined the two bags in the closet.

The bureau drawers suggested the presence of some visitor, and his first glance verified this. For he had left them in a careful pattern, known only to himself, with this drawer open a quarter of an inch, this one a half inch, this one closed; and now all were tidily shut. He did not bother to open them, but stepped to the two rows of closets. The way the bags were placed told him someone had taken the trouble to remove them.

He went back to the bureau, and in the mirror above it he found his face somber and fixed it so his eyes were grimly amused. Remembering why he was here, he turned to the telephone and it startled him by ringing before he could reach it.

"Paul?" Norma said. "Could you come in for a little while? . . . If you haven't gone to bed."

"I'd like to."

"I could give you a nightcap—we could talk for a few minutes."

He said he was on his way and turned out the light and went down the hall, not understanding any part of this but secure in the knowledge that it was the opening he had been waiting for and which, by his previous attitude, he did not deserve. No grudges this time, MacKinnon! he told himself. It's time to start.

SHE still wore the print dress, and when she closed the door, it occurred to him that she must have spent some time working up to that telephone call. He watched her closely but she kept her eyes averted and he did not want to crowd things so he started for the bureau where Scotch and ice and glasses stood on a tray.

"This is nice," he said, not looking at her. He arranged two glasses, and she said none for her, please, and he cocked an eye severely at her and said it wasn't polite.

"Then let me pour it," she said.

He stepped aside and she splashed a half inch of whisky into a glass and added ice and soda.

"There," she said, and waited for him to fix his own drink.

She held her glass up and touched his. She watched him over the rim of her glass when they drank, and he found her green eyes wide open and direct, not smiling but serious, as though she were trying desperately to know what he felt and thought, and what this Paul MacKinnon was like inside. It made him realize that he must watch himself, that he could not be obvious, that what he did must seem sincere.

He walked over to the love seat, and when he turned, Norma was sitting down in the corner chair.

"I wanted to tell you I'm sorry, Paul," she said. "About tonight. The things I said at Sans Souci."

"I wasn't exactly the perfect little gentleman myself," he said.

"I don't know what came over me." Norma studied her drink. "I had no right to make remarks about why you weren't in uniform. I—I didn't know you were wounded in Spain."

"It wasn't much," MacKinnon said. "I'm all right now."

She was holding her glass in both hands and looking straight ahead, as though she was working up to something and did not know how to start. He did not help her but lighted cigarettes and sat back, sipping his drink, waiting.

"What have you done since Spain, Paul?" she asked finally. "It's been a long time."

He did not go into detail. He saw how she wanted to play and reminded himself to be adult and civilized and reasonably interested. He told her he had driven an ambulance in France a while in '40, but he skipped the part about how it had rolled over with him one day, the months in the hospital that followed. He had been in England a while, and then back to the States.

"I was in Africa and later in Italy for Universal Press—until I got fed up with writing about the war. Since then, I've been in New York mostly, doing free-lance stuff."

She tapped ashes from her cigarette and took a sip of drink, and he got the idea that she had not paid much attention to what he had said, that actually her thoughts were a long way off.

Presently, with that same remoteness in her voice, she said, "Do you remember the first time I offered you a drink?"

"Yes," he said. "In Paris. You opened the door for me when I came to have a drink with your father."

"You dropped your hat," Norma said. "And when you tried to pick it up, you kicked it."

"I was fussed," MacKinnon said, and because it gave him an opening to play the part assigned to him, he added candidly, "Because you were so beautiful."

He watched her covertly and found a touch of color in her throat where none had been before. "And spoiled," she said.

"We were both spoiled."

"Especially me. Dad used to tell me so, after he'd let me do something he knew he shouldn't. I doubt if it ever occurred to him to discipline me about anything after Mother died," she added simply.

FOR ten seconds then, the room was quiet. Then she turned and looked right at him. She sighed, and now her eyes were serious green and she seemed to set herself for what she had to say next.

"I'll tell you why I phoned you," she said.

Ah, MacKinnon thought. He sensed the quiet urgency of her tone, and somewhere in his chest a nerve jumped and tightened.

"I called you," she said, "because I need your help. I need someone who—" she faltered, groping for a word.

"After six years?" he said.

She nodded. "We're not the same people, and what happened six or seven years ago need not concern either of us now. And it isn't necessary to like a person to know that he is honest and respect that part of him, and know that if he gives his word, you can trust him."

The room seemed strangely quiet as he went to fix another drink. When he had finished, he watched her, feeling strangely guilty, wondering how much of this was an act, letting nothing show in his face.

"I'm afraid," she said. "I've been afraid a long time . . . in France and Madrid and Lisbon. I was afraid on the boat. I guess that's why I acted that way tonight when I saw Manuel."

MacKinnon sat down. Manuel's gun was a hard lump in his pocket. Remembering how Norma had looked when she first saw the man at the bar, he knew it was no part of her act. That she was afraid was proof enough that Manuel Zayas was something more than a steward, that he was aboard the Corrubedo for a definite purpose—a purpose, MacKinnon saw, that might conflict somewhat with his own assignment.

"I don't know who he is," Norma said, "or why he—" She caught herself again. "My room was searched today, Paul," she said. "Twice, I think."

"Why? People don't go around searching rooms unless they expect to find something they want."

"No—"

"If you've got anything valuable, you ought to keep it in the hotel safe."

"I know, but—"

"You mean you haven't got anything anyone wants?"

"Yes. Really."

"Oh," MacKinnon said, and took a shot in the dark. "You haven't got it—yet. But you're getting it."

He thought he saw the answer in her eyes, and now the tension that had been building up in his mind was tight excitement. Now it comes out, he thought. And presently it came.

"Yes," she breathed. "Tomorrow."

MacKinnon reached for a cigarette and his hands were damp. "Who's bringing it in?"

She shook her head. "I—I can't tell you. It just happens that I promised—"

"Okay," he said. "It's coming tomorrow—whatever it is—and you want me to help. So what do I do?"

She told him then, quickly, a little breathlessly. *She wanted him to rent a room in a* downtown hotel. There was a man she had to meet, but he would not come here or let her come to him. It had to be some place where she would not be known, and it would be best if she did not have to register. There was only one other thing: When MacKinnon signed for the room, he was to think up some excuse to ask for both keys—one for her and one for the man she was to meet.

MacKinnon was ready to jump at the chance but he made himself properly hesitant. "It must be important if it has to be that mysterious."

"Will you do it?" she asked. "Will you?"

"Sure," MacKinnon said. "Why not? As a personal favor, is that it? Like I'd do for any lovely dame?"

Her mouth tightened. "I wouldn't ask you if there were anyone else."

He walked to the bureau, feeling tired and old and indifferent. He put down his glass, and she came up to him in her gay dinner dress and looked into his eyes.

"I'm not sure about Denny and Adrienne," she said. "I *do* know that if you promise to do a thing, you'll do it."

Her gaze held him and for an instant he felt like a heel; then he remembered why he was here and who she was, and he found no further need for self-reproach. This woman was a traitor and a collaborationist of the worst sort. She was up to her pretty neck in trouble and she turned to him only because there was no one else. She wanted help, all right; she wanted someone to fix up a rendezvous for her in case she was being followed. She wanted protection, a bodyguard, a fall guy.

Okay, MacKinnon thought. I'm your boy, honey.

He said good night. He said he'd see her in the morning; he said he'd get the keys and not to worry. Then he got out fast and stalked down the hall, his mood black, though he did not know why.

THE Palm Hotel was a five-story graystone building on a downtown corner not far from the American Embassy. At home it would probably be classed as a medium-grade commercial hotel and Paul MacKinnon, selecting it from a directory, saw now that it would serve his purpose admirably.

The lobby was reassuringly busy, with enough noisy conversation and activity so that no one seemed to pay much attention to anyone else. MacKinnon stepped up to the desk and asked for a double room, signing, "John Macy," on the register. He said he had no baggage and would pay for the room in advance.

"I'm only using it for a business meeting later in the day," he said, "and I'd like both keys, please."

"Certainly," the clerk said, producing them and glancing at the signature. "That will be three dollars, Mr. Macy. You can pay the cashier, please. Will you go up now?"

MacKinnon said, no, he'd be back later. He looked at the keys, which were of the spring-lock type and almost identical with those at the Habana, and saw that he had been given room 319.

He moved to one of the pillars near the front and lighted a cigarette; then he stood a moment looking out through the windows fronting the street, but nowhere could he find anyone who seemed interested in the people going in and out of the hotel. Reassured, he moved away from the pillar, crossed the lobby to a side door and went out on the street.

Denny Clarke had been the only one down for breakfast and when he learned that MacKinnon was driving downtown, he asked if he could have a ride. MacKinnon had dropped him at the Sevilla Biltmore two blocks away when Clarke said he'd like to get some cigarettes and make a couple of telephone calls, and they had agreed to meet at one corner of Central Park. Now, glancing at his watch, MacKinnon saw he still had twenty minutes to kill.

He started idly toward the park, watching the people and glancing in shop windows. At the corner of Agramonte and Progreso, he killed a few minutes watching the traffic cop, a burly individual in a blue uniform that looked smart but hot.

He said good morning to the cop as he passed and went into the big building be-

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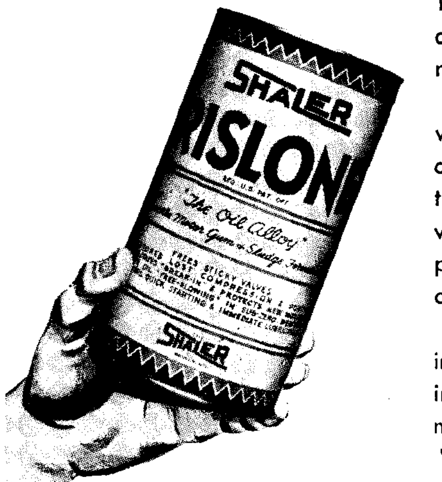

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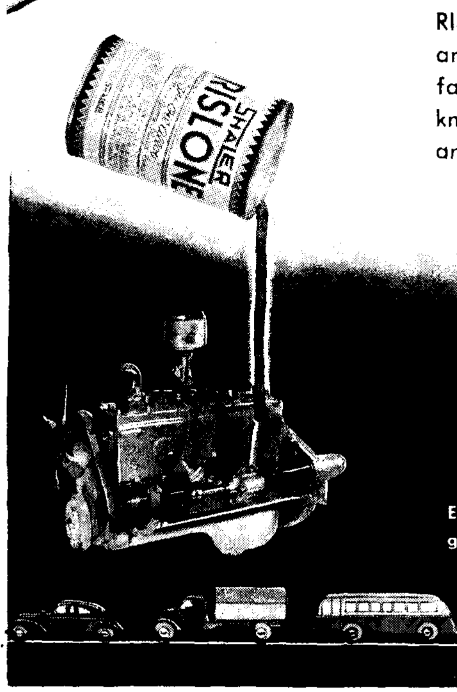

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yond where an arcade, flanked by small shops, ran diagonally through to the next street. Turning right here, he went back to the park and his car.

Denny Clarke came hurrying up a few minutes later, his blond bulk and white coat setting him apart from the others on the sidewalk.

"Hot, hunh?" he said, grinning and mopping his face and mustache. "You know what would go good now?"

"A beer?"

"A swim," Clarke said, climbing in. "A little frolic in the pool with all the pretty ladies."

MacKinnon said they could have both. At the hotel he rode up in the elevator and gave Clarke a chance to get out, and then rode down again, telling the boy he had forgotten something. At the desk he got a piece of paper and wrapped up the two keys; then he got an envelope, sealed it and put Norma's name on it, asking the clerk to put it in her box.

Clarke was already at the pool when MacKinnon got there. He had his robe over one arm and he was standing by Norma Travers, who was stretched out in a canvas chair in a blue suit and dark glasses.

There were perhaps twenty people there, most of them women, but the only one in the water was Adrienne. MacKinnon stopped in front of her, and she said good morning and did he sleep well. He said he slept fine. She splashed him teasingly, and he grinned and went away, finding a place on the sand beside Norma's chair.

"It's all right," he said, when Denny Clarke started for the diving board at the other end. "The Palm Hotel," he said and told her where it was.

"And the keys?" she said. "Did you get two?"

"I left them at the desk for you—in an envelope."

She took off her glasses, and her eyes smiled their relief. "Thank you, Paul," she said.

He offered cigarettes and lighted them and watched Denny Clarke doing front and back jackknives off the springboard. The sun felt good on his back, and he wanted to stretch out and absorb a lot of it, but first he had to know what came next with Norma. He glanced at her and she was watching Denny, too, so finally he said, "Now what do I do?"

"I don't know—yet." She tapped her glasses against her teeth and frowned. "I will have to find out. Maybe after lunch I—" She stopped, her eyes sliding past him; then she smiled and said, "How was it?"

MacKINNON turned to see whom she'd spoken to, and Adrienne came dripping up in a sleek yellow suit. She picked up her towel and began to rub the nape of her neck. She did not seem to hear Norma's question, but spread the towel beside MacKinnon and sat down and shook out her hair. Then she took a big breath and stretched.

"Oh," she said. "Isn't it wonderful, Paul?"

MacKinnon, looking at the arched profile of her body, agreed.

"Aren't you ever going in?" she said to Norma.

"Sometime," Norma said. "I need sun. I'm too white."

Adrienne looked down at her brown legs. "I am already too black," she said, "but I do not care."

"On you it looks good," MacKinnon said, and got a raking smile for his trouble.

"You are taking us to cocktails at Mr. Aitchison's?" Adrienne asked. "Good. Until then I can be lazy."

Denny Clarke came up, toweling his arms and face. "I ordered four gin-and-tonics," he said. "Anybody doesn't want one can give it to me."

There was a round metal table near by and he appropriated it and set it close to Norma's chair, dragging another beside it. Presently the waiter came and served the drinks, and when MacKinnon had swallowed some, he lay back, observing Clarke with half-closed eyes.

The guy was handsome, even with that one blue eye that did not always focus properly; he was well set up, and the way he moved indicated that he had a fine sense of muscular timing and co-ordination. He had plenty of courage and there was also a certain cleverness to his reactions, but MacKinnon had an idea most of it was on the surface. He had an idea that beneath it all, Clarke was not too bright, that he was shy on fundamentals, preferring the easiest way and not bothering much about such things as conscience and ethics or the other guy's troubles. . . .

IT WAS not until after lunch that MacKinnon could get Norma alone. Then he took her out front of the hotel and found a bench on the tree-studded slope. He did not know if she intended to tell him anything, but he pretended to assume that she would when he spoke.

"What about it?" he asked. "Have you worked it out?"

"It will be this afternoon."

"When?"

She hesitated, her green eyes deeply serious. "Can you be in your room at four o'clock? And will you come as soon as I phone you? It should not take you more than ten or fifteen minutes."

MacKinnon did not question her. He did not think it would do much good and he wanted her to think that he was satisfied with what she had told him.

"I'll have the car ready," he said.

She did not thank him, but rose and said she must get back to her room. He watched her go and then sat down again to do some plotting of his own.

He reviewed everything he had learned, from Adams, and from her the night before, and it added up neatly in his mind. He had no doubt now that the man she was meeting that afternoon was handing over the manuscript that Adams had described. Somehow she had managed to get it from France to Lisbon, and he knew it was worth all the trouble she had taken. Those whose names were in that manuscript as traitors and collaborators, and by Sevigny's evidence so substantiated, would pay a fortune for that record.

If in addition, Dave Adams was right, if Aitchison and his American associates had set up a United Chemical cartel with ramifications in France, and perhaps Germany—if that were true, Sevigny's writings would be worth a fabulous price.

She wanted his help, but she did not want a bodyguard as he had assumed last night, otherwise she would want him along. No, he had already served his purpose, and from here on in, he was the fall guy if one was necessary. The thought fanned his smoldering resentment. He could not cope with it and in the end he jumped up and strode down the path, a lean, hard-striding man, eyes narrowed and lips set.

The rest of it was simple, he thought. She would meet her man at four and when the manuscript was safely in her hands she would phone him. At four-fifteen, when he arrived, she would no longer have it; he would be greeted with some story he could not contradict, which would take care of the necessary details. For during that fifteen-minute interval, Norma would either dispose of the manuscript, or hide it for future use.

That's the plan, he thought. Only now it's going to be different. . . .

Later, in his room, he checked plane arrivals for that day. Then he went beyond this to check the weekly schedule of the clippers that flew north to Puerto Rico and Haiti from Trinidad and South America.

AT THREE-FORTY, he was talking to the hotel starter, asking if Miss Travers had gone out. "Yes, sir," the starter said. "About three o'clock—with Mr. Clarke."

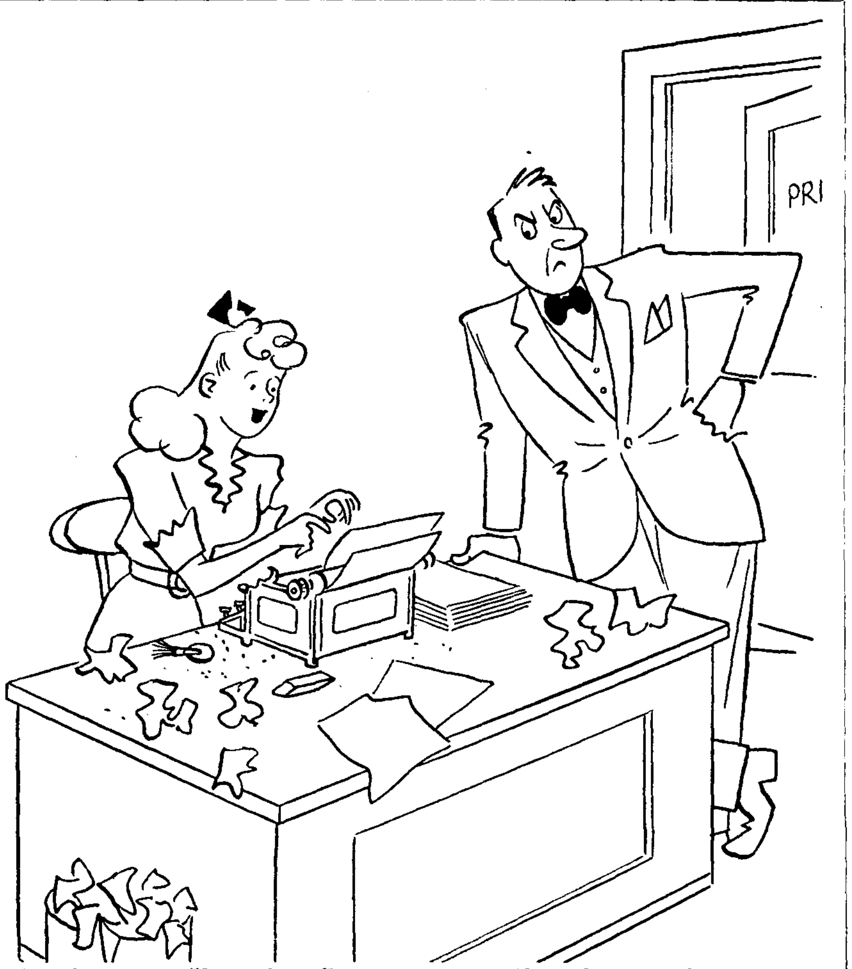
"Mr. Clarke?" MacKinnon said in slow amazement.

"Yes, sir. He came in about twenty minutes before that but he went out again. I got a car for him. I think he was giving Miss Travers a ride downtown."

A wrong turn helped make MacKinnon late, but it was the parking that caused him the most trouble. He had to go twice around the block before he found a place. At that, he was only two minutes late and he took time to walk to the corner and take a quick glance at the street in front of the Palm Hotel. He did not know what he was looking for, but in the back of his mind was a guy named Rodriguez. When he did not spot him or anyone else that seemed interested, he went back to the side door and walked in.

The clock on the wall behind the desk said 4:04, and MacKinnon went directly to the elevators, riding up with two men who remained in the car when he got off at the third floor.

At room 319 he knocked twice, sharply,



"Don't worry. I'll get this off to Jones & Co. if it takes me all day!"

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GOOD BUSINESS

By Edgar A. Guest*

IF I POSSESSED a shop or store, I'd drive the grouches off my floor!

I'd never let some gloomy guy Offend the folks who come to buy;

I'd never keep a boy or clerk · · · With mental toothache at his work,

Nor let a man who draws my pay Drive customers of mine away

I'd treat the man who takes my time · · · And spends a nickel or a dime

With courtesy and make him feel That I was pleased to close the deal,

Because tomorrow, who can tell? He may want stuff I have to sell,

And in that case, then glad he'll be To spend his dollars all with me.

The reason people pass one door · · · To patronize another store,

Is not because the busier place · · · Has better silks, or gloves, or lace

Or special prices, but it lies · · · In pleasant words and smiling eyes;

The only difference, I believe, *Is in the treatment folks receive!*

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and reached for the knob in case the door was unlocked. It was and he stepped in; then he stopped dead, his hand still on the knob.

On the floor in front of him was a man.

He was stretched out, his feet toward MacKinnon.

He was lying on his side and stomach, with one fist clinched and, foreshortened as he was, MacKinnon knew only that he was tall and dark and wore a tan suit. A Panama hat had fallen from his head and rolled to one side.

Voices in the hall snapped MacKinnon out of it. He realized he was still clinging to the knob, that the door was open, and he moved quickly, reaching out to snap the catch so the door would lock, and then closing it.

That made the room still and he moved up to the man and knelt down, seeing now that this was not Rodriguez but an older man. Then, in sudden astonishment, he saw that it was Victor Molina.

He tried to think and then tried not to, because the result served only to increase his confusion. Molina was a diplomat, recently from Lisbon. Havana was not on the direct route from Lisbon to his home and yesterday he had been upset, had been almost nasty, when MacKinnon tried to question him about Norma Travers.

Now MacKinnon did not know what it meant. He only knew that this was not the time to try to figure the answer. He seemed to know before he touched the still figure that Molina was dead, but he picked up one wrist and felt for a pulse beat. The hand was warm but there was no life in it now.

He took hold of the shoulder and pushed back, hanging on so the body would not roll completely over, and then he saw the small dark stain on the coat front. With his free hand he unbuttoned it. The stain was on the left side much wider on the shirt and he let go of the coat.

Then abruptly MacKinnon looked up.

He heard no sound that he remembered, yet he found himself holding his breath and listening hard. There was still no sound, but now it didn't matter; for he knew it was not what he heard, it was something he felt.

HE WAITED, nerve-ends groping, the premonition of danger strong and unshakable. Instinct alone had warned him, and now he did not battle it but rose and glanced carefully about.

The door to the bathroom stood open. Another door, apparently to a closet, was closed. He looked in the bathroom and then at the other door. He looked about the room and there was nothing here but a bed, a table, a bureau, a couple of chairs.

MacKinnon decided then to string along with instinct. He had no gun and he was no fool. He walked hard-heeled to the hall door, opened it, took two steps without moving and let it slam. Then, on tiptoe, he moved across the rug to the wall, flattening there so that if the closet door opened, it would shield him. For what seemed like an hour and a half, and in reality was no more than five seconds, he waited.

Then instinct paid off.

The knob turned, and the door began to open.

There was a rustle of movement behind it, a stirring of new air, faintly scented; then Norma Travers came slowly forward and into his line of vision. In her right hand was a gun.

For another second Paul MacKinnon stood tense and immobile, waiting for Norma to get clear of the door. When she stopped short of the body on the floor, when he saw he could reach her without difficulty, he stepped forward. He tried to do it silently but she must have heard or felt his presence, for she stiffened and wheeled, and the gun came round.

SHE did not seem to recognize him. She looked right at him, gasping, her eyes wide and terror-stricken, and tried to pull back. Then he had her by the arm and closed his other hand upon the gun.

"Steady, baby!" he said. "Take it easy!"

For another instant, her body was rigid in his grasp; then something happened and she seemed to crumple, as though all her strength and determination dissolved to leave her weak and helpless. He slid his arm about her waist and turned her toward a chair, guiding her stumbling steps and feeling her sag against him. He lowered her into the chair and pocketed the gun.

"All right," he said.

She was looking at him now, registering. Her cheeks were still ashen but the color had started to come. He turned away to give her time to adjust herself and made his voice matter-of-fact.

"I didn't mean to scare you," he said. "But I didn't know who it was."

He knelt beside the man on the floor. This time his inspection was more thorough. He started to turn the man over and then he saw the other hand. It was twisted under one hip and heretofore hidden; now MacKinnon saw it held a gun. He did not attempt to remove it, but he bent close and sniffed and knew it had been fired.

"Who is he?" he asked.

She did not answer, and he looked at her. She was watching him and the fear was in her eyes, deep down now, with the shock all gone. He rose and went to her.

"What happened?"

"I—I don't know." Her voice was hushed, remote. "I came in, and he was that way, and I saw the gun on the floor. I didn't know he was dead. I must have picked up the gun. I—I don't know what I did, but I heard the knock and I didn't know who it was so—" Her voice trailed off. "Why did you come?" she said with a new breath. "You said you'd wait until I phoned."

MacKinnon let that one pass. He stared out of the window and examined his own feelings. He felt a little numb. He felt tired and confused, and he wondered about Norma.

"Who is he?" he said again.

She took an audible breath. She put both hands to her face and rubbed her eyes, and when she spoke, her voice was hopeless:

"Oh, what difference does it make. He's dead. He must have come early. I was here when I said I'd be. I was only a minute late." Her voice rose uncontrollably. "Does it matter who he is? Somebody was waiting. Someone must have been waiting but"—a shrill overtone crept into her words—"how could anyone know? You told someone. You must have and—"

"Easy," MacKinnon cut in, and kept his tone curt to jar her out of this approaching hysteria. "Stop yelling! I told no one."

"Then how—"

"I don't know."

The room was hot and stuffy, and his hands and face were damp. He stood in front of her, looking down. "Let's stop kidding around," he said. "I happen to know the guy."

He went on to tell what he knew, seeing her eyes widen and her jaw sag. "The way I figured it last night, somebody was bringing something into Havana today. Only I was wrong. Molina brought something in from Lisbon and he got here before you did. You cooked up this arrangement and you were going to get whatever it was he brought at four o'clock."

"Yes."

"He brought it in a diplomatic pouch."

"Because I didn't dare try to bring it in myself." She was all right now; she was a little defiant.

MACKINNON turned away and now it was his turn to feel beaten and despairing. For the first time he was sure that this was what he had been sent to get and he had missed getting it by perhaps five or ten minutes. He walked across the room, jaw hard and gray eyes steely. He began to open dresser drawers.

Anger and resentment conditioned his mood, and he was taking nothing for granted. He did not believe murder a part of Norma's plan, though it could have happened. If she was telling the truth, it was as he had figured originally. But if she *had* killed Molina. . . .

He searched everything he could find, including her bag, and then made up his mind. Facing her again, he said, "Take off your clothes!"

"What?" She stood up. "What did you say?"

"You heard me."

Her mouth got white and her eyes took fire. "I most certainly will not."

"Molina brought something for you," MacKinnon said flatly. "It's not in the room but it might be on you."

She shook her head. "I haven't got it."

"That's what you say."

"I—I couldn't have. It's a—a manuscript. How could I—"

"It could be on microfilm," MacKinnon said. "Come on. I have to be sure."

Norma had trouble speaking, and when she did, her voice was tight with scorn and her cheeks were stiff.

"You—you're contemptible," she cried.

"Never mind what I am," MacKinnon said. "This is murder now, and it's my room. I want to know where I stand. If you haven't got anything on you, I'll go along with your story."

"Oh—" She choked in her fury and glanced wildly about, and for a moment he thought she was going to try to run for it. Then, in the next instant, she got control of herself. She put her shoulders back and her chin came up. A glacial calm took possession of her features.

She unbuttoned the jacket, shrugged out of it and threw it at his face. He caught it and she said, "I don't suppose you'd be interested to know just how much I detest you, would you?"

"Let's skip it. I'm not much impressed with your act," he said, and watched her reach for the zipper at her hip.

She gave it a yank. With her other hand she unfastened the catch at the waistband.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S "I've got a 'short,' somewheres" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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Something Coming

BY ROBERT E. JOHNSON

WHEN in fact this terrible, plausible thing did happen, she was looking out of the kitchen window at a leaf. The leaf interested her because it was the first she had seen upon the ground that year. There, she said to herself, as I live and breathe, there is the very last breeze of summer having at the very first leaf of autumn. If you watched, if you trained the eye, slept with the windows open, said your prayers regularly and took no stimulants, some day you might have the tremendous fortune to see the winter's last wind bouncing the first spring bud against the sky.

For all her complex, introspective abilities, there was a core of simplicity that saw such things as last winds and first leaves; that often made her a preoccupied child who did not hear doorbells right away. And it happened when the doorbell rang, this thing that was always in the foreground of possibility.

She had lived so long with the likelihood of its happening that the unfamiliar ring might have told her something. But she lingered a moment, reluctant to drop the leaf idea, and in the living room she took time to dog-ear a page of the novel which lay open on a chair arm, and tune down the radio so that she and whoever it was could hear themselves think. Even when she had opened the door upon a telegraph messenger boy, her first thought was of how young he was and not of what he might have for her. That thought came with a panic that settled down alive and died immediately; she was merely frightened.

She knew tragedy existed; she had watched it in the vague distance, but when it struck, she didn't know what it meant or what to do

The boy left hurriedly, as if from his last delivery of the day, and she knew, as she closed the door upon his footsteps, that one of three things had happened. . . . It was the third.

After she had read the telegram, which regretted to say that he was dead, she didn't do anything. She only stood where she was and waited. She thought that when she had waited a proper time, one of several things might happen. She might collapse like a candle in the sun, she might stumble down the hall and blurt everything to a shy, well-dressed woman who had spoken to her in passing, or she might go into the bathroom and attempt to hang herself there. Yet she waited and none of these things happened to her. Nothing did.

For two years she had lived with a possibility that one acknowledged in a womanly, courageous way; now the possibility was shaved toward certainty, and a fact of life materialized among the shattered odds of chance. For a chip off a moment she went away, to another country. There was not much to it. There was a receding diagonal of barbed wire and a rupture of the earth in the foreground. A man's body, sprawled in the rupture, might have been any man's.

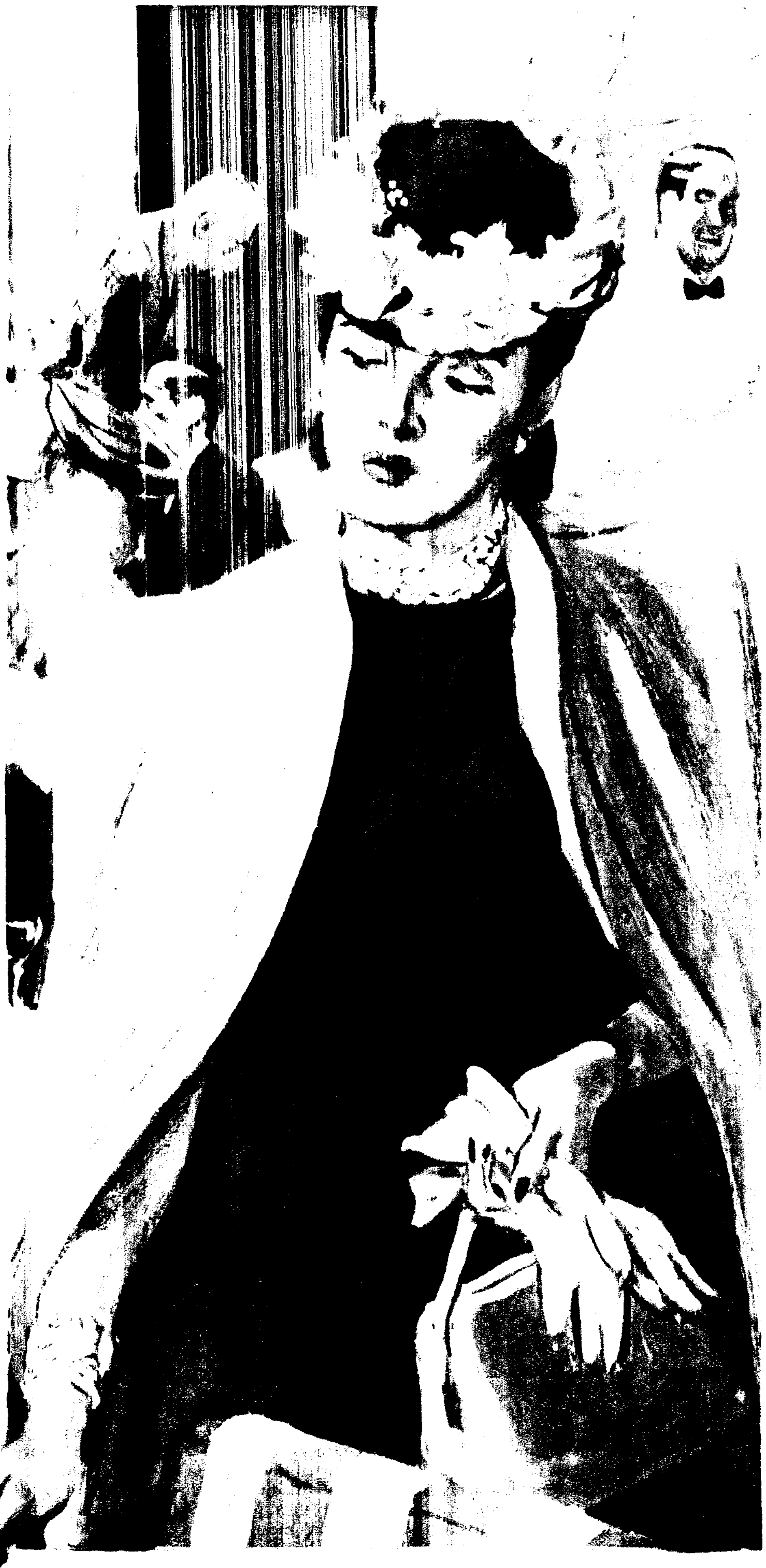
Then time broke and she was back. Applause died, and under the restraint of a pearl knob that made its music faint, the radio orchestra marched into a Brandenburg concerto. She had been picked up; and she had been set down.

Even then she knew that she was not going to cry. There was a chill, a tremor passing downward from her shoulders; very brief. It was necessary to do something, so she sat down. The book fell. Then she resumed waiting, but it was the deceptive kind of waiting one endures, knowing very well the other party has no intention of coming. All that was going to happen, she felt, had already happened; she might sit there for a week with a yellow fact of life in her hand.

O Lord, she thought, I won't be able to stand being able to take this! Yet for two years, with infinite reason and restraint, she had been preparing herself for taking it. She had never flinched from the possibility of his death, a recurring shock that she had learned to absorb. Now the process of absorption went on. Grief had stood her up, but horror came. I'm not even normal, she thought.

The orchestra was doing something terrible to Bach; no—the telephone was ringing. As soon as she had discerned that, she knew it was Tig.

Tig never called except when she herself was in the bathtub or in bed, or cooking something that absolutely could not be left. The completion of the thought was damning: Tig never called except when she was in the bathtub or in bed; or had just got a telegram about her husband.



Louise took a dollar bill from her purse. "You're not buying me a drink, Theresa Isobel Gilbert," she said; "and I don't care about the change"

Tig wanted to know, of all things, how she was.

"I'm all right," Louise said. She heard her own voice saying she was all right, so it must be true.

"That's good," Tig said, "because I'm not. I have been cut up and trod upon, and I am not, as you might say, all right."

Tig went on about how she was not all right, because this man was supposed to meet her for dinner, but he could not, although he would see her later for a show, and Louise, half hearing her, answering her abstractedly, thought: She rattles on just as she always has, although she heard me speak and there must be something about me, my voice, that fairly shouts that something has happened.

"And so," Tig said, "will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Will you come? Or have you eaten? Are you reading again? Because I've got this table, my purse on it and my coat over the chair, and I'm getting a crick in my neck watching them, and if you don't come, one of these people in line, somebody who probably will belch, will come and sit down. So will you?"

The incredible thing was that no excuse came to mind. A telegram from the War Department could not be used to beg off dinner, and the moment for relaying this news, if it was to be relayed, had passed, for she had already said, "I am all right. . . . Oh, you did? . . . Well, I shouldn't wonder. . . . Will I

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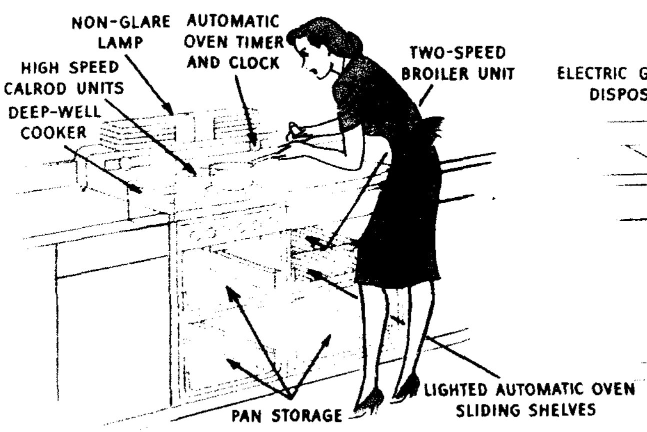
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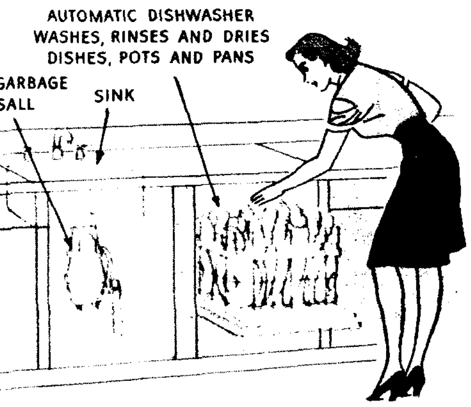
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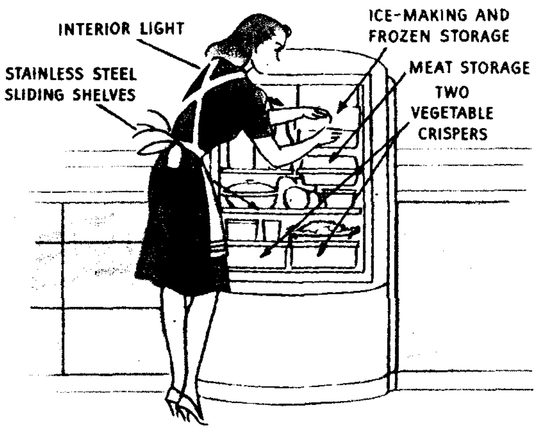
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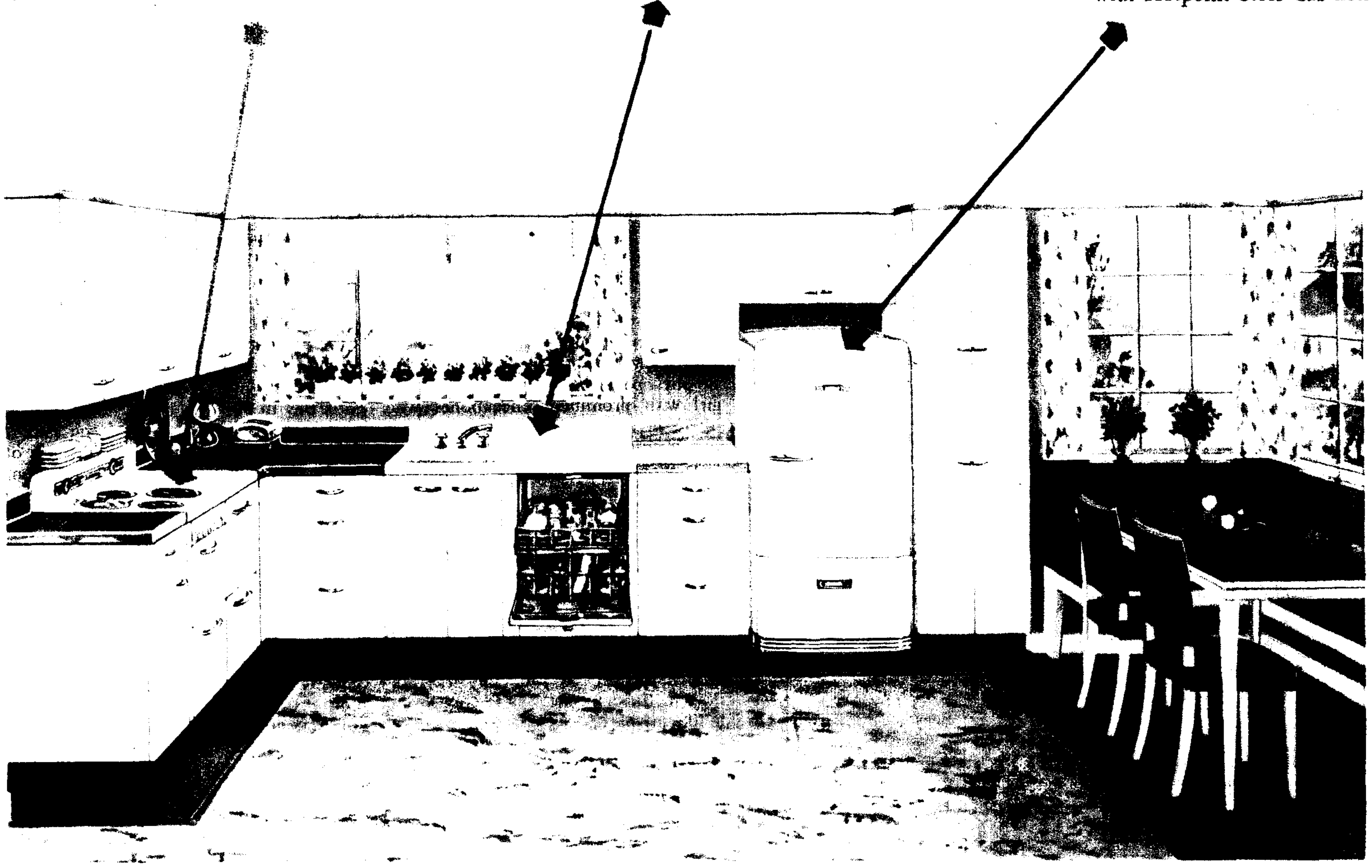

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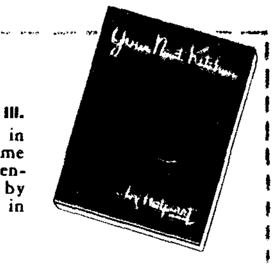
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what?". . . "Where are you?" she asked now.

"Then you will. Good, because I see the one who'll get part of the table, and I'd rather you came. I *know* he'll—"

"All right," Louise said. "Where?"

"Same old place, Hilgemeyer's, Sixteenth Street, fifteen minutes, hurry, 'by!"

When she had put down the telephone, she looked across the room to the circle of light, and saw upon the arm of her chair the telegram, in its envelope, which made the aspect of dinner unreal. To say nothing about Greg would be inhuman, but if she told it, her friend would not understand. Good Lord, she thought, who would? For Tig would say that if this thing had really happened, how had she found the sanity to be out on the town having dinner?

In the bedroom she changed from a skirt and sweater to a very good black dress with a three-strand pearl choker. Smoothing out wrinkles before the mirror, she did not avoid her own eyes. It was no time to start avoiding things. She would have assumed, being unfamiliar with this situation, that her appearance might have changed since she had gone to answer the doorbell. The fact was it had not. A stranger might have thought she looked the least bit concerned over something—a debt?—but no real change had been struck. It was bitter. For if this did not matter, what on earth did?

Yet while she stood looking at herself, she felt that an uprushing of feeling might come, and she stood quietly waiting. For she happened to think, it being six o'clock on Saturday afternoon, if it had not been for the war and Greg were home and she in the bedroom dressing, where in the apartment would he be? In the shower, she decided. She caught herself listening, but the shower was not running, of course.

The simple truth was that he had not been there for two years, and he was not there now. So she opened her eyes upon a slight, dark girl with prominent cheekbones who stood there in a good black dress and her own emptiness. It was a time for greatness, for a terrible, inner rending; and it was time to leave for dinner.

Down the hall the shy woman who always wore such excellent clothes was sitting in her apartment with the door open, reading a newspaper. When Louise had passed the open door she stopped. She felt suddenly possessed of a tremendous secret, a thing that would explode the world if she threw it. Suppose she paused in the doorway and said, "Hello. I just had a telegram. My husband was killed in Europe. He was twenty-seven. Do you like my hat?"

"Good evening," the shy woman said, catching sight of her. "Going out?"

"Yes. For dinner."

The lady smiled. "Nice hat," she said. "Very nice."

Louise felt cold and rotten.

IN THE beginning, there had been terror and fear enough; there had been everything in the beginning. At first she had thought she would go mad. They kept saying where they would live and what they would do when the war was over. It was like talking through a closed door; and the door was the oaken fact that, like other men, he might not come back at all. It was either open the door or batter themselves insensibly against it, and she had insisted upon opening it.

They were not children, she said. They shouldn't kid themselves, and they shouldn't get gloomy, either. All right, he said. All right, she said, the fact was that he might get killed just as easily as the next man. It was a fact they would have to admit, although in time of peace it would be neurotic to consider it at all, except for a small amount of insurance. He would be going overseas, she said, and it would be false to keep saying that while everyone else would get hit, he would not. Just as it would be false to think that he might get hit, but everybody else's husband would be back when it was over.

He said that was right, he liked that angle all right. Well, she said, the thing was that she wasn't going to fill her letters with gush about when the lights come on again all over the world, and so on, any more than she wanted him to write Boy Scoutish letters about how a shell might have a man's name on it, but there was no use borrowing trouble; enjoy the show.

He said she was wonderful, and he did not like gush, slush or mush in any shape or form.

"You know what I'll have to do," she said. "I'll have to make a life of my own that I could drop the minute you come back, or that I could have to go on with. Otherwise I'd just be waiting, and then . . . if it happened I couldn't stand it. I'd die."

"No," he said. "You think so, but you wouldn't."

"Yes. I would. I know I would. I'd see that I did."

That was all she could say. She couldn't say the necessary thing: If I didn't love you, it would be different. If I weren't so dependent on you, emotionally and all the other ways, it would be a lot different. If you weren't the only one who had ever touched me, who mattered, I could fritter myself away while you were gone, doing nothing but wait, because I'd know that if you didn't come back, it wouldn't really make a lot of difference. I couldn't stand just to wait unless I knew it wouldn't make too much difference in the end. I'm not grown up enough that way.

But at least the door had been opened and the air was fresh.

IN THE cab she took, the air was foul and the driver was sullen.

"I heard it on the radio, casualties are climbin' fast," he said over his shoulder. "So many numbers in the headlines, that's all it means here at home. People go rammin' around town like nothing ever happened."

Of all the things she might have felt, she only envied him that fine indignation.

"Do you think everyone should sit right down and bawl?" she said.

He looked at her sharply in his mirror. "I got a boy in this war, lady," he said.

"My husband is overseas," she said. She felt nothing she had not felt all those other times when she had said he was in combat service.

"Oh. Well, I guess *we* know how it is."

"We know exactly how it is," Louise said. "It is inadequate."

He looked at her again but did not answer. That "inadequate" would worry him the rest of the night. She had no right to do that.

"How old is your son?"

He tended to his driving. "Nineteen." He did not trust her now. . . .

It was not until she saw all the people in the restaurant that she felt completely loathsome. If they only knew. She avoided touching them. Leper, leper, she thought.

"You dear girl, you dressed up," Tig said. "You dressed up quite, as our gallant allies would say. This is a Martini." She wiggled two fingers at a waiter, who came. "One there," she said, "and one more here."

"Two Martinis. And dinner? So many people are waiting."

Tig stared him down. Louise noticed, with an unpleasant shock, that she looked hard, competent and experienced—no mere rattle-brained girl. The waiter colored and left.

"What's new?" Tig said.

The question took on perspective. What, indeed, was new to Tig, who understood infidelity to the living but not to the dead? It was now or never. A lump came into her throat. It would have to be never. The lump dissolved.

"Who's the man?" she asked. "Anyone I know?"

"Mike knows him. Three letters from Mike today. He's been to Melbourne on furlough. Where's Greg?"

All questions had a perspective. Where indeed was Greg?

"I can't keep up with him," Louise said. "Why do you say Mike knows the man?"

"Why? Lord, I don't know! Because he does, I suppose. No. No, that's not right. I'll be frank. I said it to salve your terrible conscience."

Louise made an uncharacteristic noise. "I haven't got any more conscience than you have."

"Well! Really, indeed, my dear, see here now, my girl. . . . No, seriously, honey, there's the slightest, barest, most indistinct chance that a friend of his will be along."

"Oh," Louise said impatiently, "I might have known. We've been through all this before."

"Now, not so fast," Tig said. "Don't get all excited. Seriously, a very nice boy, on furlough; all they want to do is dance or go to a movie. We'll be together all evening, the four of us, and I'll see that they leave at the same time, you can spend the night with me, and Greg will never care a bit."

Leaning forward over the table and looking down, Louise could see her own well made-up face in the Martini, an olive for a nose.

"Well," Tig said, "would he?"

"No," Louise said. "Of course. Greg wouldn't care."

There was nothing there when she said it. It was as if a sick relative had died on schedule. The disease, war, was often fatal. One prepared for the news. Yet many wept. Leper! Leper!

Something was coming, she did not know what. It was coming now . . . up like a jagged bubble.

"It's rotten," she said. "It's dirty and rotten and false to just wait. You couldn't stand to do it if it made any difference whether Mike came back. If it really made a difference what happened to him, you'd start killing him yourself. You'd get a job. You'd never let yourself think of the two of you together again. Little by little you'd grieve yourself out of his reach, until if it happened it wouldn't touch you. It would have all happened long ago, a thousand times, until you were immune.

"You'd just go right on. You'd go out to dinner. You'd wear a nice hat. You wouldn't feel one way or the other. He wouldn't be there, but you'd have got used to that a long time ago. If you're willing to wait, you're willing to let him go forever. You're willing to mark down every man you meet for future reference. That's why I never go out with your friends."

"Now just a minute, honey," Tig said, making the small, cheap words big and cheap. "I didn't ask for anything like that."

"But that's the way it is," Louise said quietly. "I know. I got a wire today and he's dead. He was killed. And that's the way it is."

Tig looked at her. "Well, I'll be darned!" The contempt in her expression fairly peeled. "And you sit there telling me how to run my business! Why, if Mike lost so much as the tip of his little finger, I'd be home bawling my eyes out! If—"

Getting up, Louise spilled her drink; but it was just as well because it called her attention to the drink. She took a dollar bill from her purse and put it on the table.

"You're not buying me a drink, Theresa Isobel Gilbert," she said; "and I don't care about the change."

"I should certainly hope I'm not," Tig said. "Keep the change, by all means!"

When she was outside, there was nowhere to go. She stood on the corner headed nowhere. People passed, not touching her. Many soldiers. If one wants to pick me up, she thought, I'll let him. I'll go with him; anywhere. I'll take him home. I don't care, one way or the other. Tomorrow night I'll do the same. And every night, as long as I don't care—

Her intellect still functioned, and it anchored on a fact. She had always thought it was an excess of emotion, of passion, that drove women to the streets. She saw it was not. It was a lack. The fact was so arresting that she was not aware of a strange soldier who stopped and spoke at her shoulder, waited, shrugged and walked on. A cab stopped for the light. Empty. She got in it. Home.

THE shy woman in the front apartment still had her door open. "My! Short dinner tonight."

"Yes. I didn't turn out to be very hungry."

"No? By the way, what is your name, my dear?"

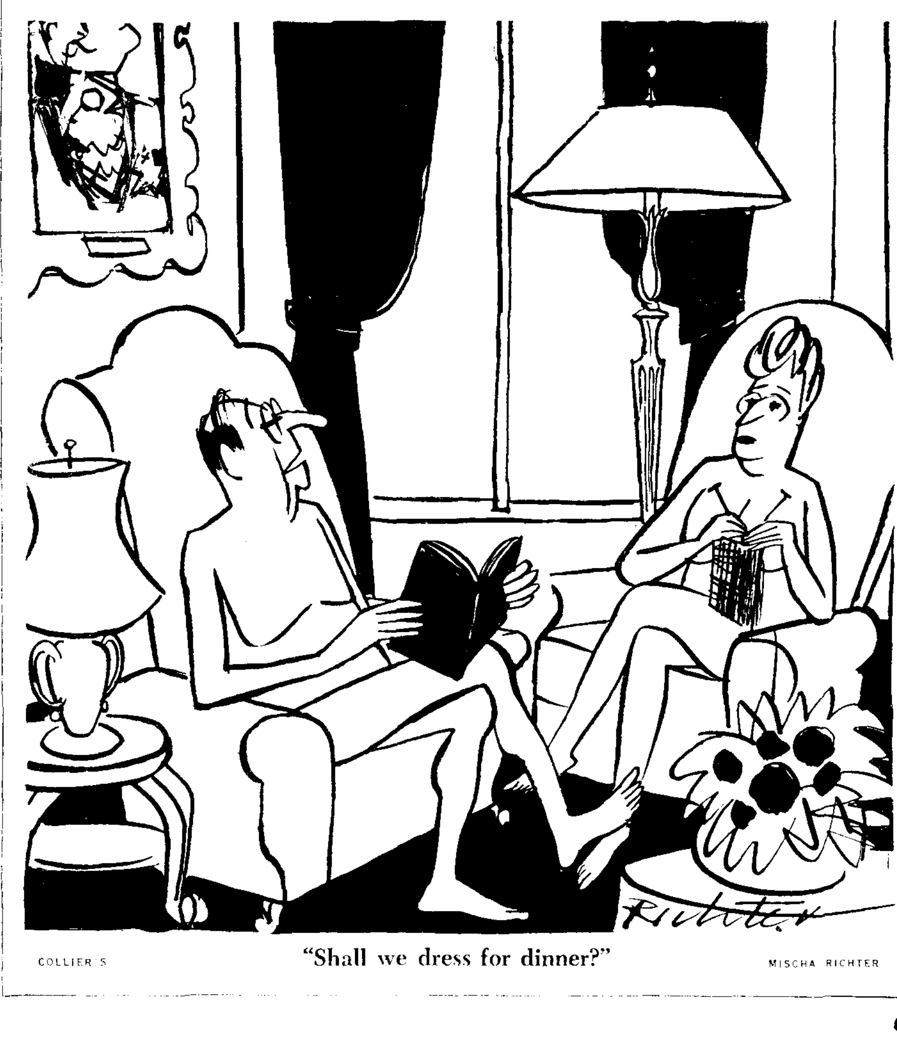
"Louise. Louise Habegger. Sort of head-on."

"Of what?"

"A sort of collision. Habegger. It sounds like two grocery trucks coming together."

"Oh? Oh, yes?" She laughed. "Mine is Barnes, Mrs. Barnes."

I have to know, she thought desperately; Mrs. Barnes, listen. Listen, Mrs. Barnes, if you were always very careful—you know what I mean—and came out of all sorts of narrow escapes with boys—you know—and then you met a man, and whatever he wanted of you was perfectly all right with you, but it turned out miraculously that he wanted to marry you and be husband and parent with you, and you married him, and you lived with him for two years and without him for two years, and he was killed, and nothing



COLLIER'S "Shall we dress for dinner?" MISCHA RICHTER

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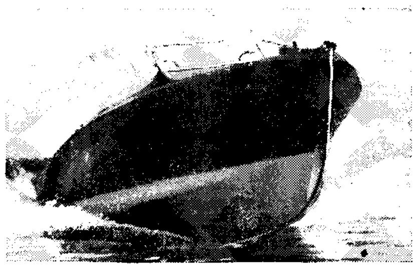

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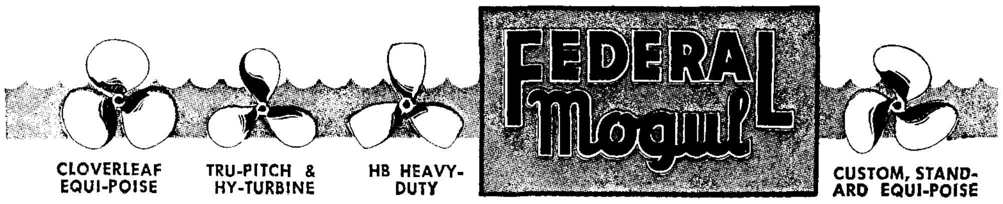
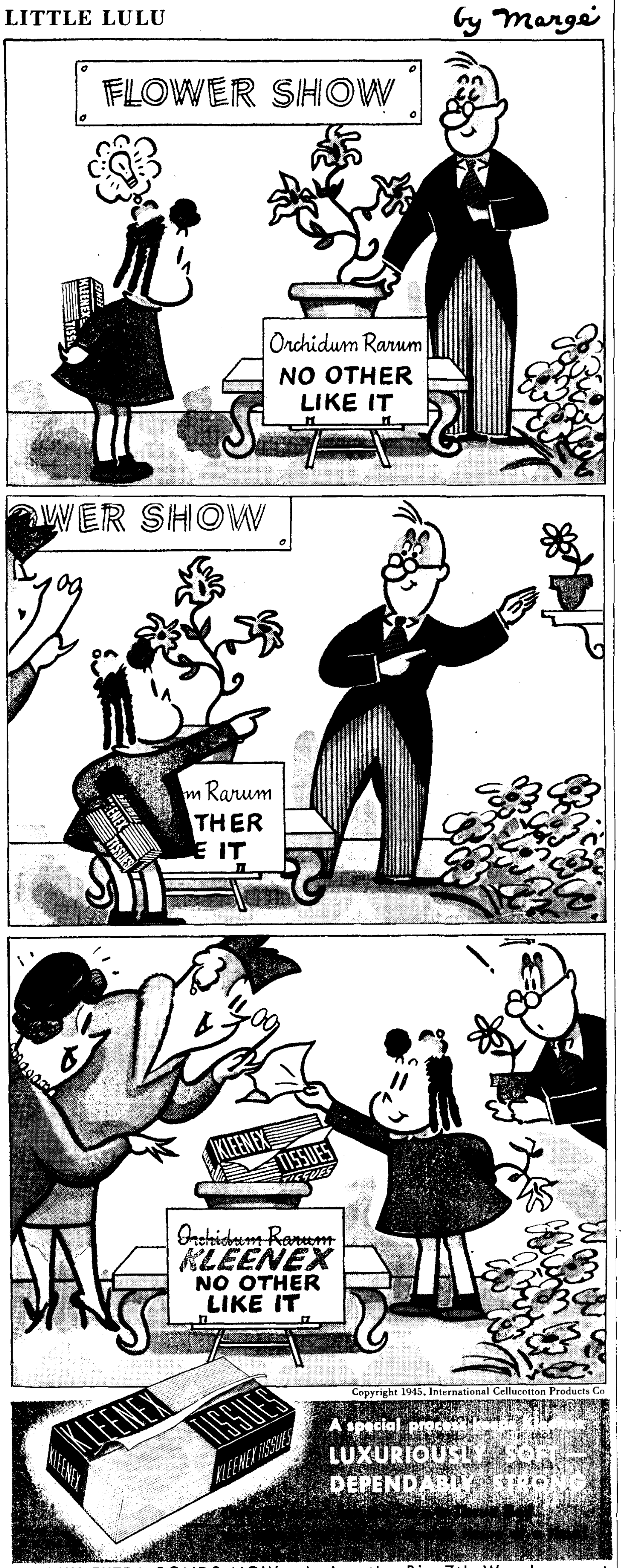


LITTLE LULU by Marge



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whatever happened to you, what's wrong with you?

"Where do you eat?" Mrs. Barnes asked.

"At Hilgemeyer's on Sixteenth."

"Oh? I've never been there. I go to the cafeteria on the corner, unless I cook in at night."

"I've been there," Louise said.

So they looked at each other.

"Well, good night," Louise said.

"Good night, Louise."

She was afraid to open the door of her apartment, which only made her open it sooner, of course. She was afraid that she was going to find him in there, just on the other side of the door, waiting for her—a memory, a presence, something of the dead which they say engulfs the living. And he would condemn her, too. Closing the door behind her, she leaned against it, in the dark. She was alone. All you could say was that she was alone in the dark leaning against the door.

Then she was afraid that when she turned on the light she would see him. By that she meant see some of the pipes he had left on the bookcase, in their walnut rack, or the old end table that he had repaired, which still tottered. But she turned on the light and saw these things and they were not—not even in the most sentimental way—him.

SHE put her hands to her temples. This will not do, she thought. What will do? It was quite possible that she would go mad. Or had she been mad in the restaurant—perceptibly tinged with insanity? It would not do to go over that scene with Tig in her mind. It would not do to think at all. It would not do to be alone. Yet she was alone.

There was a knock at the door.

"Oh," she said softly, her hands still on her temples, "thank God, thank God!"

It was Mrs. Barnes with a brand-new deck of cards in her hand.

"I thought we might play some gin rummy," she said, "or some honeymoon bridge. I sometimes find the Saturday nights very lonely."

"Come in, Mrs. Barnes," Louise said. "I do myself. Oh, please come in."

Mrs. Barnes saw the telegram, in its envelope, right away.

"Then it was you who got the wire," she said. "I sit there with the door open sometimes and wonder who gets them."

Louise looked at her. "Are there a lot of them then?" she asked quickly.

"More than I would have thought."

"And can you always tell who has got them?"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Barnes said. "I never can. Why? How do you mean?" She looked horrified. "Oh, my dear, you aren't—it isn't—it wasn't about—about anyone, was it?"

"It was about my husband," Louise said. "He was killed in Europe."

"Oh, *no!*"

"Yes. It's all right. We'll play. I—I haven't cried or anything."

She concentrated on unbuckling the belt of her coat.

"Not yet," Mrs. Barnes said, "but you will. It's always that way. At least it was when I lost my son—infantile paralysis, a long time ago. It doesn't always come right away."

It was the simplest of buckles, and yet she could not make her fingers undo it. She had to look up.

"Oh, Mrs. Barnes," she begged, "do you really think?" "Why, yes, of course. You shouldn't have gone out at all."

The buckle stumped her completely. She could not go on with it.

"Oh, Mrs. Barnes," she said like a weary child, "I don't think I can play."

Something distant was coming. She felt herself collapsing, like a candle in the sun, she thought. She heard the cards fall as the woman stepped forward to catch her. It was as if it were coming from a long way off and as if she were rushing to meet it. It was him, far away, far down, in the depths where there was nothing else. It was happening so quickly. So that's where he is, she thought, down there. Strange, was the last thing she thought, strange how dark it is inside you.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

discovered would have prompted observers to believe the orbet to be of a much greater sweep . . ." There's a lot more but you wouldn't catch on.

WE'RE tempted by an ad in The Hollywood Reporter stating that a "Screen writer who finds solitude distracting wishes to engage professional sitters, from the hours of 7 P. M. to midnight at $1.00 per hr. Sitters must not have disturbing features: prefer Caspar Milquetoast type who will make home sounds in outer den while writer works." We can make excellent home sounds. However, our features are pretty disturbing. Guess we'd better stay here.

FROM Austin, Texas, an unidentified agent mails a clipping from the society section of The Plano Star-Courier. "Mr. Smith," this item reveals, "gave his daughter in marriage. The bride's costume was a powdered-blue mesh dress designed with a peplum and trimmed with blue lice."

LET'S get down to brass tacks. Mr. Charles L. Schuettler wants used playing cards to send to the guys overseas. He represents George Washington Post No. 1 of the American Legion and his address is 6300 Seventh Street, N. W., Washington 11, D. C. "New cards will be accepted," he adds hopefully. We don't want to gum up Mr. Schuettler's appeal but he should insist upon new pasteboards. No G.I. can have any fun losing his shirt if he has to play poker with a 44-card deck resembling a stack of waffles. See?

"YAH!" jeers a paratrooper from Camp Mackall, North Carolina. "That cover on your April 14th issue showing a paratrooper wearing a Good Conduct ribbon. . . . Who ever heard of a paratrooper wearing one of them things?"

DIPPING momentarily into the field of jurisprudence, we have an anecdote from Mr. Louis V. Phelps, of Grinnell, Iowa. It's about a Missouri judge who, trying one of his first cases, questioned the witness, listened to the plaintiff's statement, then abruptly rendered his decision in favor of the latter. The defense attorney, more than a little agitated at losing his case without having been given a hearing protested vigorously. "I," the judge told him, "prefer to handle the case this way. If I listened to both sides, I'd just become confused."

AND this is according to Pfc. Bob Rieker, of Wendover Field, Utah. His base, he says, is 125 miles from Salt Lake and is surrounded by such a vast expanse of salt flats that when one of the guys went A.W.O.L. recently, they could still see him three days later.

WITH ample justification, railroadmen on crowded trains are as jumpy as everybody else these days. There's one New York Central commuting conductor, though, who customarily starts the day off right for jittery suburbanites by admonishing them, when they scramble from the car: "Leave your brief cases! Leave your umbrellas! Leave your shoelaces!"

WELL, one of our colleagues does a considerable amount of entertaining in a near-by saloon after office hours, and train schedules are such that he often arrives home when the dinner hour is beginning to resolve into late evening. The other day he decided to give his wife a break by showing up early once in a while. This he told her in so many words. Her reaction was instantaneous. "Don't you dare!" she exploded. "You keep hanging around that place. They have cigarettes for preferred customers. You bring some home every night—or else!" . . . G. W.

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YOU CONTROL IT WITH YOUR FOOT

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

Busman's Holiday

Continued from page 34

taking out his little book, "so I can make a report to the company."

"I won't sue," she said.

"I have to have it anyway," Jim said, his pencil poised.

"It's Lois Wingate."

Jim wrote it down. "Do you have a telephone?"

"Yes—Eldorado 4-7231." She frowned. "What do you have to have that for?"

"Company regulations," Jim said, snapping the book shut and putting it in his pocket. "Are you sure you don't want me to do anything more for you? Can I run the hot water in the bathtub and maybe help you—"

"No, you can't," Lois said tartly. "Thank you very much. Goodby."

"My name is Jim McCready," Jim said.

"Goodby, Mr. McCready."

"Well—" Jim looked around, the way people do in situations like that, and then he walked slowly to the door. "Goodby," he said. "I hope your ankle gets better soon."

"Thank you," Lois said.

She sat there staring at him, and there wasn't anything for him to do but go, so he went.

He didn't call her the next night. He waited until two nights later. Lois answered the phone.

"Hello," Jim said. "This is the Crosstown Bus Corporation talking. Is this the residence of Miss Lois Wingate?"

"Yes," Lois said.

"Is Miss Wingate at home?"

"This is Miss Wingate."

"I am calling, Miss Wingate, to inquire about an injury reportedly sustained by you in the course of alighting from a Number 20 bus."

"You don't say," Lois said.

"May I ask how the injury is doing now?"

"It's doing fine," Lois said. "Goodby."

"Just a moment, Miss Wingate. We feel that we are partly responsible for the injury, and we would like to have one of our men call on you to ascertain its exact condition. Would eight-thirty this evening be a convenient time?"

"No, it wouldn't. I'm going out."

"Then eight-thirty tomorrow evening?"

A pause. Quite a long pause. Then: "All right."

"Thank *you*, Miss Wingate! Goodby, Miss Wingate!"

"Goodby, Mr. McCready."

Jim grinned into the transmitter. "The little son of a gun," he said.

LOIS had on a brown dress that matched her eyes. When Jim came in she said to him: "Is this the Crosstown Bus Corporation?"

"Yes," Jim said. "How is your injury?"

"At present," Lois said, "it is suffering from hunger. If you agree to go Dutch—and I don't want any arguments—we can get something at the restaurant next door. After that we can discuss injuries and corporations."

They didn't, though, discuss either one of those things. It was a mild evening, so after they left the restaurant, they walked toward Fifth Avenue, slowly, looking at the new moon over the apartment houses. Lois wasn't limping, so Jim concluded that there was no need to inquire further into her reported injury. Instead he inquired into Lois Wingate.

She told him she did a sort of secretarial work for an old geezer who was making a study of certain electrical phenomena for the government. It was very interesting work, Lois said, and she learned a lot about electricity that she never knew before, besides having many of her afternoons free.

"That's how I happened to be going home at three o'clock in the afternoon," she said. "I was going to take a hot bath and do my hair and nails."

"For your date that night?" Jim asked.

"That's right," Lois said.

"Your date—you're engaged to him, perhaps? I mean—"

"I know what you mean," Lois said. "I'm not engaged. I'm not married. I live alone because my folks are in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, and I came to New York to take some courses at Columbia University. I have two sisters. My mother and father are both living. My father is a vice-president of the Lewisburg Trust Company. I'm twenty-two years old."

"How fortunate," Jim said. "The golden age."

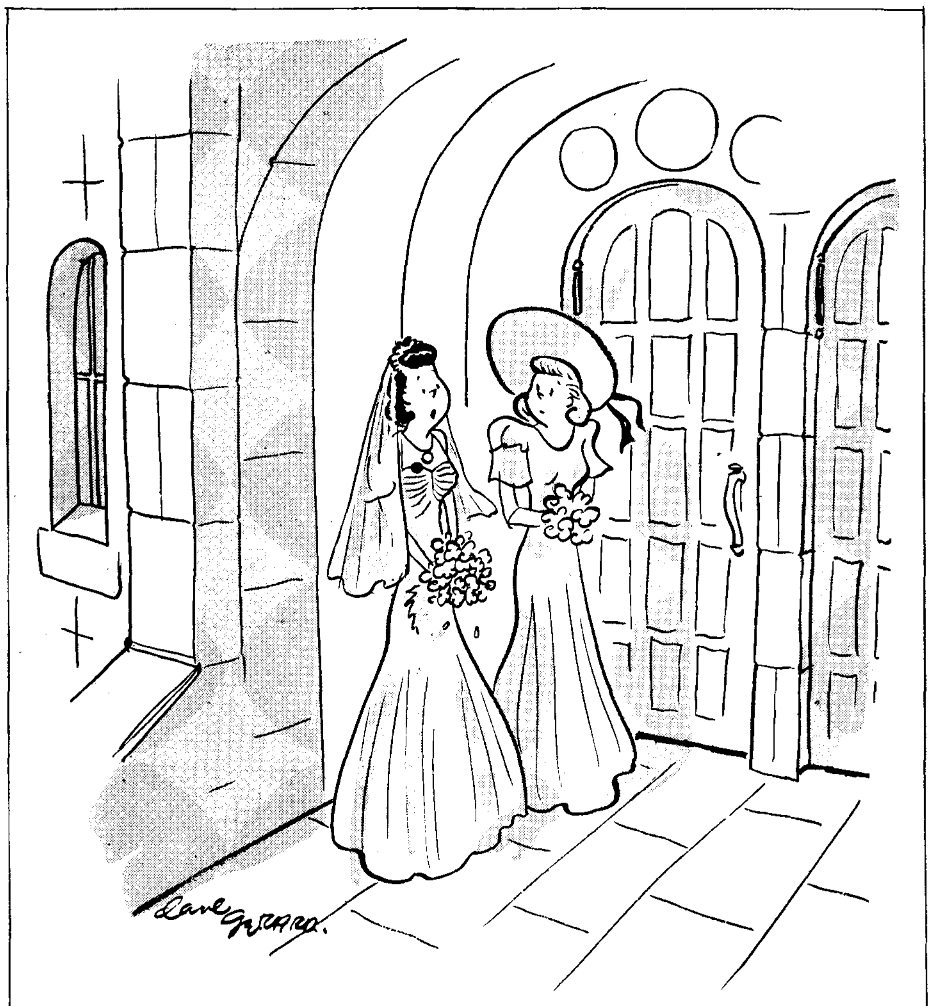
"Now let's do you," Lois said.

JIM told her that he had been in the war and that he'd been potted in the ribs, but he didn't tell her about the doctor ordering him to stay away from office work for a while, nor about Carson and Blakesley keeping him on half salary, because that would require a lot of unnecessary explanation. But he did say he had a couple of jobs before getting the one with the bus company, which was a fact, for he'd tried several before he found out driving a bus was what he needed.

"What was the job you had just before coming with the bus company?" Lois asked.

"Repairing oil burners."

"That must have been very interesting," she said. "Where were you working?"



COLLIER'S "I'm practically certain he said he'd meet me here" DAVE GERARD

"Westchester County. White Plains, Larchmont, Rye. All up around there."

"Really? A lot of rich people live there, don't they? Big houses, estates, all that sort of thing. . . ."

"Yeah," Jim said. "Let's turn down this side street. It's quieter."

"Did you meet any of the people in the houses?" Lois asked, resolutely steering him along the street with the lights on.

"You mean socially? Not hardly. I was below-stairs—well below. Say, you've got a cute smile, Lois. Look, why don't we go back to your apartment and make some coffee? I'll bet you make wonderful coffee."

They did go back to her apartment, but they didn't make coffee. Lois said good night, very firmly, at the door.

"Remember you're a corporation," she said. "I could never entertain a corporation in my tiny place."

She refused to give him a definite date, but said he could call her. When she shut the door she almost squeezed his fingers in the crack. . . .

That was the start of it. During the next month, Jim called Lois on an average of once every two days. Sometimes the average was a little better, making it twice in one day. About half the times he called her she consented to go out with him.

For the first few times they went to the movies, or to concerts, or took a walk, but then Jim decided to spread a little, so he took her to dinner at one of the big restaurants, and to the theater, and once to El Ciro. In the beginning Lois protested that he shouldn't be spending all his money on her, but he waved a hand and said to think nothing of it, that he was really independently wealthy, and that he was driving a bus for a lark—which wasn't, as a matter of fact, too far from the truth. She didn't protest any more, but she was very curious, and Jim had it in his mind to tell her about Carson and Blakesley, but then he said, what the heck, she thinks I'm a bus driver and she likes me as a bus driver, so I'll go on being a bus driver, at least until it comes time to spill it. He had, even then, an idea that that time might not be too far distant.

So whenever she asked about sources of his income, he told her different things, his favorite being that he was really a Raffles, a prosaic bus driver by day and by night an elegantly garbed thief, who roamed the night club district in impeccable evening dress, robbing fat matrons of their jewels.

"Even if you were, I wouldn't care," Lois said defiantly. "I like adventurous men. And taking things from rich people isn't really stealing."

"Oh, it isn't?" Jim exclaimed.

"No, it isn't. It's just spreading the wealth. I'd as soon marry a thief—I mean a kind, generous thief who only stole from the rich—as any man."

"Hey, let's get out of here," Jim said, taking her arm and leading her from the Blues Room, where they happened to be at the time. "Why didn't you tell me two Old Fashioneds were your limit?"

AS THE days went on and Jim kept seeing Lois, he became aware that the time for action was drawing nearer and nearer, for he was definitely absolutely batty about the dame. And it was no easy-come easy-go battiness, either, because he had never felt this way before in his life. It was, at last, the real thing. Jim McCready, this time, was in for it.

He went to see his doctor and told him he was contemplating a change, and the doc asked him to strip and gave him a thoroughgoing, hundred per cent examination, from the top of his forehead to the scar on his right heel, which he had gotten one night on Saipan. After he had finished his examination the doc said:

"McCready, I think you're okay. You'll have a little trouble with your side in rainy weather, but nothing serious. So if you want to go back to your regular work, here's your ticket."

That, Jim said, wasn't exactly the kind of change he was contemplating, but it was nice to know that he could do that too. The doc looked at him hard, and then he laughed, and said all right, boy, all right.

It just happened that Lois was away when the doc gave Jim the go signal, visiting her folks in Lewisburg, so Jim had plenty of time to think of what he was going to say to her. He discovered, however, that time wasn't what he needed at all. Now that the briefing was all over and the mission had been decided upon, he found that he was far more nervous than he had ever been on Saipan. Suppose Lois thought of him only as a friend? Suppose she was in love with one of those other guys she went out with? Suppose she got engaged to somebody while she was back home in Lewisburg?

The three days that Lois was gone were unadulterated Hades. Fifty times Jim rehearsed his speech, and fifty times he changed it, until it was such a jumble that he knew she'd think he was a psychopath if he ever began mumbling all the things that were spinning around inside his head. He was really quite desperate, until, finally, the night before Lois was due to return, he made up his mind that the only way to do it was to *do* it, and not plan at all. After that he felt better. Just let it come out naturally, whenever and wherever it wanted to, and that would be that.

HE DECIDED to call Lois at her apartment and ask her to go to the Café Jacques with him for dinner, but then he didn't get the chance. He was coming across 57th Street on the 2:10 run, when who should get on at Seventh Avenue, in front of Carnegie Hall, but Lois.

"Hello, Jim," Lois said and dropped her dime in the box and took the seat behind him. "How are you, Jim?"

"I'm fine, Lois," Jim said. "How are you? Did you have a nice visit?"

"A lovely visit," Lois said. "But it's good to be back again."

"Is it?" Jim said, and his right front wheel grazed a parked baker's truck.

"I'm glad you're back, too," Jim said. "There is something I—"

He had a wild minute there when he thought it was coming out right on the bus, with all those people around, but fortunately he had to stop for a crowd on the east side of Fifth Avenue, and three of them had dollar bills, so by the time he got everything straightened out again, the minute was passed, and a Chinaman with whiskers was hanging on to the seat between Jim and Lois. It was difficult to talk under such circumstances, so Jim concentrated on his driving. He knew Lois would ride to within a block of the terminal anyhow, and by that time most of the people would be off.

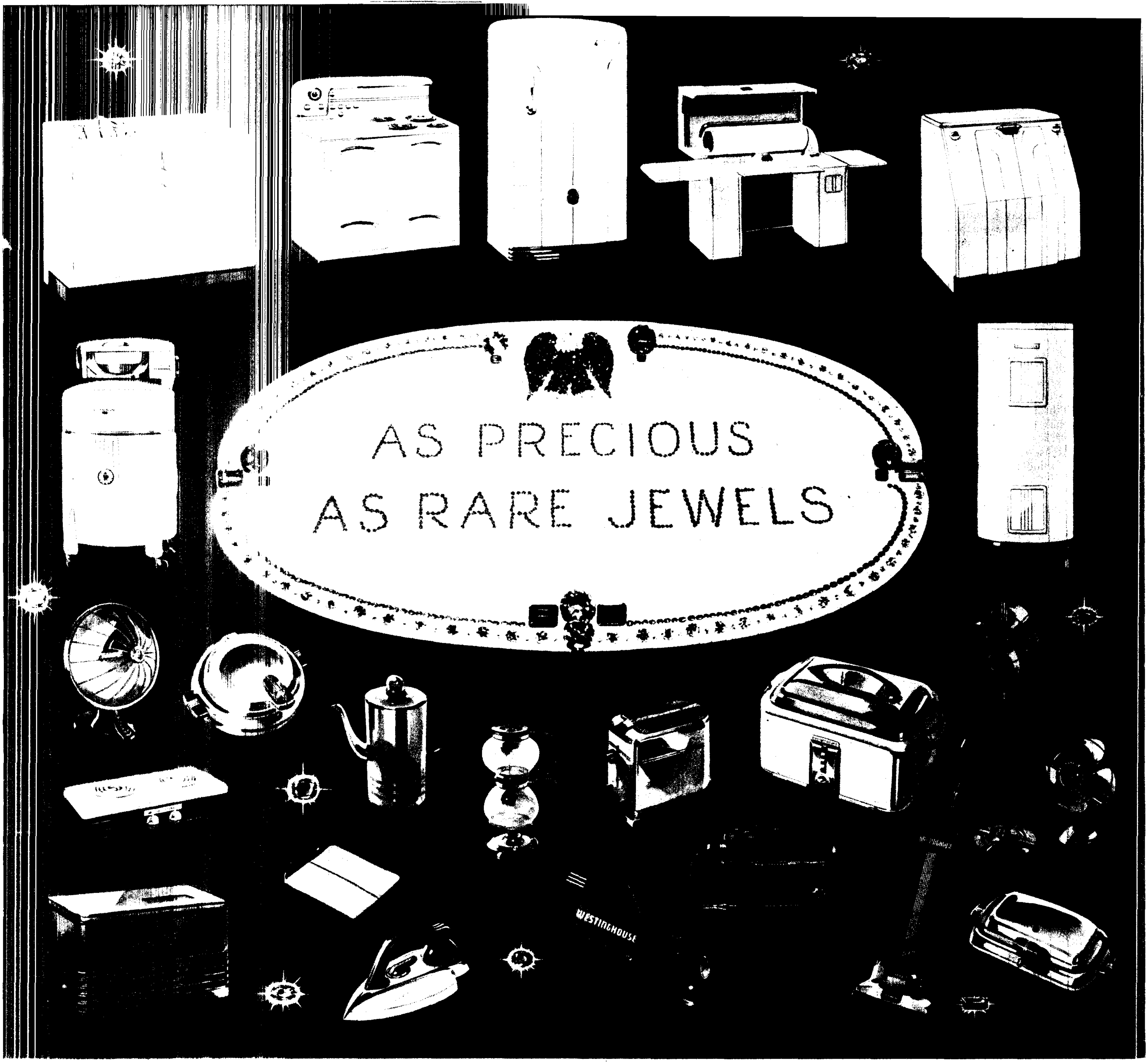
Most of them got off quite a few blocks before that, as a matter of fact, so by the time Jim and Lois got to talking there were only three people left in the bus—an elderly man and two women. They were sitting near the back. Lois moved up closer to Jim.

"Did you miss me?" she asked him.

"Sure," he said. "Look, Lois. There's something I—" My gosh. Right here, in the Number 20 bus. He couldn't stop it. It was boiling and seething and in one more second it would be spread out in front of her, where she could kick it smack back in his teeth if she wanted to—

"Lois, I've got to tell you something," he said, speaking fast. "I'm nuts about you. I can't stop thinking about you. This is a hell of a time to say it. I can't help that either. Listen, Lois. Will you marry me?"

He heard her gasp, and he couldn't turn his head, because he was at a cross street and



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going against the lights. He heard tires screech, and someone yelled, but then he was across, and he couldn't see any cop in the mirror.

"Why, Jim," Lois said, "I don't know what to say—this is very unexpected! Jim—be careful!" because a kid with a scooter was starting out from the curb. Jim swung in time.

"Sure, I know it's unexpected—only I've been thinking about it for a long time—a hell of a long time. I've been trying to figure out how to say it—and where to say it—and I couldn't figure out anything—and I knew I'd just have to let it come, which is what happened—and I'm sorry if it disturbed you, coming like this. . . ."

"Jim, it didn't disturb me," Lois said softly. "But we really know so little about each other—for instance, you drive a bus, but you don't seem like a bus driver—not at all! You seem to have much more money than a bus driver, for one thing—"

"Oh, that," Jim said. "I can explain that. You see—"

"Pardon me, young man, but I pulled the cord three times," one of the women from the back of the bus said loudly. "I want to get off."

"Excuse me, lady," Jim said, and stopped in the middle of the block. "I'm very sorry, lady."

She sniffed, and he flipped the door control, and she got off. Jim said: "Where were we?"

"About the money," Lois said.

"Oh, yes. Well, you see before I went into the service I was—"

He stopped talking because Lois was standing beside him, one hand gripping his arm, and she was leaning over, staring out the door.

"That man—look, Jim," she whispered. "That man—on the sidewalk—"

"Huh?" he said and looked where she was looking, and saw a man in a derby hat and a dark coat. He was walking fast, in the same direction the bus was going.

"Jim—" Lois said, and she seemed very excited. "Do you see that man?"

"Sure I see him," Jim said and slowed the bus.

"Jim—"

THEN Jim turned his head for an instant, so that he was looking straight at Lois. She had something in her eyes that he had never seen before. It was almost as though she were measuring him, weighing what she saw on an invisible scale.

"Jim," Lois said softly, "will you get that man for me?"

"Get him? What do you mean, get him?"

"Will you grab him for me—and hold him?"

He stared at her a second longer, for the bus was going very slowly now. She wasn't smiling. She was very serious. Suddenly Jim swung the bus to the curb and stopped it with a jerk.

"Okay. I don't know what this is all about. But if you want that man, you'll get him. Wait here, baby."

He opened the door and leaped out. "Hey!" he yelled at the man. "Hey, you!" The man turned, so that Jim saw his face. It was scared. Then, he began to run.

He ran like a rabbit. Before Jim knew it he was halfway down the block. Jim started after him but saw right away that he didn't have much of a chance that way. There was only one thing left to do.

In three jumps he was back in the bus, the door was shut and the bus was in gear. Jim yelled "Hang on!" and the Number 20 bus was after the man in the derby and the black coat.

The man in the back shouted and the woman screamed. Lois was almost thrown off her feet. The man Jim was chasing turned his head again and saw the bus coming after him.

He swung around a corner. So did Jim, his tires sounding like a movie theater at Frankie time.

"Get him, Jim!" Lois cried. "Get him!"

"I'm trying to get him," Jim said through set teeth. Cripes, that guy could go. But Jim had a good bus. It accelerated fast. He was almost up to the man when he swung around another corner. Again Jim's tires squealed. So did the woman in the back. The elderly man didn't say anything. He was flat on the floor.

"There he goes, Jim!" Lois exclaimed. "He's escaping—"

"No he isn't," Jim said, and shot the bus ahead as fast as it would go. He passed the man, slammed on the brakes and was out of the bus just as the guy darted into a doorway between two stores. Jim saw him yank at the door, open it and disappear.

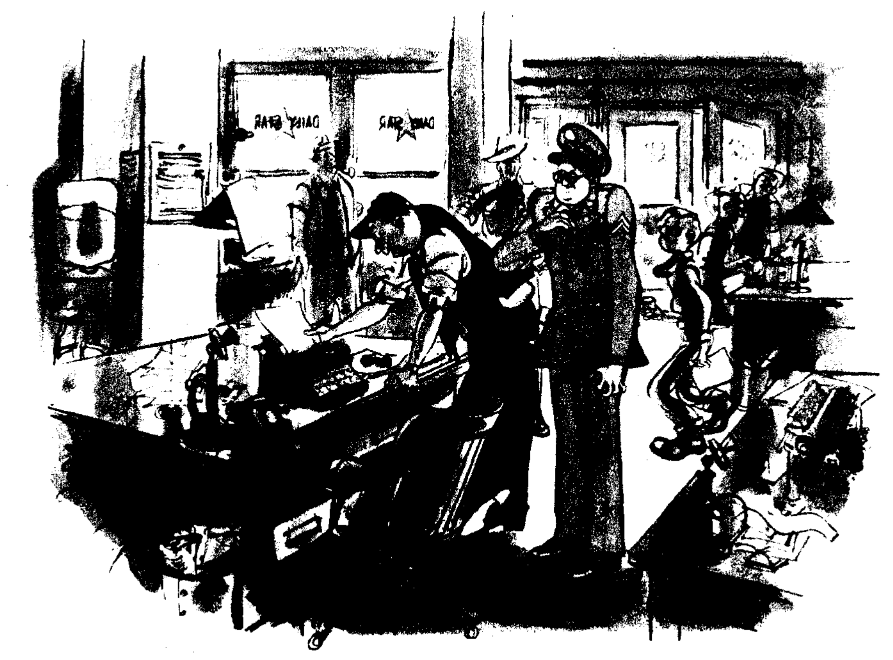
But Jim was only two leaps behind. He was inside a dark hallway and there was a flight of stairs. There wasn't any other place for the guy to go, so Jim ran right on up the stairs.

At the top was another hallway and another flight of stairs. Now Jim could hear the guy's feet on the way up. He was close behind—so close, in fact, that when he got to the top he saw the man beelining it along a narrow corridor toward a door at the far end. The little man reached the door, with Jim almost on top of him. He grabbed at the knob.

It wouldn't open.

"Look," Jim panted. "I'm not sure what this is all about, but there's a dame in my bus who—"

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Your desk is exactly as you left it—let me see . . . you were writing a column . . . 'and therefore, it is obvious that the least the Japs want is a war with the U.S. . . .' "

COLLIER'S

He didn't get any further, because the fellow with the derby and the black coat had a knife in his hand, opened, a knife with a long blade.

"Well, what do you know," Jim said slowly, staring at the knife. "And I thought I had said goodby to all that. Now let's see, what was it we were supposed to do if we met a Jap with one of those things. . . ."

He did it, very fast. The knife was on the floor, and the guy in the derby was doubled up, moaning.

"Sorry, pal," Jim said. "It was your choice. Let's take a walk now, shall we? Sure, you can walk. You just think you can't. Come on, let's go."

LOIS was standing by the bus, waiting for him. She was pale. The other two passengers had disappeared.

"Well," said Jim, pushing the guy ahead of him with one hand, "here's what you won. What now?"

She stared at Jim, then at the fellow Jim was holding, then back at Jim again. She didn't seem very well.

She put her hand to her mouth, and there was a queer, sort of ashamed look in her eyes.

"Jim," she said, low. "Oh, Jim—"

"What? What's the angle? Here's your boy friend. What do we do with him—throw him back? He had a knife. Hey, if this was a test to see whether I had guts or not—or to see how fast I could run—"

"It wasn't a test," Lois said, still in that low voice. "I really wanted to get him. He knows why—don't you, Joe?"

The guy snarled something, and Jim's grip tightened.

"Look, Lois," Jim said, "will you kindly tell me what I'm expected to do with this bozo?"

"Take him to the nearest police station," Lois said, and her voice was suddenly weary. "I'll come with you and make a complaint against him. He's wanted for a series of thefts in Westchester County. You remember, Jim—the places you worked when you were repairing oil burners? This man—he's Joey Ross—was doing the jobs with another fellow—someone who got into the houses legitimately, then fixed it so Joey could come back at night.

"You see, Jim, I work for an insurance agency. We thought we had this other fellow trailed—the one who fixed it so Joey could rob the houses. . . ."

She stopped talking. She wasn't looking at Jim. Her head was lowered.

For a minute Jim looked at her in amazement.

Then he took a deep breath and said very slowly: "So that's what it was all about—the whole thing. That's why you rode on my bus the first day. That's why you faked a fall and a sprained ankle. That's why you went out with me and asked me all those questions about where I got my money. That was why you pretended to like me."

"But Jim, it all fitted—those houses where you repaired burners were robbed—the company I work for insures all through that neighborhood—and they traced you—you were living in an expensive place and you had a job as a bus driver, so the company assigned me to—"

"Vamp a confession out of me. Well, sister, you certainly put on an act," Jim said, and he laughed, but there wasn't any amusement in the laugh. "You had me fooled. Yes, baby, you sure had me going. Why, you were so good you even got me to propose to you!"

"Say, what the hell is this, a debating society?" Joey demanded. "If you're gonna take me in, take me in, will you, and get it over with. And stop this chinnin'! It's gettin' on my nerves."

"Okay," Jim said. "We'll stop it. You may not be aware of it, Joey, but seeing you today has made a big difference in my life. It cleared my name, didn't it, Miss Wingate? Because if I were in with Joey, I naturally wouldn't have taken out after him and brought him back, would I? Yes, Joey, you have cleared my name and nipped a pretty little romance right where it should be nipped. Will you step into the bus, Miss Wingate? I shall be honored to drive the lady detective and her prisoner to the nearest police station."

THEY came out of the police station and stood for a minute beside the bus. They didn't look at each other. Finally Jim said: "Well, Miss Wingate, I must be about my duties. Goodby, Miss Wingate," and he tipped his hat and put one foot on the bus step.

"Jim," Lois said, and now she looked at him. "Jim, would you mind very much if I—rode back with you?"

Her voice was very humble.

Jim said: "Not at all, Miss Wingate. This is a public conveyance. We don't play any favorites."

He stood aside for her to enter, and then he got in and sat behind the wheel. Lois opened her purse and took out a dollar bill.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but this is all I have."

Jim said nothing. He gave her ten dimes. She dropped one of the dimes in the box and took the seat behind the driver. Jim shut the door and started the bus.

"It may interest you to know," he said, "that this is my last trip. I am leaving the bus company."

"Are you, Jim?" Lois said, and her voice went up eagerly, like a kid who has just gotten a kind word from a parent, after being in the doghouse all day. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm returning to my regular work, which is advertising. I have been driving a bus because following my discharge from service the doctor recommended outside work which would keep me moving and not require too much brain activity. That is also why I took the job as oil-burner repair man. But now the doctor says I have cured whatever ailed me. So you see, Miss Wingate, we have both been going under false pretenses."

"Jim, I— Jim . . ."

Whatever it was she had in mind to say was not said, because Jim had to stop to let a crowd on. During the rest of the ride people got on or off at every stop. Jim was kept extremely busy. He was conscious of Lois behind him, but he did not speak to her, and when, nearing 57th Street and 7th Avenue, she arose and said in a little voice, "Next block, please," he looked up at her and brought the bus to a slow, careful stop at the corner.

LOIS was the only one getting off. Jim turned the door control handle, and the door opened.

"Goodby, Jim," she said, low, and Jim said, "Goodby, Miss Wingate."

She stepped down, holding to the handrail, then took another step, and all of a sudden her feet seemed to go out from under her, and she screamed and was down on the sidewalk.

"Lois!" Jim cried, and was out of the seat and reaching down for her before anyone else could move. "Lois—are you hurt—did you hurt yourself—"

"Jim," Lois murmured, and her arms went up, and went around his neck, and he was holding her in his arms, and her face was very close to his.

"Jim—darling—don't go away—don't say goodby to me—I wasn't pretending to—like you—that wasn't pretense—it really wasn't, Jim. . . ."

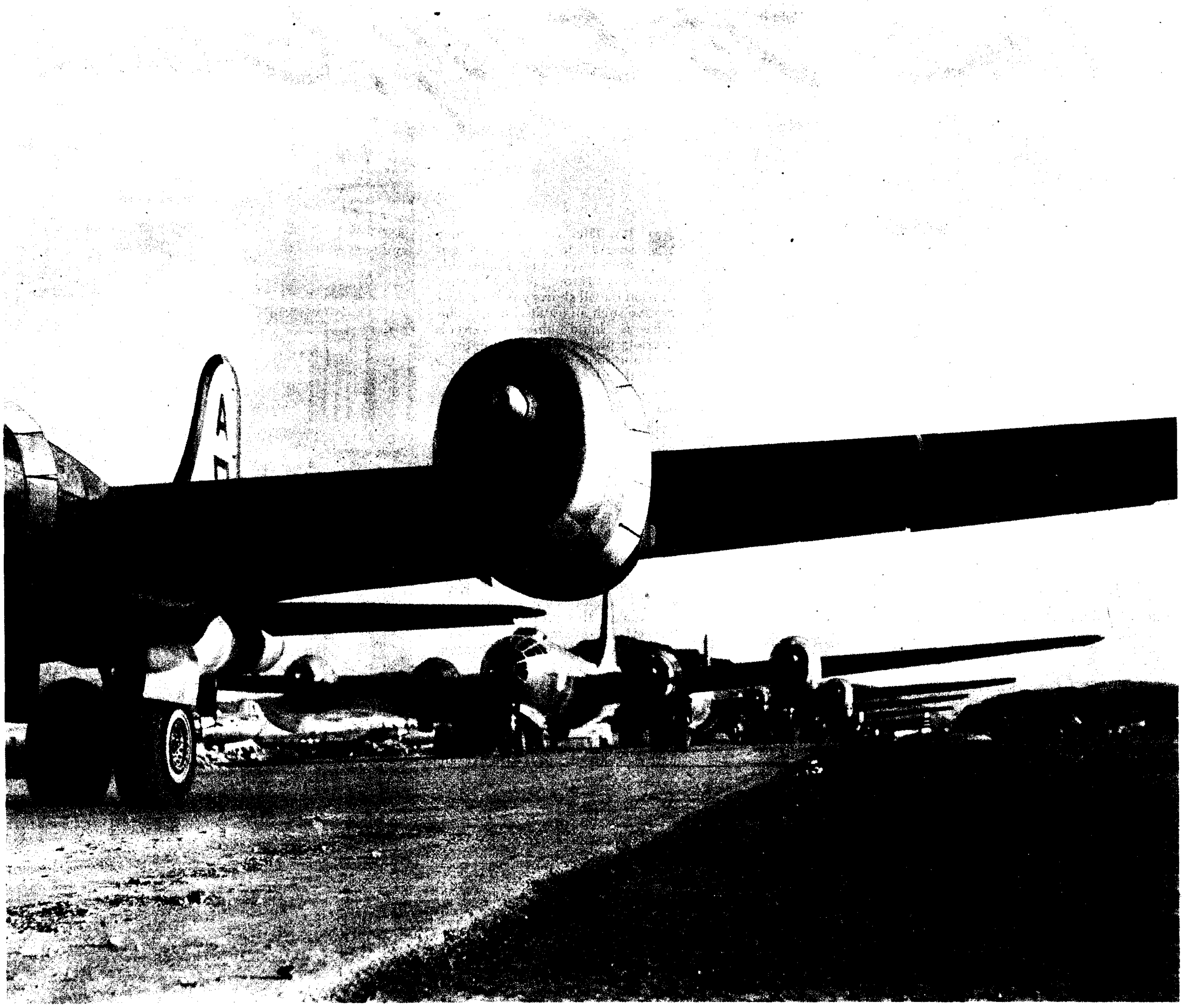
"Lois," he said, and then his lips were on hers, and for a minute neither said anything, while the people in the bus craned their necks, trying to see through the windows, and passers-by stopped and looked on, grinning.

"Please don't go away, Jim—please don't—" Lois was saying, and crying at the same time— "I really fell this time—it wasn't faked—I honestly fell—"

"Yeah," Jim said. "Me too. Okay, folks—one side! Lady's been hurt! One side!" He picked her up in his arms.

"Put your head on my shoulder, honey," he whispered. "It'll look more natural that way."

THE END



Official photo, U. S. A. A. F.

Finish the Fight — with War Bonds

. . . and more to come

With engines warmed up for the take-off, Boeing B-29 Superfortresses fill the long runway on Saipan . . . one behind another, as far as the eye can see. Across the field, as on other fields in the Marianas, still more wait to wheel into line. When you pick up your paper tomorrow you will read: "Industrial targets in Tokyo have been hit again by a force of over 300 B-29 bombers."

It was less than a year ago that the first attack on Japan by the giant Superforts thrilled the nation. Today their valiant crews are regular commuters on the more than 3000-mile round trip from our island bases. In waves of sky-filling formations, they are carrying destruction to the enemy's workshops on a relentless schedule.

Back of this achievement is another story — an epic of production. To design, build, test and manufacture in quantity an airplane that so far exceeded all previous bombers in bomb-load, speed and range — and do it *in time* — was an unprecedented task. It called for pioneer work in engineering, tooling and planning. New facilities and processes had to be started from scratch. Methods had to be devised for putting the vast manufacturing program into effect, not only in Boeing's own plants but in those of other aircraft companies, chosen by the Air Technical Service Command of the Army Air Forces to help increase quantity production of the big planes.

Impossible as the job looked, Boeing men were equal to it. Superfortresses are rolling off the production lines in steadily mounting numbers. In the hands of hard-hitting American airmen, they are vital weapons in the war against Japan, and there are more . . . many more to come.

• • •

Tomorrow Boeing research, design, engineering and manufacture will be applied to peacetime aircraft for your use . . . your assurance that any such product "Built by Boeing" will be built to lead.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
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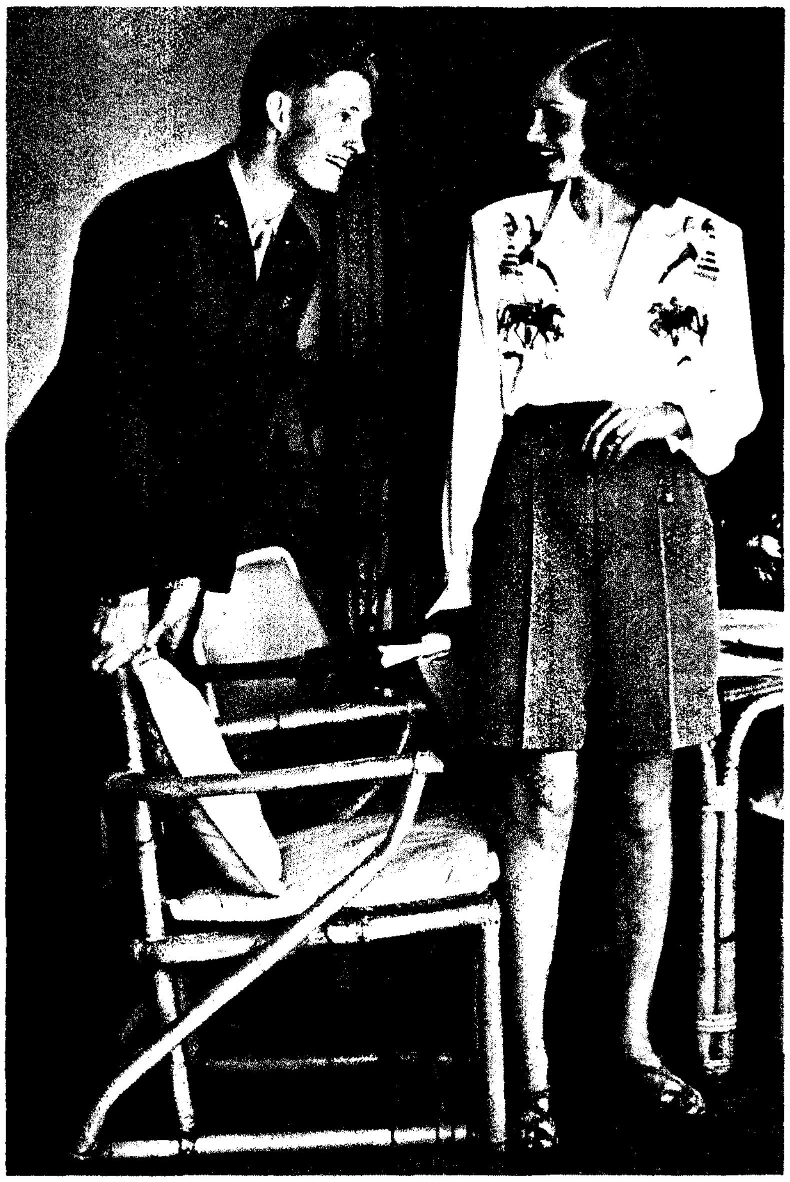
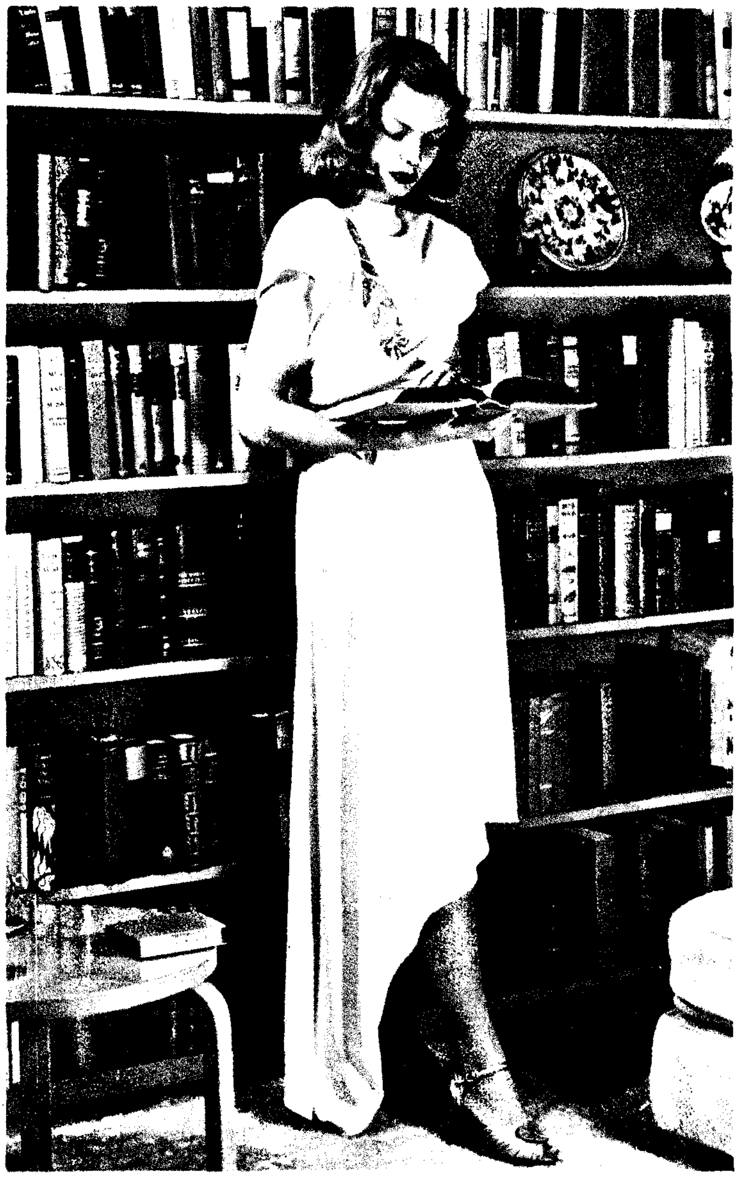
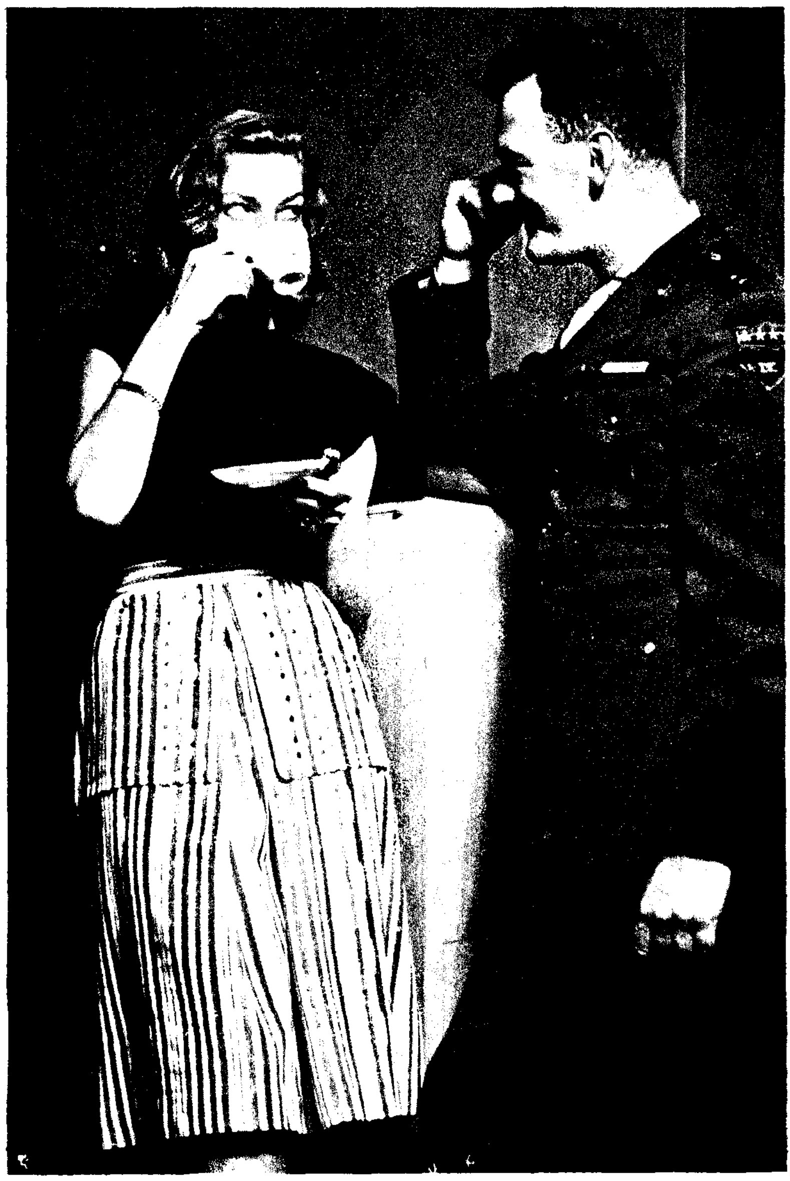


It's Tina Leser's idea that shorts and a gay shirt are dressed-up enough for almost any resort dinner party. Lauren Bacall shows you how decorative such an outfit can be. The shirt is hand-painted — Greek chariots picked out with embroidery and sequins. Tina had always wanted to be a painter. Now she thinks she has arrived. You wear her paintings instead of hanging them, that's the only difference

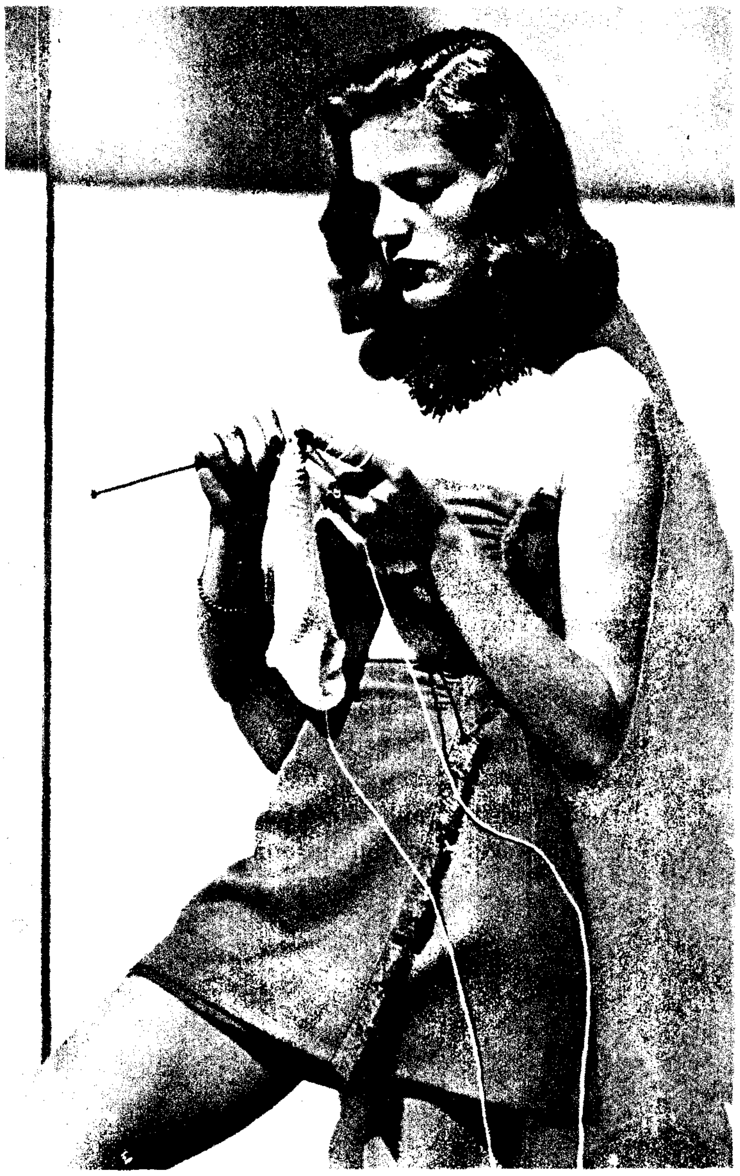
The battle between short and long dinner dresses doesn't bother Tina Leser. She makes this white crepe one fifty-fifty. You can fasten the tail up to the waistline with button and loop to make a draped-front short dress, or let it trail for glamor at home. She calls this a cabaña dress, but you can see other possibilities for it; in fact she's making the same Grecian dress in black with gold leaves, for wear next fall





Before Mexican fashions were popular above the border, Tina Leser went down there and collected fabrics and inspiration. That was the beginning of the boom, and of Tina's financial success as a designer. She's still fond of Mexican color and design. The stores can't keep this sleeveless summer favorite in stock. The blouse is of jersey, the skirt of Mexican cotton decorated with nailheads and pockets

The fashion award critics especially praised Tina Leser's "bare brown look" and wrapped silhouette: slim, strapless sarong dresses and outfits like this suit of bra, pants and removable skirt. The slimmer and straighter the better. How do they stay up? By being wrapped tight and straight, the way you wrap a towel when you come out of the shower. Only, as you see here, with considerable more allure



Girl

BY RUTH CARSON

Lots of girls want to grow up to design clothes. It might be a good idea, before deciding, to read what happened to Tina Leser

TINA LESER clothes are attention-getters. And when she won the American Fashion Critics' Award this year for the best play clothes created in America in 1944, there was a stampede. Now you see Leser-clad beauties everywhere, from magazine front cover to nail-polish ad on the back.

Tina takes the acclaim in stride. She has, you see, a good memory. She remembers back to the time, four years ago, when she arrived in New York bearing samples of exotic prints. Fashion editors told her they were fine—for draperies. Fabric printers told her they couldn't be printed—too big for their screens. She finally got going with two contractors to manufacture her stuff, but one backed out. The other upped his prices and put her in the red.

Then she opened her own manufacturing plant, hired a manager and quoted prices to the stores, but union trouble came. She was in Florida trying to borrow money from an adamant mamma, when her business manager dropped dead in New York. So Tina labored by herself, working every day till 2:00 A.M., keeping her own books, writing her own sales tickets. She delivered her goods on time.

That was not the way she had planned it. At one time she was Christine Sheillard-Smith, Philadelphia debutante, married to Curtin Arnold Leser. The Lesers went to Honolulu, where Mr. Leser served as ichthyologist for the Academy of Science, and Mrs. Leser went spear-fishing.

Tina went into business there—opened a dress shop. She stocked it with clothes bought from establishments like Nettie Rosenstein, and also with garments she ran up herself with the aid of a French dressmaker.

Along came a shipping strike, and there weren't any imported clothes. No imported materials, either. So Tina grabbed sailcloth, the cotton laborers use for shirts, decked them with rope, brass rings, anything else around, and there were her first play clothes. "I had studied linoleum blocking at school," she says, "so we hand-blocked them, for color and design." And that was the beginning of the Tina Leser prints.

The designs came from under the sea. When she went diving for fish with the natives, Tina was fascinated by the scenery. "You know each undersea valley is different. But you always meet the same fish in the same places. They have their homes, like people." So the swirling skirts of Tina Leser play clothes were decked with brilliant fish in their seascapes, with coral and giant shells.

Tina displayed them in New York, to a chorus of "It can't be done." Even when she got a fabric printer to try, things didn't work out well.

"He told me my linoleum blocks weren't any good," she says. He said they had to be wood. So I went home to Philadelphia, hired two wood carvers and traced the designs off. When I went back to New York, he told me my wood blocks weren't any good. So I asked him if he'd try it himself. He did. I watched him print those full circles for evening skirts, and they were beautiful. Then he steamed the stuff to make it fast. All my beautiful organzas went limp, the colors changed, and we had a bunch of tired yellow things."

There was a Russian refugee in the same shop. "He looked like a devil," Tina says. "But he promised he'd paint those designs on cloth for me, and he did."

A publicity woman told Tina she must put on a New York fashion show for the press. "Somehow we got those things made into clothes. They had full skirts, tight bodices and awful shoulders. I also had the Honolulu shop send on some clothes. The fashion reporters all came to the show and said the things were fine. Where could they get them? I had no idea. But anyway they knew who Tina Leser was."

It wasn't time yet for manufacturing troubles, however. A major calamity was due first. Tina had the clothes cleaned to freshen them up after the show. All the paint came off.

Tina and Ceal Corcoran, her partner in the print business, got to work. "We worked with salt and everything, trying to find a formula that would stick. Finally we found it. Now nobody has a paint as pliable and as fast as ours."

Tina Leser isn't worried about people heading for Paris after the war and neglecting American designers. She thinks they'll go a lot farther than Paris, for that matter, because design is everywhere. But wherever inspiration comes from, Tina Leser's clothes could have been developed in only one place. They're American, and here to stay. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

The Simple Life

Continued from page 16

"—You just milk Carmencita. Let's see, let's figure it up. What does milk cost a quart, and three times that—three boys—and three hundred and sixty-five times that. And Carmencita only cost five dollars, plus the freight. Why, Nan, figure it up—"

"You figure it up," snapped Mother. "You're going to milk her!"

"Now, Nan—confound it, Nan, I can't milk goats before I go to the office every morning; I can't go to the office smelling like a goat!"

"You certainly can," said Mother. "Or nobody does."

"But great Scott, Nan, somebody's got to milk her. After a day they're full, the man in Xochimilco said, and then it's painful. That's the first thing you've got to learn about a goat—"

"It's your goat, John."

"All right," he cried. "All right, I'll milk the thing!"

He stomped into the house and then we heard the sideboard door bang open. Father always banged the sideboard open when he was perturbed. He kept his bourbon there. He said it steadied him. He said it wasn't just the alcohol, it was the time required for pouring it and swallowing. It gave him just a moment to reflect.

When he came out again, he had reflected. He unhitched Carmencita from the wagon and took her back into the chicken yard. She bounced along by him, making those shaky sounds that small goats make. He got some straw out of a chicken nest and held it to her nose. "There, Carmencita," he said. "Nibble that."

She smelled the straw, then looked inquiringly at him.

"It's good," he said. But Carmencita wouldn't eat. "You see?" said Father. "She's still nervous from that mauling you were giving her. Of course, straw's not the proper feed. Oats and fresh grass, the same as cows. I learned that when I was a boy, back there in Kentucky."

BUT there was one thing Father hadn't learned back there in Kentucky. Maybe they didn't have milch goats back there. It happened after supper, when we three boys were going up to bed. Father was sitting on the fumed-oak sofa in the living room, reading his paper. Mother was working on some tatting. It made a peaceful home, the way our home had always been. Father liked peace. He liked to clarify his mind. I guess that he was clarifying it, taking his time, when suddenly out of the night there came that plaintive sound: "Baa-aa-aa-aa!"

Mother's tatting shuttle stopped. Father sat up and frowned. He shook his paper once or twice, looking annoyed, then settled back to reading.

"I think I'll get some oats tomorrow," he finally said.

Outside, the tree frogs and the katydids cut loose in close, sweet harmony. And then it came again, louder:

"Baa-aa-aa-aa!"

"Dammit!" cried Father. "Is that going on all night?"

"Maybe she's full," said Mother innocently. "Remember what the man at Xochimilco said? Maybe it's painful."

"Nan, that couldn't possibly be it. If you had given me a chance this afternoon, I would have told you that it wouldn't start for almost a month. Why, Carmencita's just a baby." And then he saw us single-footing up the stairs. "Run along, you boys. You should have been in bed an hour ago."

So we went up. We got in bed. In five more minutes we'd have been asleep. But just then, quavering, that noise rose high above the katydids. And Mother snickered.

"What's so infernally funny?" Father roared. "Confound it all—it's just a goat! It's just a lonesome, baby goat!"

"Oh, John!"

We heard his paper rip. "Nan, must you get hysterical? Maybe she's hungry, maybe she wants some milk—maybe she's used to nursing—"

A really urgent baa-aa-aa-ing cut him short. That was too much for us boys. We giggled first, then we squealed.

"Henry!" yelled Father. "Great Scott, Nan—of all the mad, chaotic households—"

He banged into the dining room. He reached the sideboard, then he stopped.

"Nan, where's that rubber glove—the one you keep for working in the kitchen? I'm going to make a sucking bottle for Carmencita—puncture the thumb, then put it on a bottle of milk—"

"Oh, John!"

"That's what she wants," said Father. "If you won't help me out, I'll nurse her myself. But don't expect to keep the money I'm going to save. I'm charging you for every blessed quart—"

We didn't hear the rest of it. Once, while we lay awake, Carmencita bleated very happily. But we were sound asleep before Father came back.

That was all right for that one night. It would have been a minor ripple in the millpond of our life. But next morning, Father filled up that improvised bottle again. He was out there, squatting to hold that punctured thumb where Carmencita could get hold of it, when old Drunken Mary came out of her cabin in our yard. She took one disbelieving look, backed up as if to get away, and then guffawed.

"Mr. John!" she shrilled. And then, as always happened when she thought no one was listening, she lapsed into the pet name that she'd had for him back there in Kentucky: "Bubber, get in dat house. You're acting like a crazy man, nursing dat goat."

"Never mind that, Mary," Father snapped. "This is a strictly business proposition—"

"Why, dat goat's old enough—"

"Mary!"

"Whoo-eee," she said and came on in the house.

Maybe that was the way the story got around. Of course, old Drunken Mary wouldn't actually defame my father's name, but sometimes on those Saturday nights she spent in Birmingham her tongue got loose. At any rate, it did get around. In almost no time, everybody knew: Father was playing nursemaid to a goat.

All this put Father in a delicate position. After all, he was a big man, nearly six feet four, with all those muscles that he'd gotten chopping weeds in that tobacco field back there in Kentucky, and it was not so easy for him suddenly to become the little shepherd of Roebuck Springs. But it was easier than backing down after he had taken such a final stand. He did this nursing on the sly, early mornings and late at night, when nobody except our family could see him doing it. Each day Carmencita drank two quarts of milk, all of it from that bottle. And even then she sometimes seemed unsatisfied. After that first day we didn't think it best to laugh at Father. But we were never sure that Carmencita wasn't laughing.

THAT second Saturday, just after Father left for the office, Mother started getting ready for her luncheon for the Altar Guild. All morning she and old Drunken Mary labored over cucumber sandwiches and deviled eggs and chicken aspic, all the regular things. But, as usual, there was a flurry at the last moment, with Mother rushing back and forth with plates covered with napkins, and old Drunken Mary popping into the icebox and back into the dining room, groaning beneath her breath that this was one thing that she didn't have to do—to hurry. "Ain't got to do a thing but die," she said, meaning it, too. Nonetheless, she hurried. "Got jest two hands, Miss Nan. Dat's all."

"But Mrs. Thomas is already coming in the door! I've simply got to go, Mary. And you haven't even got that tablecloth off the line."

Old Drunken Mary glared. She turned sideways so my mother couldn't see, and slipped a pinch of snuff behind her upper lip. That meant that she was getting mad. When she was mad enough, she always functioned perfectly, but not before. She was mad enough now.

"Lissen, Miss Nan! Go join yo' company. Jest let me be!"

It was a crisis that they'd met before, and each of them, instinctively, knew what to do. The time had come to go their several ways. Mother went out and joined her guests, serenely poised, making those overjoyous little sallies that are indispensable to hostesses. But while she smiled and talked she watched old Drunken Mary, just in case. She

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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—Kathleen Norris

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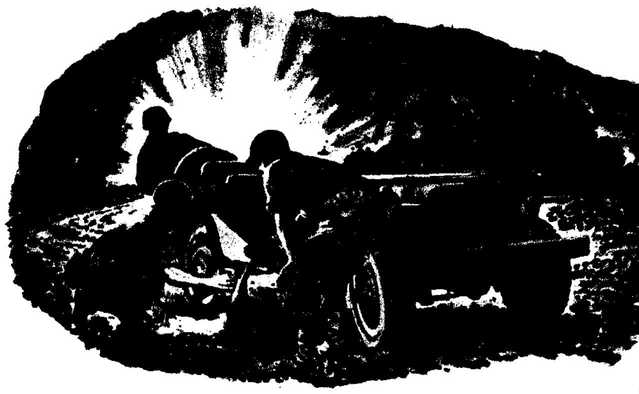

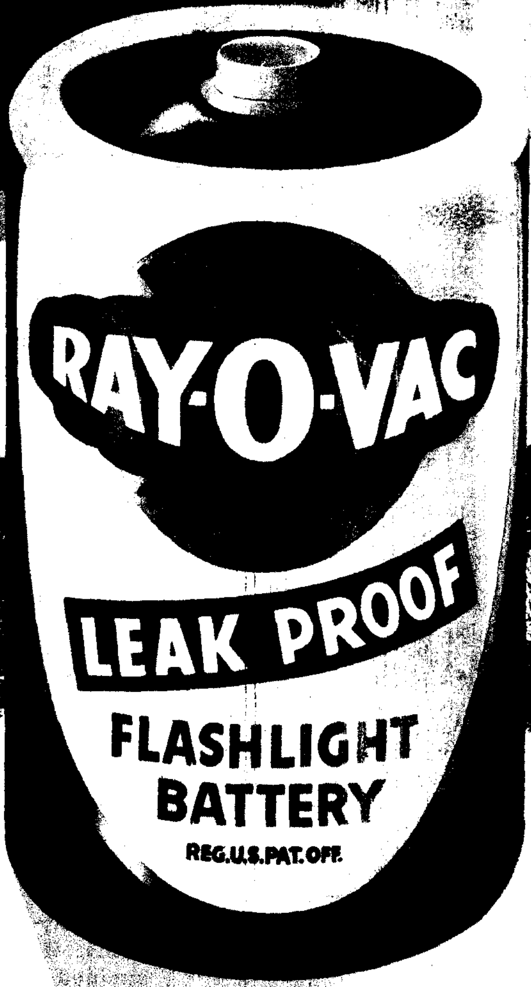

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saw the deviled eggs and sandwiches borne to the dining room, then the coffee urn. Finally old Drunken Mary reappeared, stubbornly saving until the last the thing that Mother dreaded she'd forget. She had that lace tablecloth beneath her arm. She flipped it once, to spread it out, and then, in that soprano voice of hers so high it chipped your teeth, she shrieked: "Fo' God! Fo' God!"

Mother just froze. The ladies of the Altar Guild stopped chattering. You could have heard an earthworm breathe.

"Fo' God, Miss Nan, dat sucking goat done et yo' linen up. Done et de center out of it. Jest lookit here!"

And there, where Mother usually put the coffee urn, was a well-frayed, half-masticated mass of gooey lace.

That was a very trying moment for Mother. The ladies of the Altar Guild, quick with their sympathy, eddied in little circles, giggling. It was too evident they knew of Father's goat.

THAT night, when Father came home, Mother said nothing at all about the tablecloth. Father was feeling jovial.

"How's Carmencita been all day?" he asked. "Not too irritable. Not fussy, Nan?"

Mother's lips pressed. "I'm sure I don't know, John."

"Reason I asked," said Father, beaming, "she's about to give. I noticed this morning. Any day now, Nan—"

"I thought she was a baby," Mother snapped.

Father looked contemplative. "No, Nan—I think it's more affection, because I'm kind to her. I think that in a way she really considers me—well, I don't think she really needs that bottle."

"Then for pity's sake," said Mother, "stop babying her. It seems so silly for a full-grown man, a respectable lawyer, the father of three children, to be playing nursemaid to a half-grown goat. It's—psychological."

"What exactly do you mean by that?"

"Crazy," said Mother.

"That's what I thought," cried Father. "All I get around this place is derision. All I'm trying to do is save a dollar. Don't think that I'm enjoying going out there every morning and every night, nursing Carmencita—"

"Then stop! If you could hear what people say!"

"But suppose she bleats all night again?"

Mother jammed her hands against her hips. "In that case, I'd get rid of her."

"That's a typical Virginia attitude," said Father. "Take the easy way, get out of things. I'm not afraid of ridicule. Do you believe this country could have grown—?"

"I don't remember anything in history about a suckling goat."

"Don't you?" said Father. "Well—confound it, Nan, you completely miss the point. It's not a question of a goat, it's a question of making things pay. And that goat will pay. You'll see—that goat will pay!"

He stalked out through the kitchen door, taking the nursing bottle in his hand. Carmencita, across the chicken yard, came leaping friskily toward him, making happy sounds. She rubbed against his legs, then bounded off, cavorting skittishly, then came back and peered coquettishly into his eyes and went, "Baa-aa-aa-aa!"

"Oh, come on—drink it, Carmencita," Father snapped. "Just drink it. Never mind the lovey-dovey stuff."

He shoved the bottle in her mouth and walked quickly away. He'd never done a thing like that to her before. She circled after him, holding the bottle in her mouth, looking surprised. Looking dismayed. Looking as if her little world were coming to an end. "Go away," said Father. "Scat!"

She leaped against his leg. He jumped as if he had been stabbed, ran madly out the gate and slammed it shut. And then, after a rapid, guilty look around, he marched with all his dignity toward the house.

That was the night my brother Henry came down with the whooping cough. Of all nights, Henry oughtn't to have picked a Saturday night, for Sunday was a strenuous day with us.

There was always that business of tearing us away from Buster Brown and Happy Hooligan in time to finish with our mackerel and grits, then getting us dressed up in our white suits and white stockings and off to Sunday school, while Father shaved and got himself into the mood for being senior warden at St. Thomas Church.

Henry's whooping cough just complicated all of this. He had to stay in bed, and of course he got the funny papers first, so Mother barely got my brother John and me off in time to walk the six blocks to St. Thomas. We hurried out the back way.

When we were going by the chicken yard, we heard a forlorn little bleat. Carmencita poked her head out through the fence, looking for Father and that morning bottle. It was pathetic. We opened the gate and scratched her head. "It's all right, Carmencita, he'll be out. It's just that Henry's sick."

Then off we went. We'd gone a half block before we noticed Carmencita following us. By then it was too late. We had to go. Besides, we knew she'd wait outside the Sunday school for us.

She didn't, though. When we came out at last, she'd gone. We had a feeling instantly that this was not the sort of thing for us to tell at home. That was the reason why we stayed for church. Father would see us sitting there up front looking like angels in our nice, white suits, and maybe he'd forgive us. Maybe, at least, it would defer the consequences. In we went.

We sat up there. We sang as loud as possible. We prayed like anything. We worked ourselves into a fever pitch of righteousness, reaching our peak when we saw Father coming down the aisle, dressed in his somber Sunday clothes, passing the plate.

That was one of the best things Father did. He did it with an air. He certainly had dignity about it, bowing slightly every time he reached a pew, and standing with his hands behind him, with his long, white fingers hanging down. The organ played, softly and stirringly. Father was doing fine.

Then something happened. We couldn't see from where we were, but there was a kind of restless scraping back around the baptismal font. Somebody gasped, and then, faintly, we heard a smothered giggle. Father, eyes straight ahead, just glared. He didn't like disturbances in church. He scowled and bent to pass the plate again. When he did that, his eyebrows sort of rose. Still he looked straight ahead, but suddenly we saw him jerking at his hand.

It was the strangest thing. It looked as if he had paralysis. He could not get that hand from behind his back. There was a wave of snickering, and with a wild, exasperated look, Father yanked hard again. Out from behind him Carmencita swung. She had hold of one of his fingers and she clung to it, her ears laid back, her big brown eyes staring at Father in a challenging, reproachful way.

"For the Almighty's sake!" roared Father.

Then he really yanked. His finger came loose like a cork out of a bottle. Someone screamed. Father reared back, and when he swung his foot he lifted Carmencita two pews up the aisle. She scrambled up, let out a bleat, and tore out of there for home.

I guess that Father's foot supplied the facts of life for Carmencita; when we got home for dinner, she was eating snowballs off the snowball bush. Father walked past her without looking back, and in we went, straight to the dining room. Father sat down and then picked up his glass of milk. Beneath it was a piece of paper.

"What's this doing here?" he asked. "Why, what's this, Nan? Sixteen quarts of milk, one Irish linen tablecloth, one rubber glove—ninety-five dollars? What the devil, Nan?"

"That's what you owe me, John. For Carmencita's board—"

WITHOUT a word, Father gulped at his milk. Then suddenly he rose. His cheeks puffed out. He barely made it to the kitchen. When he came back, his face was dark.

"All right," he snapped, "I'll pay. But milk like that glass isn't worth a cent. Why, that cow'd been eating onions. Change your milkman, Nan!"

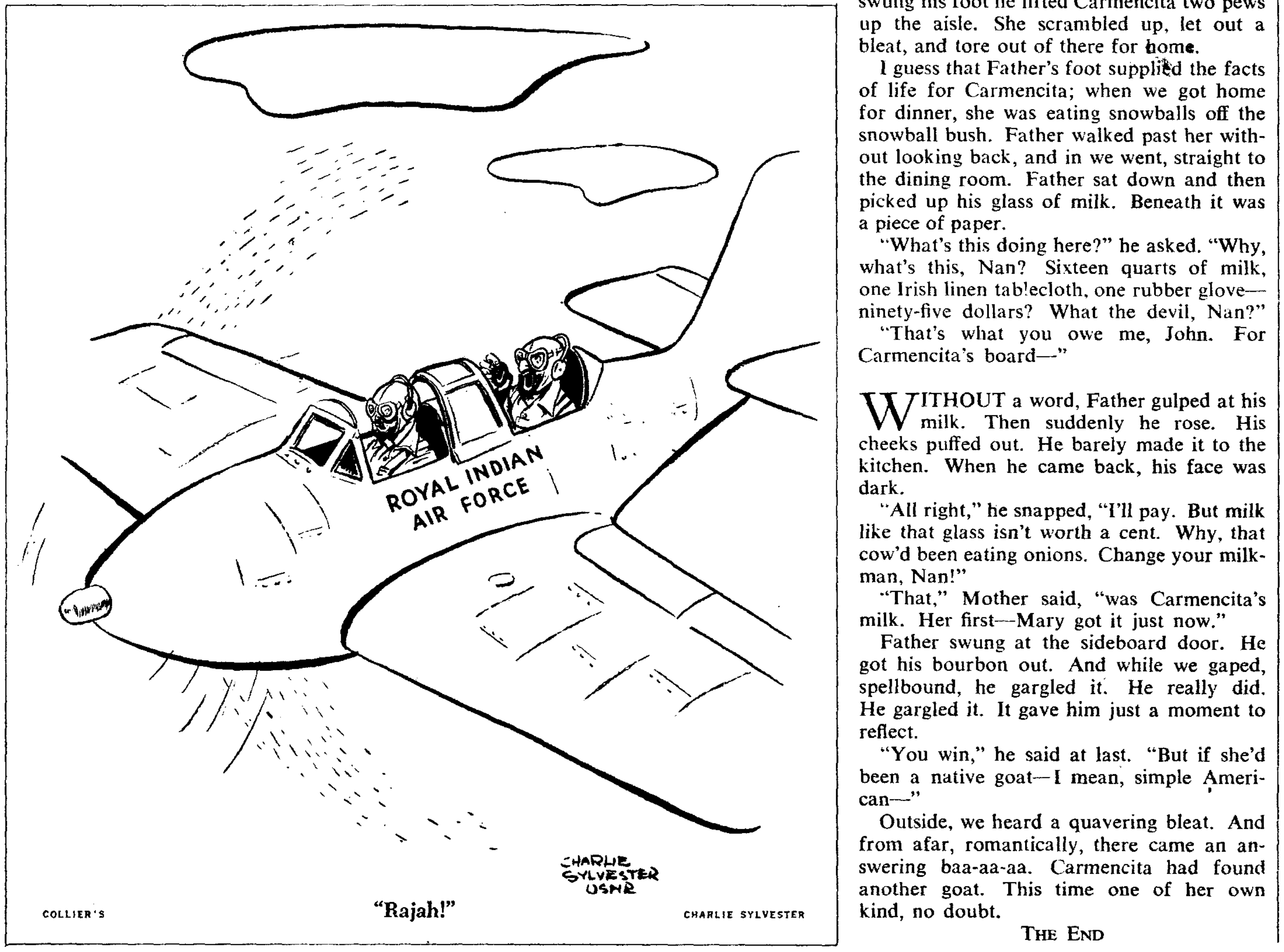
"That," Mother said, "was Carmencita's milk. Her first—Mary got it just now."

Father swung at the sideboard door. He got his bourbon out. And while we gaped, spellbound, he gargled it. He really did. He gargled it. It gave him just a moment to reflect.

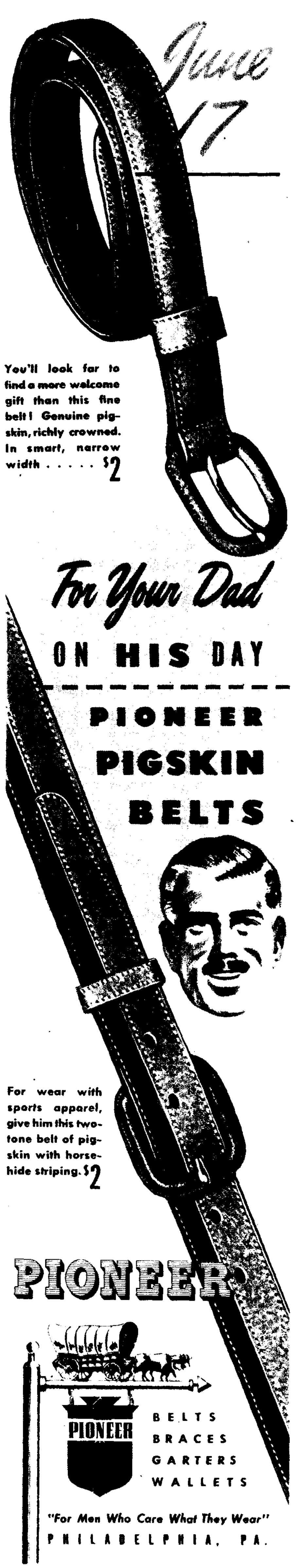
"You win," he said at last. "But if she'd been a native goat—I mean, simple American—"

Outside, we heard a quavering bleat. And from afar, romantically, there came an answering baa-aa-aa. Carmencita had found another goat. This time one of her own kind, no doubt.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Rajah!" CHARLIE SYLVESTER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½ lb. haddock simmered in boiling salted water for 6 minutes, skinned, boned and flaked
2 hardboiled eggs
4 tbs. butter
salt, pepper
cayenne
curry sauce*

Place rice in boiled salted water. Bring to full boil for 13 minutes. Pour rice in sieve, hold under running cold water and stir. Put rice in saucepan over slow heat to dry. Melt butter in separate pan, pour in rice, season with salt, pepper, cayenne. Add fish, chopped white of eggs, stir thoroughly. When hot, place mixture in pyramid, sprinkle with chopped yolk of eggs. Serve curry sauce in separate dish.

Serve with endive salad, sherbert and demi-tasse.

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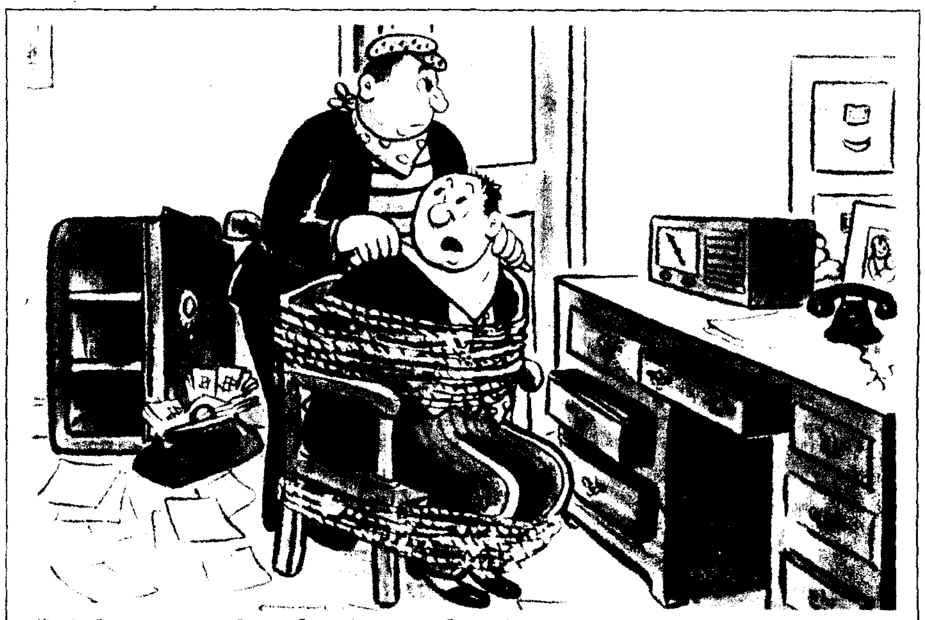

"Mind turning on the radio when you leave? I hate to miss the news at eleven"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF

G.I. Bill of Complaints

Continued from page 15

pays his stenographer (who may happen also to be his wife) $150 a month, puts out a further $150 for incidentals and ends up with a monthly outlay of $500. If he only takes in $500 that month in fees, he can claim his net is zero—and where is the hundred bucks he's entitled to? Should he get it, or should the Veterans Administration insist that he take a cheaper office, pay his wife less and cut down on incidentals?

The lawyer may reply that only by having the proper quarters can he further his career. It will then be the business of some investigator to resolve the dilemma. What Washington fears is that it will take a small army of investigators, auditors and lawyers to work out the self-employed claims.

But it is when we reach the subject of loans that the real uproar starts. We have mentioned the veteran in Iowa who thought that all he had to do was show his discharge papers. He soon found out that he was mixed up in a rat race. In the first place, let it be understood that the government doesn't *give* the veteran a cent. It merely guarantees (up to $2,000) fifty per cent of a loan that has already been made. If the veteran defaults on the loan, he will be jumped by his creditors, and the one jumping first will probably be the government.

But let's systematize the business:

(a) What the veteran first does is apply to the Veterans Administration for a certificate of eligibility. This is merely a paper saying that the veteran has served the appropriate time in the armed forces, has not been dishonorably discharged, and has not exhausted his loan rights up to that date.

(b) Then he starts hunting around for a lender. The fact that he is eligible for a loan doesn't mean that he'll get the loan. He must find somebody (a banker, an individual, or even a government agency such as the RFC) who considers him a good risk.*

(c) After he finds a lender, he has to go back to the Veterans Administration to get their approval before they will guarantee a portion of the loan. That's when the veteran really starts on his expedition. He first has to fill out a form slightly more than a yard long, with questions printed on both sides. In some cases, supplementary forms must be filled out. These reports, together with appraisal sheets, credit information, lenders' forms and other data must be sent to Washington, where the case is parceled out by the Veterans Administration to a reviewing agency—the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Smaller War Plants Corporation, the Department of Agriculture, or the National Housing Agency. The reviewer's report goes back to the Veterans Administration; eventually the veteran may get his loan.

Thus a veteran with a *good fighting* record on Saipan or the Rhine may find that his bad credit record at home may prevent his loan request from even being submitted to the Veterans Administration for guarantee.

The veteran who has had no previous business experience is in no better shape. Unless he can prove by weight of character or salesmanship that he is a good risk, he will not find a lender, and without a lender, he can't even bother the Veterans Administration with his problems. "What good is the G.I. Bill on loans, anyhow?" ask the veterans. "Unless we can prove we're the best risks in the world, the bank won't let us have the money. If we *can* prove it, the bank will give us all we need on a straight loan basis without government support."

Loans are not limited to $2,000, but the part guaranteed by the Veterans Administration is limited to $2,000. Thus if a veteran defaults on a $10,000 loan, the federal government will return to the lender only $2,000. If the loan is for $4,000 or less, the guarantee can't exceed 50 per cent of the loan.

Consequently, the record of loans since Pearl Harbor has been ridiculous. As of the middle of February, 1945, there were only eight applications for farm-loan guarantees, with three granted; and eleven for business-loan guarantees, with six granted!

Money with Strings Attached

A million and a half veterans were eligible for these loans, and this is the record. Looking back, it is difficult to imagine what was in the minds of the legislators in respect to loans. There have been open charges that manipulators of the bill in Congress were intent on presenting the semblance of generosity without providing the reality. These legislators are said to be greatly concerned with the cost of the G.I. Bill and they have cleverly hedged it about with restrictions, so that what looks like a good chance for the veteran is no chance at all. On the other hand, it is held that the loan provisions were made difficult so the veteran would be protected from his own incapacity or ignorance.

The Veterans Administration has asked for around $300,000,000 for the next fiscal year, and it is estimated that the bill will cost in excess of a billion dollars a year in succeeding years. That may sound like a lot of money, but the country is touchy where the veteran is concerned. The storm is rising and critical voices are beginning to be heard. It seems conclusively proved that there are sections of the G.I. Bill that need reforming. It would take a very stubborn Congress to resist those reforms. We shouldn't like to be a member of that Congress.

THE END

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* A detailed discussion of the business opportunities and problems of veterans appeared in Collier's of April 28, 1945, under the title, The Big Money—It Isn't There.

Bretton Woods or World War III

Continued from page 19

good any losses which might be incurred. Therefore they would be willing to lend the Greek fertilizer manufacturer the money needed at lower interest rates and more lenient terms than otherwise would be prudent.

The loan, therefore, would be concluded. The Greek manufacturer would get his money. In due time he'd be making enough fertilizer to export a little. Trade, the lifeblood of world welfare would begin to flow again. With his profits the Greek manufacturer would repay the loan to his government which, in turn, would repay the Bank. His profits might also permit him to buy an automobile in the United States.

The International Bank also could make direct loans where necessary. The funds for these would come either from the one fifth of its capital originally paid in by the United Nations or from funds obtained by selling the Bank's own securities to investors in various nations.

Thus the International Bank would be a pool from which the financially anemic countries could receive large and immediate transfusions of money at low interest rates and for long terms. This pool—the Bank—would be set up to operate like any other bank with all the usual safeguards, and wouldn't, as some critics say, be a big grab bag to make an Uncle Sucker out of Uncle Sam.

Measure the benefits for yourself: America would subscribe only about 35 per cent of the total capital and take, therefore, only 35 per cent of the total risks of any default. The rest of the risk and possible loss would be borne by the other nations. But don't forget this is an *international* bank. Nations couldn't morally and economically afford to be defaulters. They'd lose credit all over the world. They'd be economically ostracized. They'd become economic and *political* pariahs, subject to the punitive laws, potentially, of Dumbarton Oaks.

What the nations concerned will need for the next five years or more will be farm machinery, motors, electrical appliances, trucks, autos, ships and shipping service. In the early postwar period, only America will be able to supply such goods and services in any quantity. Therefore a loan by the International Bank of, say, $1,000,000 to finance a reconstruction project in Yugoslavia would mean that Yugoslavia would spend almost that full amount to buy American goods. Indeed, money borrowed from the International Bank or secured under its guarantee can be used *only to buy goods abroad.* The borrowing country or company must pay its own *domestic* labor and material costs out of funds raised from other sources.

How do we know that borrowers are likely to buy mostly from America? Because this war winds up with only three industrial titans—the U.S.A., Great Britain and Russia. The USSR, its own and foreign experts estimate, will need from fifteen to twenty years in which to recover from the devastating effects of this war and to be able to compete in world markets.

"Why can't I go in? They'll never notice me"

COLLIER'S CORKA

Britain will have problems of reconstruction and refinancing of its own at home and within the Empire. It will have to rebuild, for example, at least one third of its homes. Britain's energies will be devoted to repaying its debts. It will owe, at the war's end, at least $15,000,000,000 to the members of the Empire alone and it will need to pay that debt in goods. Britain's money is nearly all gone, much of it in payments to buy war materials from the U.S.A. Britain will keep its belt notched tight in order to export goods to pay these debts, but even so, it won't be able to supply the heavy machinery, locomotives, automobiles and airplanes in anything like the quantities that the world will need. America will be the principal source.

But (skeptics might understandably inquire) isn't this putting government into business in a big world-wide way? The answer is no. The International Bank's by-laws prohibit it from extending loans to a country if that country can float them from regular money merchants in New York's Wall Street or London's Threadneedle Street. The Bank is designed strictly for emergency operations, to provide transfusions when nobody else is willing to part with the plasma, for fear that the patient might die. It'll lend money (under guarantees explained above) on faith in the ability of other people to pull themselves out of the ruins of war: to the Dutch to help them drive back the sea again, and to the Yugoslavs to build hydroelectric plants to harness the power of the Száva and the Danube. This is nothing new; everybody has heard of cases where small-town banks have loaned money successfully to a local boy who offered no more collateral than an excellent character and a big idea.

To Keep World Trade Alive

The fight over the proposals, however, centers not on the Bank but upon a related though different project called the Monetary Fund. Among the responsible groups whose delegated committees have raised objections are the American Bankers Association and the New York State Bankers Association, whereas committees of the Pennsylvania Bankers Association and the Independent Bankers Association favor the plan.

The Bank would enable the Greek fertilizer maker, the French vintner, the Dutch bulb grower and the Czech glass manufacturer to rebuild their plants and revive their soil. They'd produce goods to be sold and traded in the world's marts. They'd put wages into workers' pockets and create a demand for what America and other nations have to sell. The Bank would revive world trade. The Monetary Fund would *keep* it alive.

Here's the idea: Like the Bank, the proposed Fund would be an international pool. It would contain $8,800,000,000 of everybody's money, with America providing again the largest ante, or $2,750,000,000. Britain would contribute $1,300,000,000 and Russia $1,200,000,000, and other nations in proportion, down to Liberia with only $500,000.

Altogether there would be $17,900,000,000 in both pools, and this, you might well argue, is a lot of wampum. But if you'll get out your paper and pencil and do a little figuring, you'll turn up an astounding little arithmetical truth. At the rate the U.S. alone is spending money to fight the war, $250,000,000 a day, the whole sum wouldn't last 72 days. If world recovery could be started and kept going for so small a sum, it would be a bargain.

Let's see how the Fund will work. Let's return to little Greece whose contribution to the Fund has been set at $40,000,000. The Fund works only with the central banks of the various United Nations—the Federal Reserve System in our case—and not with individuals. Its main purpose is to keep nations' currency stable in relation to one another so

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that trade among nations can be expedited and expanded.

Even with the money secured through the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, there undoubtedly will be times—especially in the early postwar years—when Greece will have to import more goods in the course of its day-to-day trade than it will export. Greece will have to pay for its imports from the United States with dollars. Under conditions which would exist without a Fund, Greece could get these dollars in but one of two ways: (1) from the sale of olive products such as olive oil in the American market or (2) by purchasing dollars with gold—the international medium of exchange. If Greece could not sell Americans enough goods to equal the value of her imports from the United States, she would have to use gold to make up the difference.

But there's the rub. Greece simply wouldn't have enough gold. Moreover, Greece would have to keep a substantial part of its gold as a reserve for the Greek drachma just as we maintain a gold reserve to back up our own national currency.

If a country's gold reserve gets too low, it must either reduce the amount of its currency and curtail its credit or the people lose confidence in their government's credit and inflation will result. It must be remembered that if it follows the first course and reduces its currency and credit, prices will fall, business will contract and depression will result.

You can readily see why Greece could not pay for any material excess of imports over exports without serious harm to her national welfare. Therefore, if she were faced with such an excess of imports, Greece would have to find some other way out of her dilemma than by shipping out gold.

If there were no International Monetary Fund after the war, Greece probably would be forced to raise her tariffs or impose import quotas to keep out all foreign goods except those most sorely needed. She also might enter into barter agreements with other nations as a means of increasing her exports. She might devalue her currency by fifty per cent, so that an American dollar would be worth twice as many drachmas as before, in an endeavor to encourage foreign purchases in Greece and thus stimulate exports.

The Road to World Depression

But experience has shown all these devices to be fruitless. They are merely drugs which further weaken and eventually enslave the patient. As one nation after another raises its trade barriers and competitively devalues its currency *world trade dries up!* World depression follows as after World War I.

But this tragic process need not be repeated after World War II if the International Monetary Fund is established. Should there be a Fund, Greece and the other United Nations would agree *not* to indulge in currency practices that would destroy world trade. Moreover the Fund's $8,800,000,000 pool would make it possible for Greece and other nations to live up to their agreements.

The pool would be composed of currencies contributed by all the United Nations. Each member nation would subscribe gold equal to at least 25 per cent of its quota or to ten per cent of its net official holdings of gold and U.S. dollars, whichever is smaller. Each member could borrow from the Fund the currencies of other nations which it might need. Therefore, if Greece experienced a temporary shortage of American dollars to pay for imports from the United States, it could borrow dollars from the Fund under proper safeguards. Moreover, if Greece's excess imports problem showed signs of becoming chronic, the Fund would provide a means for the United Nations to get together on a plan for helping Greece.

Thus, as compared to the transfusions which the Bank would provide to nations facing problems of reconstruction and development, the Fund would make available the serum that would keep stable the relationship between dollars, drachmas, pounds, francs and other currencies—so essential to carrying on world trade.

The Fund would furnish the special type of "shots" the patient would need from time to time to keep its legs from wobbling. It would provide rubles, sterling, francs, dinars, guilders and other varieties of money—including large doses of dollars. The Bretton Woods specialists had no illusions about it; the type of serum that'll be most called for, the currency which will be needed most will be dollars—because most of the trade will necessarily swing our way. The long green may be the world's scarcest currency outside the U.S.

It has probably occurred to you by now that the conditions which will prevail at the war's end will offer wonderful opportunities for profitable exploitation. They aren't, actually, as good as they look. But they'll be good enough to provide a big market for American goods. Not all nations will be completely broke. Even poor Greece, for instance, has gold and dollars amounting to almost $60,000,000. Greece needs gasoline, machines, wheat and lard so desperately that it might, presumably, be willing to part with most or even all of this money to buy those things from us.

There's No Lack of Cash

The same with France, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Belgium and the others. They all have some money left and they all need things. We could drain off this residual wealth and do business on a cash-on-the-barrelhead basis for a while. But then what?

Well, then we could siphon off what's left of the world's gold resources. We've got most of it, about 60 per cent or $20,600,000,000 worth, buried at Fort Knox. There's at least $14,000,000,000 worth floating around in Europe, South America, the Middle East and the Orient. But would the other nations trade on that basis? Assuming that they would, at best we'd have prosperity for a few years and we'd end up with all or nearly all of the world's gold. This we'd add to that paralyzed patrimony of potential wedding rings at Fort Knox.

This would be a Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford way of doing things. The other countries of the world would be poorer than ever. They'd have no money with which to buy our excess farm and industrial products. They'd raise protective tariff barriers and engage in two-way barter among themselves. The volume of world trade would shrink; we'd be back where we were in 1929-1931 when world trade dropped to half what it had been, and we had to close factories and go on relief.

Although there are sincere objections to the Monetary Fund by some bankers and economists, there are other politicians, businessmen and bankers who want to do business as outlined above. They frighten people by saying the Monetary Fund will become a grab bag for dollars. Everybody will want dollars, and the Fund will have to keep on supplying them or shut up shop. The experts who drafted the Bretton Woods plan doubt there will be a scarcity of dollars, but if a shortage comes it will not be because of the International Monetary Fund.

Some Bretton Woods opponents give this scarcity of dollars as one excuse for scrapping the Fund and amending the plan to give some functions of the Fund to the Bank. The Bretton Woods proposals were the result of more than a year's give and take, compromises and concessions during which every one of the forty-four participating nations tried to tag onto the plan its own financial ideas. An amendment such as these opponents propose would require another conference. It's doubtful whether agreement could be reached in time to do any good. Peace, and the problems of life or death for millions that it will bring, are just over the horizon. Time is the scarcest coin of all.

The circumstances, in fact, might be likened to those under which our Constitution was adopted. The need for the Constitution was critical and it was accepted by the Colonies; the amendments came after the primary need was fulfilled.

The opponents of Bretton Woods also ignore the plan's safeguards against any extreme raid on dollars or any other currency. No member, for instance, can borrow in dollars or other currency more than a quarter of the value of its own contribution in any 12-month period. The Union of South Africa's quota, for example, will be $100,000,000.

Thus South Africa couldn't borrow more than $25,000,000 worth of dollars, pounds or any other currency in any year.

There is another important aspect of the Monetary Fund plan. This one is particularly important to a country like the U.S. which owns about 60 per cent of all the world's gold. The Fund revives the gold standard in a new, flexible and practical sense. Every member of the Fund must pay 25 per cent of its quota in gold and the balance in its own currency. This gives the Fund additional resources with which to buy currencies needed by member nations and further helps to keep all money stable, so that dollars will have a definite value in terms of francs and sterling and drachmas. If this is done, an American exporter can send a $5,000 load of tobacco to Belgium, and it will be worth $5,000 when it reaches Brussels—not $4,000.

Yes, it's complicated, and you could get hard-boiled about it all and say, "Hell, it's their mess, let them find a way out of it themselves! We won the war for them and they ought to be satisfied with that!" Unfortunately it's our mess, too. Economics and politics are strangely interrelated. It is difficult to say where one ends and the other begins. Wars, the shooting kind, seem always to follow economic warfare.

One of the causes of the trade war which preceded World War II was that each nation sought to solve its currency problems by individual action rather than in co-operation with other nations. None of these efforts was successful. Trade barriers were raised, and currencies were devalued. World trade shrank to a smaller and smaller volume. One conclusion emerged, and during the ensuing years has been developed and expanded in the light of greater understanding of the facts.

Co-operation the Only Way

This conclusion holds that what a nation does with its money is of concern, not only to itself but to all other nations, and that only concerted action can solve international monetary problems in the closely knit modern world. All this adds up to the fact that, instead of each nation going its own way, trying to corral as much of the world's trade as possible by means of cutthroat tactics like tariff barriers, currency devaluation and two-way barter, they should get together, consider one another's needs and economic weaknesses and set up a relation between their currencies which would allow all to live, none to starve. This is what the Bretton Woods plan proposes.

The world tried to go back to the gold standard after the last war and found it wouldn't work. This time, if Bretton Woods becomes reality, the countries will sit around a table, each with its gold bags in one hand and a pencil in the other, and revalue their money with due regard for one another's relative wealth or poverty. They'll fix the values of the currencies in terms of gold so that they'll be interchangeable at known and stable rates without loss or exorbitant profit—not so high as to make it impossible for one country to buy another's goods and not so low as to gain an unfair advantage in the world market.

The resultant stability would enable trade to grow, the economists hope, to husky proportions. Every country would have some money all of the time, and no country would be broke most of the time. Whenever one nation's reserves of foreign exchange or gold ran low, it could go to the Monetary Fund for relief rather than revert to the old throat-cutting game.

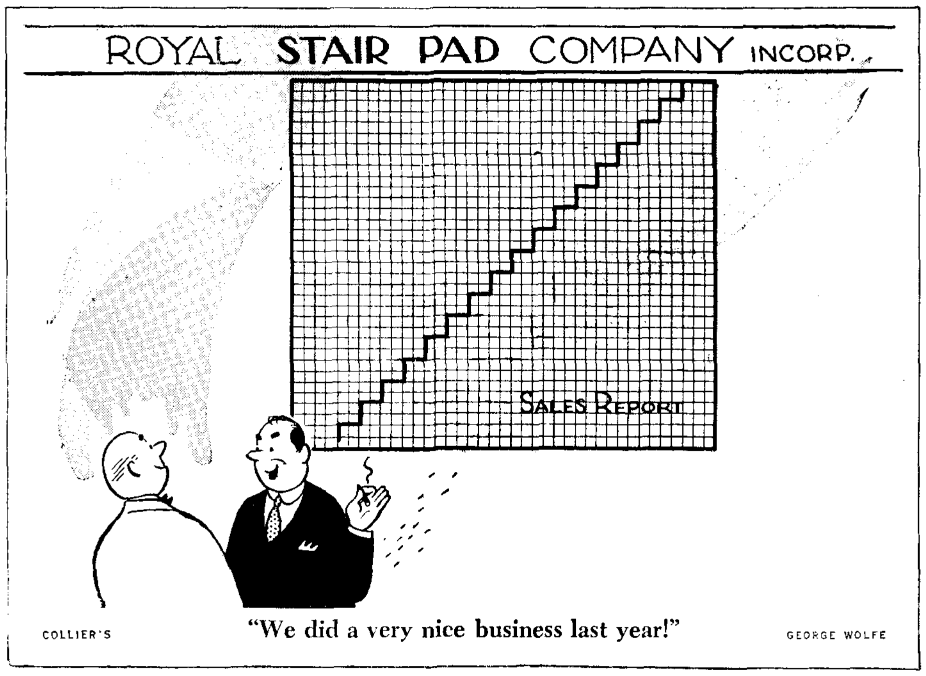
It'll be a give-and-take proposition. If it isn't, it won't work. The Bretton Woods planners admit this. Some nations will have to make sacrifices. America, for example, will bear the largest share of the burden of financing the peace just as it did the war. The reward for pouring out billions for war was victory and survival. The return on America's future investment could be international prosperity on a scale which would ensure markets for the growing agricultural and industrial output of an ever-increasing number of American workers.

America's stake in the future is, perhaps, bigger than anyone else's. Unless the Bretton Woods plan or something very like the Bretton Woods plan to revive and expand world trade is adopted, this country faces a grim future. The war cut or temporarily wiped out the productive capacities of other nations, but it stimulated those of Britain and Russia and particularly of America. Our productive power has increased, the experts say, by 50 per cent since the war began. We learned new production techniques, expanded old plants and built new ones and sprouted entirely new industries with new products to sell. At the war's end, the U.S. will have more people employed than at any time in its history—upward of 52,000,000.

This unprecedented mass of agricultural and industrial workers cannot possibly consume all the wheat, cotton, tobacco and lard, and all the automobiles, radios, airplanes and machinery of all kinds it can produce. We will need to export, they told me in Washington, at least 50 per cent of our cotton crop, 30 per cent of our tobacco, 22 per cent of office-machine production, 17 per cent of our farm machinery, and 14 per cent of automobile production to keep employment at a high level and avoid a depression.

Both Britain and Russia made substantial concessions at Bretton Woods, as we did; and if it did nothing else, Bretton Woods proved the possibility of international economic co-operation. It proved that the world's economists can develop programs to solve common problems by common negotiation, compromise, proposal and counterproposal. Economists recognize the financial interdependence of nations and maybe they there proved that the world is economically more nearly One World than it is politically, or than it could be. Maybe they got together on some points and wiped out differences because they, better than amateurs, knew how terrible the alternatives .to agreement and co-operation would be.

THE END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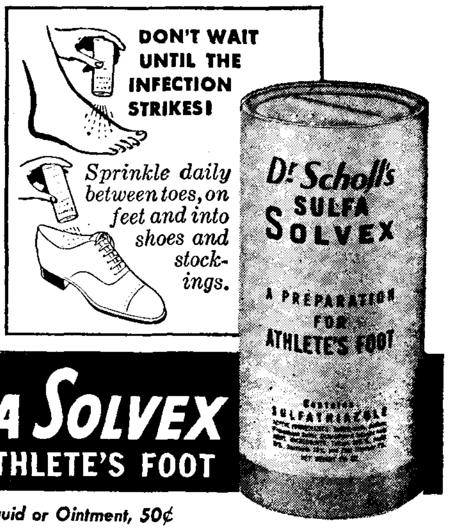
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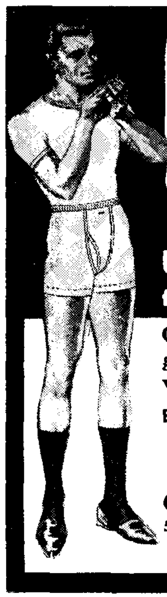

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Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

He didn't know it, but he went through the heaviest shelling the battalion had experienced since D-Day. At Verlauten Heide, the tank got hit by a shell. Fortunately it was high-explosive and not armor-piercing and Cordner merely got knocked silly by the concussion. He crawled out of the tank and made his way to the battalion command post in the cellar of a house.

Cordner was there for a few minutes when the phone rang. It was one of the companies.

"We've just captured a wonderful observation post for the Air Corps officer."

"Fine," said the battalion commander, "Where is it?"

"On top of Crucifix Hill."

Cordner turned white, but by this time he was ready for anything. He staggered out to his tank. "Up the hill, boys," he said resignedly, and the tank moved forward, attracting all the German mortar and artillery fire in the neighborhood.

Miraculously, the tank escaped, but halfway up the hill, Cordner decided it was impossible to go any farther. He left the tank and crawled up to the company command post. The first thing he saw on top of the hill was a large excitable character from the South.

"What in the name of all that's holy are you doing on this blasted hill with that blankety-blank tank?" he roared.

"I—I need the radio in it to do my work," said Cordner.

"What the hell is your work?"

"I'm the Air Corps officer," said Cordner.

"Oh," the other said. "But someone has to get that tank out of there. Damn it, I'll do it myself!" And the incredible Southerner strode down the shell-smashed hill. He did a masterful job of bringing the tank up to the command post through a little ravine.

CORDNER went out to have a look at his observation post. It was a foxhole on the north side of the hill facing the enemy. Shells dropped intermittently on the position. In the other foxholes were the Rangers who had taken the hill. The Germans were throwing everything they had at the hill in an attempt to dislodge or kill the Rangers and knock out the observation posts.

Cordner got into his foxhole and went to work. He stayed there through five nightmarish days and nights. The first thing he did was notice heavy German traffic along the Merzbruck-Weiden road, leading into besieged Aachen. He put a squadron of sixteen Thunderbolts on the road by means of the radio in his tank, farther back at the command post. The road and the traffic disappeared in the smoke of the P-47s' 500-pound bombs. After that, every time the traffic resumed, the Thunderbolts put a rapid stop to it. Aachen was cut off from this direction.

Next, Cordner noticed suspicious movement in a large apple orchard near Weiden. He watched through his binoculars. Finally he called up another squadron and put it on the orchard. The orchard burned like a fuel dump. There were fifty German tanks there concentrated for a counterattack.

The third day, Cordner was groggy from the shelling and lack of sleep. But suddenly, looking through his binoculars, he noticed a strange thing. In a house, at the edge of American-held Verlauten Heide, he saw a German standing in the doorway, smoking.

"That's too close for the air," he said to himself.

He looked around wildly. A dead Ranger was lying near by still clutching his rifle. Cordner grabbed the rifle and took a pot shot at the German, 500 yards away. The German grabbed his shoulder and fell inside. Later, mortars destroyed the house.

On the fifth day, Cordner's radio went out. The tank had been hit again and was in bad shape. Filthy, muddy, groggy, Cordner made his way down the hill to Eilendorf, where he learned for the first time what a terrific job he had done. For hours after he reached his headquarters, all Cordner could say over and over again was, "Those poor G.I.s! Those poor, poor, *poor* G.I.s!"... BILL DAVIDSON

The Week's Work

ASA BORDAGES, author of Suicide Creek (p. 21), was not sure whether he was writing a news dispatch, a book, an article or what, as he sat at a typewriter out there on a Pacific island, a short distance from the continuing battle. He only knew that he had to get down on paper somehow the way his fellow Marines, the men he knew so well, had gone through one small terrible segment of the war—the nine-day action that ended with the taking of Walt's Ridge, in New Britain.

A technical sergeant assigned to combat correspondence, Bordages was recovering from a wound and caught up with the combat units just as this particular action was coming to a close. There, at the edge of the jungle, he talked with his Marines as they dragged themselves back from the front, and he settled down to write and write, shifting his typewriter from a log, to his knees, to a packing case. He emerged with a 109-page battle report of a decidedly unusual kind, telling of jungle warfare in terms of the men tangled up in it. Here no one hero was glorified.

Bordages could write so intimately because he had been with this battalion for months, sharing their liberty back in Melbourne, and taking part in their maneuvers. He had kept a little notebook filled with information about each one.

When his bulky manuscript got to Washington, the Marine public relations men couldn't decide what to do with it, for it didn't fit into any standard category. Collier's heard about it, conferred with Bordages (now back in this country, honorably discharged) and asked him to shape the work into a two-part article, which he did.

Bordages, a Texan, was an experienced writing man before he enlisted in the Marines. A crime-chasing reporter from age seventeen on, he had a grand time in his cub years picturing himself as one of a swashbuckling tribe of newspapermen. "With an American Mercury in one hand and a bottle of gin in the other, we thought we were romantic as all hell," he says, "but we got over that phase."

Eventually he earned quite a name on the World Telegram as a crime expert. He invented the term, Murder, Inc., for Brooklyn's notorious gangster ring, and wrote a play based on the ring's activities. The play, entitled Brooklyn, U.S.A., opened on Broadway shortly after Pearl Harbor.

Asa Bordages

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

Mary Main

THE U.S. COAST GUARD wishes the public to know that there is a continuing need for war dogs, especially for use in the Pacific, and that suitable dogs will be welcomed into the service.

A recent Collier's article, The G.I. Dog Comes Home, apparently led some readers to believe that the Coast Guard was more anxious to give dogs away than to recruit them. The purpose of the article, which was done in co-operation with the Coast Guard, was to dispel the fear some people feel that a dog trained for war may be dangerous to have around when peace comes. It shows that detrained K-9s, once returned home, may make better pets than before. But the great dog demobilization must await the war's end.

WHEN you know the sort of life Mary Main has had, you understand the source of the warmth and richness she puts into her stories about South America. (She wrote The Dark Land, p. 24.) She was born in Buenos Aires of English parents. Her father was a civil engineer on a British-owned Argentine railway and the railway was her back yard. "A yard where derelict rolling stock is stranded makes the most wonderful playground in the world," Mrs. Main says.

After attending a finishing school in England, she came back to a very unfinishing-school sort of life in South America. "My father built a house among the forests in the north, and we fished for dorado in the swift waters of the Alto Parana and chased wild pig and mountain cat from the maize which was planted to keep the jungle from swallowing the house, and rode into an interior carpeted with maidenhair fern. . . .

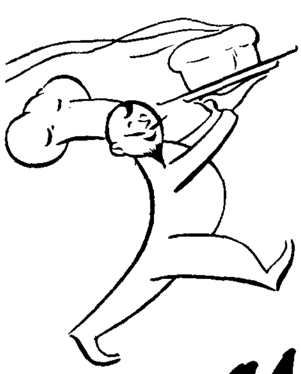
"It seemed natural that I should marry an engineer on my father's railway, and we set up housekeeping in a dilapidated railroad coach. We had a son, and knowing nothing of infantile schedules, I cheerfully took him wherever we went, only now learning the dire peril to which I subjected him. He survived remarkably.

"War brought us to North America and has stranded me—fortunately—in New York where I'll be for the duration, as my husband makes this his base for his unpredictable departures and returns, and my son is at school in Canada."

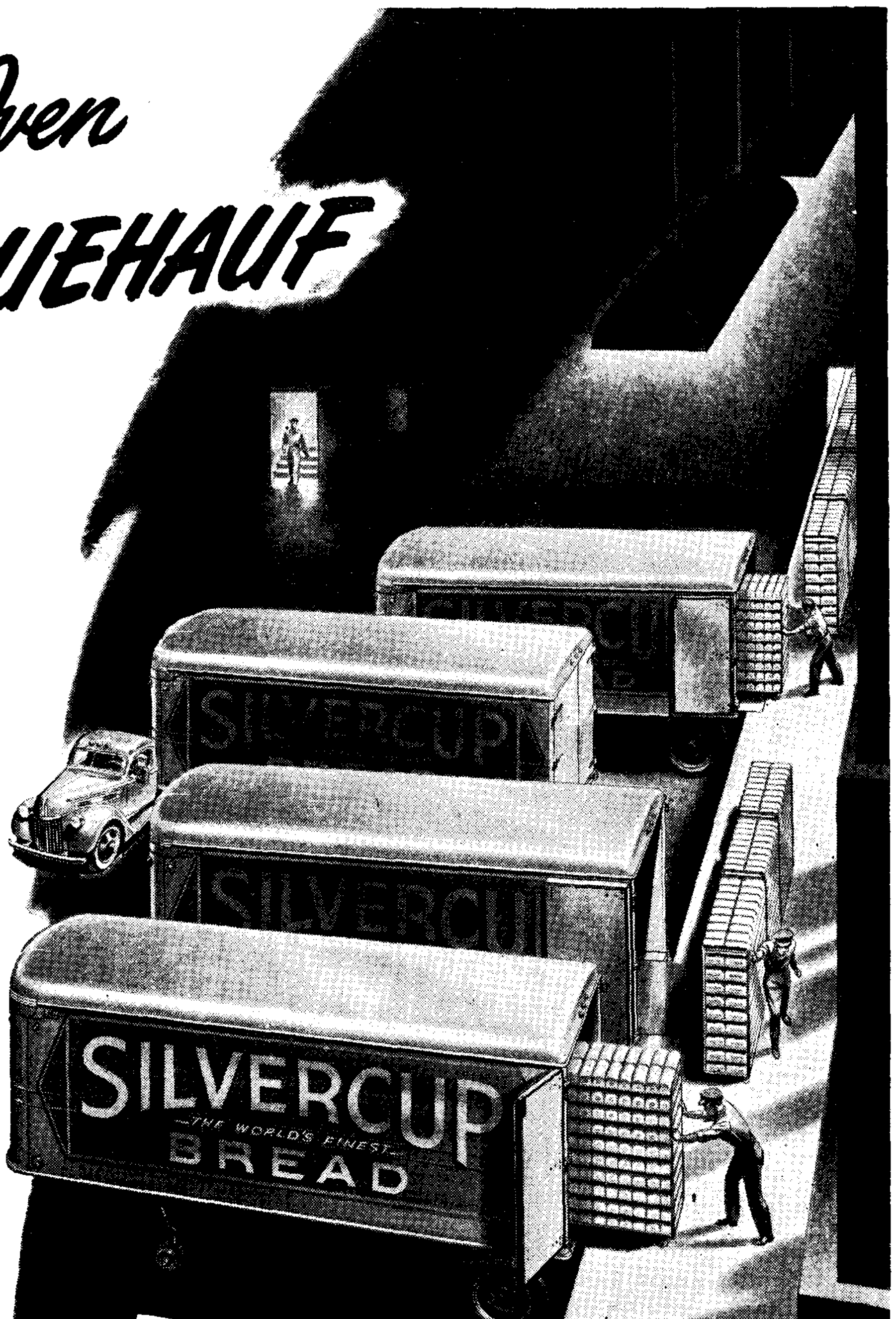
MARTHA TILTON, the actress who posed for this week's War Bond cover, figures she has earned the title "Miss Fruitcake of 1944." We know of no contenders. For who but Martha ever carried a fruitcake 30,000 miles from the United States, to various Pacific islands, to Guadalcanal?

She was about to set out on a USO Camp Show tour last summer when the mother of Major Ralph W. Bohne chanced to meet her and asked if she would please try to deliver a homemade fruitcake to the major, who is somewhere in the Pacific, in time for his birthday, July 10th. Martha agreed and stepped on the transpacific plane with the fruitcake under her arm. Several times the cake got mislaid and Martha had a time recovering it. Eventually, and in time for the birthday, she was able to deliver it to Major Bohne on Guadalcanal. Back in the United States a present was waiting for her—a homemade fruitcake from Mrs. Bohne.

The cover showing Martha opening her piggy bank for the sake of the 7th War Loan was painted by Seymour Thompson. . . . A. P.



Hot from the Oven . . . AND INTO A FRUEHAUF



Next thing you know it's on your table!

If You Live in Bridgeport, Toledo, Joliet . . . or almost any other city of about the same size . . . it's quite possible your daily bread arrived on a Fruehauf Trailer.

That's the case, for example, if the bread on your table is Silvercup. For Gordon Baking Company . . . bakers of Silvercup . . . depend on a fleet of 35 Fruehauf Trailers to deliver bread from their plants in New York, Detroit and Chicago to other metropolitan areas within an 80-mile radius of these cities. The Trailers each carry "a mile of bread" . . . 5,000 loaves . . . enough to supply 5 to 7 delivery routes.

MILK AND FLOUR, TOO

But delivering bread *faster* . . . and *fresher* . . . isn't the only job these Fruehaufs do . . . for, on the return trips, they also haul incoming materials to the bakeries. Gordon maintains its own milk processing stations at LaGrange, Ind., and Salamanca, N. Y. . . . and from these points the Trailers come into the plants with full loads of milk.

On arrival back in Detroit or Chicago they haul flour from rail terminals to the bakeries. As many as 280 bags ride in one Trailer . . . that's nearly 20 tons . . . yet these big loads are pulled by trucks with a load-rating far below that figure. That's because any truck can *pull*, on a Trailer, far more than it is designed to *carry!*

LONG HOURS—LOW COST

These Fruehaufs get a lot of hard usage . . . 14 hours a day or more . . . 75,000 miles a year. Repair costs? Only lubrication, painting and nominal maintenance. Endurance? Many of the Fruehaufs in this fleet have outlasted 4 trucks!

The Gordon Baking experience is typical of thousands of others . . . in more than 100 different kinds of business . . . whose executives will tell you that Trailers do countless jobs that couldn't be done as well, if at all, by any other method.

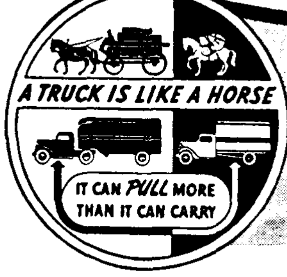
World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

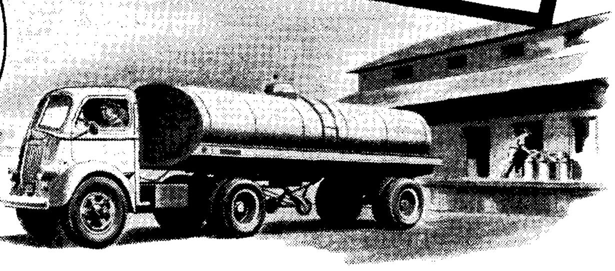
FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY • DETROIT 32

Service in Principal Cities

Today's Bread Today . . .

It's one o'clock in the morning . . . today's batch of bread is ready and loaded on a Fruehauf. By dawn the Trailer will be unloading its 5,000 loaves in another city 60, 70, or 80 miles away. Next thing you know, you may be having a slice of Silvercup for your noon or evening meal . . . today's bread today . . . thanks to the efficiency and speed of the Truck-Trailer delivery method.


A TRUCK IS LIKE A HORSE
IT CAN PULL MORE THAN IT CAN CARRY



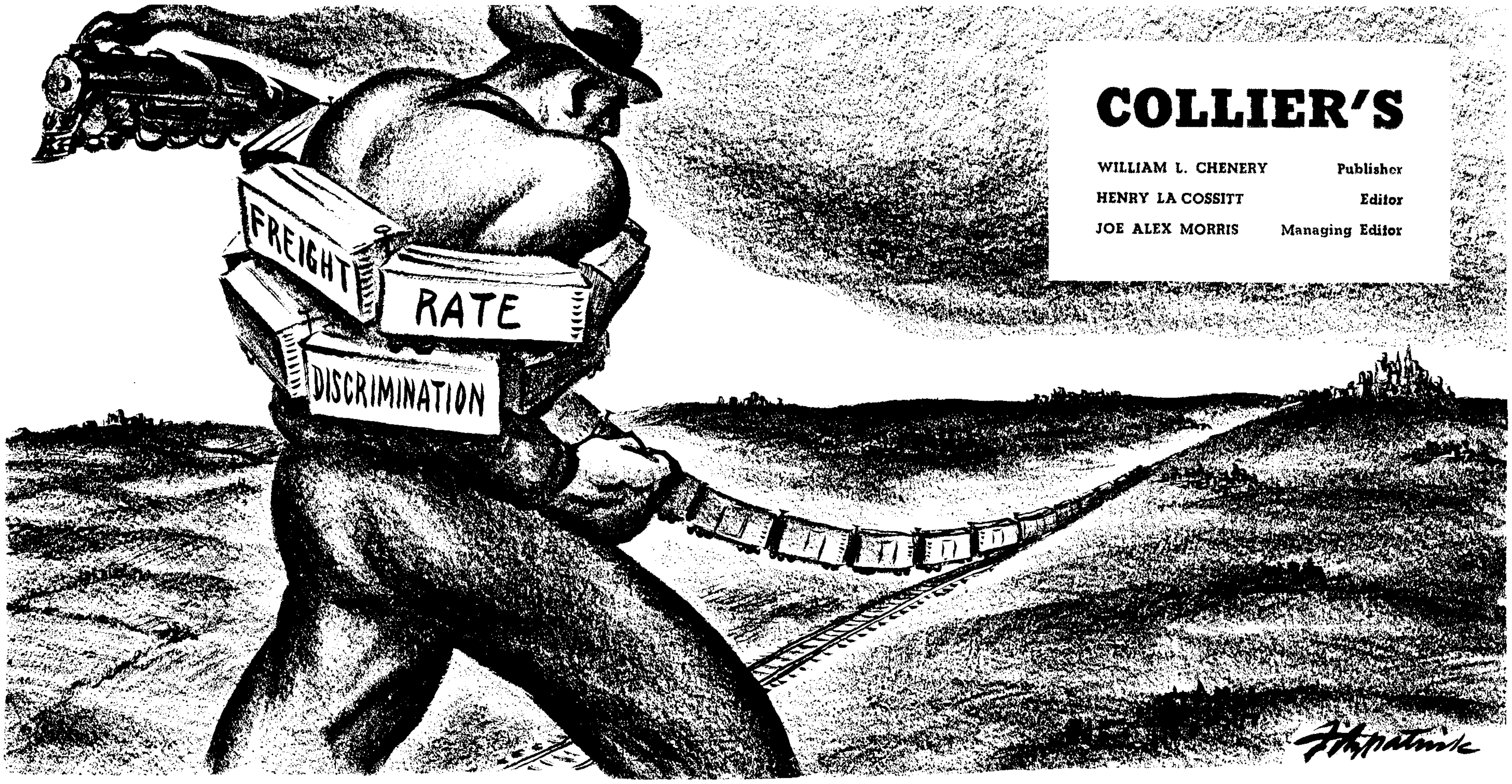
FRUEHAUF Trailers

"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

★ GORDON'S FIRST FRUEHAUF TRAILER

The *first* Fruehauf purchased by Gordon Baking was a 1925-model Tank-Trailer for hauling fresh milk for the bakeries. This veteran unit is one of a fleet of 6 Fruehaufs doing duty at Gordon's LaGrange plant—20 years of constant service—and still on the road!



COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
HENRY LA COSSITT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

MORE LIGHT ON FREIGHT RATES

GOVERNOR ELLIS ARNALL of Georgia has won the first round in a fight which may make economic and industrial history in this country. The energetic Georgian who put Gene Talmadge on the political shelf, we hope permanently, has persuaded the United States Supreme Court to hear a suit on the subject of alleged freight-rate discriminations by various railroads in favor of the industrial Northeast and against the mainly agricultural South and West.

It is an old controversy, with many an in and many an out. The basic contention of Southerners and Westerners is that general railroad policy is to overcharge for freight haulage from those areas into the Northeast, and to undercharge for haulage from the Northeast into the West and South. This, it is charged, has long operated to discourage manufacturing in the latter parts of the country. Terms like "economic feudalism," "industrial vassalage," and so on, are flung around very freely by the hotter advocates of equalizing the freight rates.

A new wrinkle introduced into this fight by Governor Arnall is an attack on the ancient and honorable Interstate Commerce Commission itself, which Arnall charges with undue delay in deciding rate cases, and with discouraging competitive rate-making. The suit he wants to bring in the Supreme Court is in the nature of an antitrust suit. Unless freight rates for all parts of the country are equalized fairly soon, Arnall professes to foresee the postwar crippling or scrapping of a lot of the highly productive and useful plants we have built in South and West during the war.

It seems to us that the ICC has too long a record of top-flight public service to justify anybody in jumping now to the conclusion that it has gone to seed. We know, too, that low rates for water-borne freight on the TVA's waterways are giving the rails some healthy competition in that area. The same thing happened long ago in New York State when the Erie Canal began to function.

However, we've long felt that what this whole question of freight rates needed most was to have a strong spotlight focused on it for a while, so that all of us could become acquainted with its above-mentioned ins and outs. Arnall's Georgia suit looks as if it should furnish that spotlight.

If any reforms are found to be needed, the ICC should be pressed by public opinion to bring those reforms about. The basic reason why this country is so productive and powerful today is that since the Constitution became effective in 1789, we have had free trade over our large land area. Whenever responsible persons allege that anything is curtailing that freedom of trade, we owe it to ourselves to look carefully into the charges and take any action we find necessary to keep interstate trade free.

BONER IN MEMPHIS

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, is a grand town, except for Boss Ed Crump and a few other decorations of like loveliness; but when Memphis' film censors banned the movie Brewster's Millions, it looks as if they pulled a bad boner.

The picture has the colored actor and radio comedian Rochester (real name Eddie Anderson) in an important role. Heaven knows there is no race-conflict subject matter in this old potboiler by the late George Barr "Graustark" McCutcheon, about a young fellow who comes into a lot of money which he has to spend in a given time.

Memphis' three-member board of film censors, however, saw fit to rule the picture out—so quietly that Memphis didn't hear about it till the Associated Press' New York office buzzed its Memphis office for the story. Thereupon, the chairman of the movie censorship board—fellow name of Lloyd T. Binford—stated that the picture "represents too much social equality and racial mixture," and that Rochester in his role has "too familiar a way about him."

Altogether, we'd say, the Memphis movie censors have made a sorry contribution at a time when forward-looking Americans, North and South, are doing their best to get rid of race problems in this country. The best tip to the Memphis citizenry would seem to be to tell its film censors to get up to date or get out of office.

DO WE PAMPER POWs?

YUP, YUP, YUP, as Mortimer Snerd says, we've heard about the German war prisoners in the Boston area who got ham for Easter while U.S. civilians largely went without ham; about Italian "co-belligerents" who now have to worry along with less popular brands of cigarettes rather than luxuriate with the six most popular; and about other isolated cases of overtender treatment or pampering of prisoners of war in this country.

But should we, as more than a few are demanding, make life a great deal tougher for the POWs, especially the German ones?

We think these demands are ill-advised from every point of view, and that the government should yield to them not at all.

In the first place, pampering of prisoners is not a general practice. Isolated cases, yes; a consistent policy, no. The consistent policy is to apply the Geneva convention 100 per cent—treat them decently, feed them adequately, work the enlisted men where their work can be used, and crack down on them hard when they get out of hand or try to.

In the second place, it would be inconsistent with our national character, our ideas of fair play, to treat war prisoners harshly.

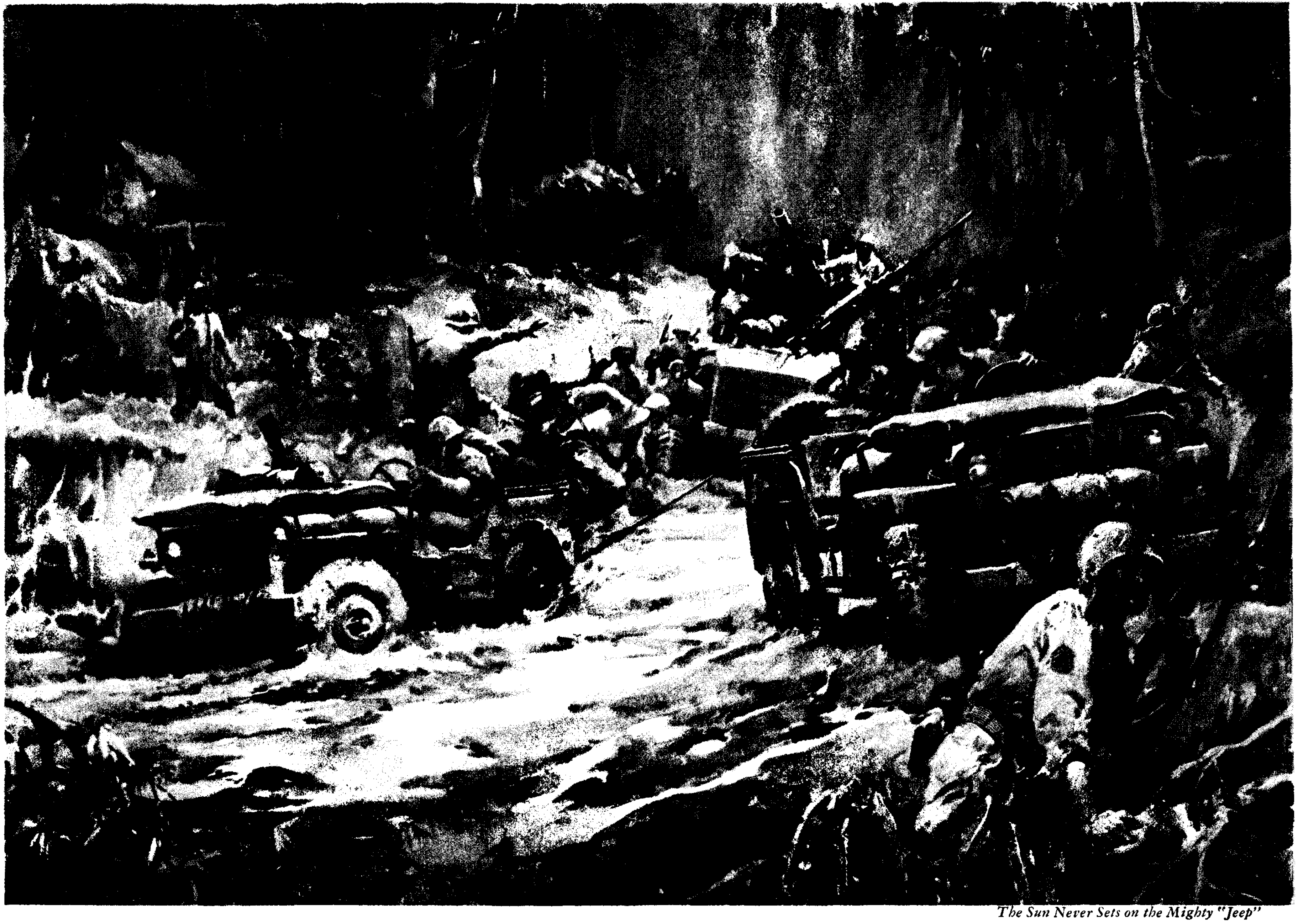
In the third place, the barbarism of your enemy is never an excuse for descending to barbarism yourself—though of course our men in the Pacific have to fight the Japanese devils with fire. But prison camps are a long way behind battle lines.

And in the fourth place, it seems more than likely that the mass German surrenders in western Europe, after the Allied spring offensives really got rolling, were induced in large part by the German soldiers' knowledge that, as prisoners, they would be well treated.

We may even have similar experiences with the Japanese, though we wouldn't bet on that. But it is at least a fact that civilian suicides on Okinawa stopped short when the civilians found that Tokyo had lied to them about the barbarities the Americans would inflict on them.

Let's just go on making war against our enemies in the field. Let's not make war on prisoners in our stockades and prison camps. The former pays off; the latter kicks back in your face.

• • To millions of people all over the world **"JEEP"** means **WILLYS** • •



The Sun Never Sets on the Mighty "Jeep"

MacARTHUR RETURNS TO THE PHILIPPINES!

"JEEPS" AID CLEAN-UP OF LEYTE ISLAND

THE TRAILS were running with water and loose, yellow mud. They led up-hill. They wormed and twisted through trees and tangled undergrowth. To get our men and heavy equipment inland, especially with the Nips likely to spot us any moment, was a rugged assignment.

> *Back ahead of schedule, MacArthur has returned as he promised. The indomitable spirit of Bataan and Corregidor will lead on. American might on ground and sea strikes for victory and freedom.*

If it hadn't been for those tough little "Jeeps" we would have been sunk many times, for sure. They hauled supplies and men right through that soft, soupy stuff. We loaded them down with guns and equipment, but they didn't falter—they carried it all, through the mud, the water and messed up trees, where there wasn't even a ghost of a trail.

We even hitched Jeeps to our heavy guns. They looked like snorting little tug boats made fast to great steamers. But their power got the stuff through and up the sloshy grades.

Once we reached higher ground we were Okay. And the Nips were in for a pasting, because we were back in the Philippines with MacArthur *and back to stay.*

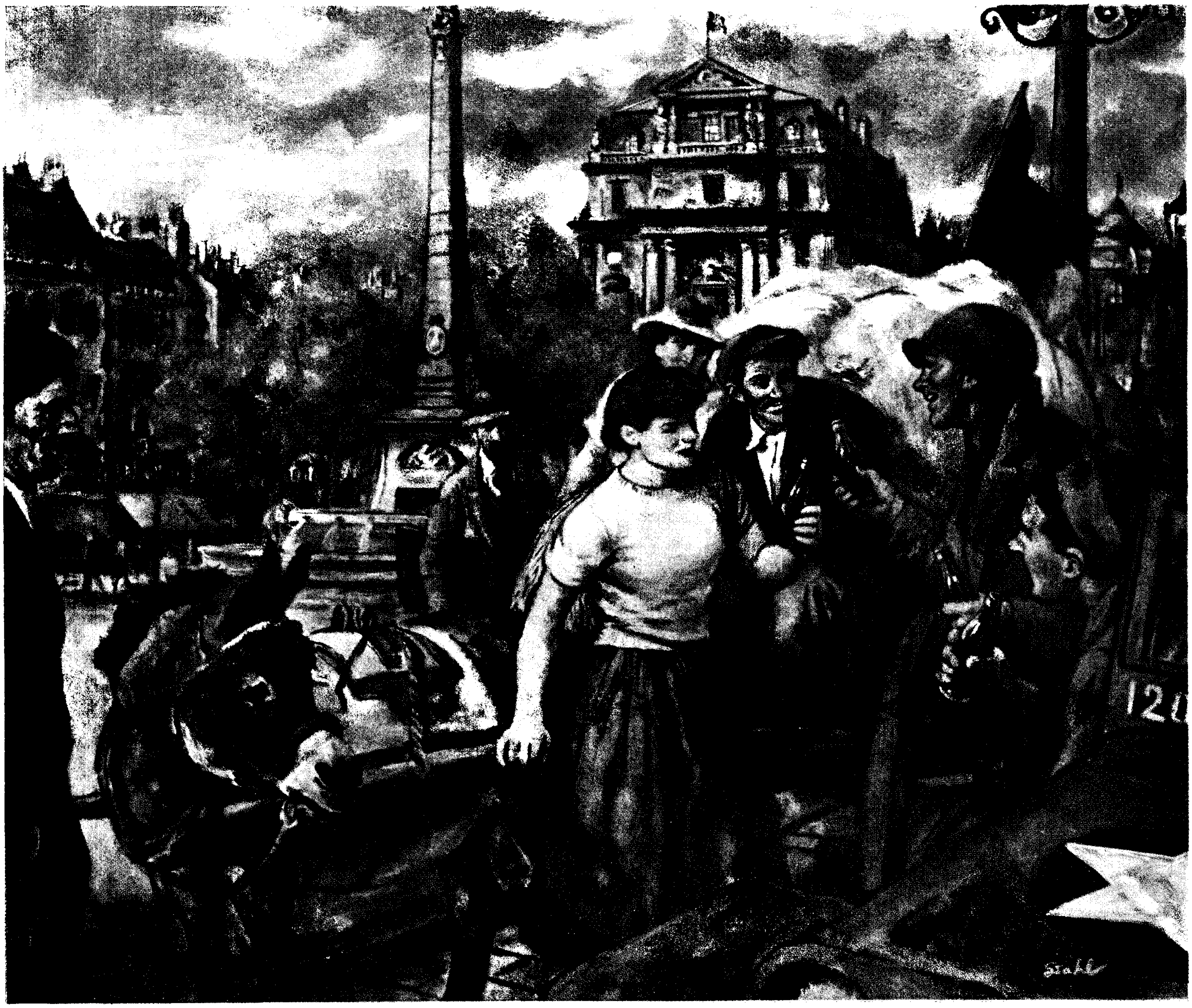
* * *

We have received many letters asking us about buying "Jeeps" after the war. Among the numerous "Jeep" uses suggested in these post-war plans are, operating farm implements, towing, trucking, road work, operating power devices and many personal business and pleasure uses. Does the "Jeep" figure in *your* postwar plans? Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo 1, Ohio.

Willys *Builds the Mighty* **'Jeep'**

Da's na fijn, zunne!...Have a Coke

(SAY, THAT'S GREAT)



...*a friendly American custom lands in Brussels*

In Flemish, it's *vriendelijkheid*. In American, it's the plain, everyday word *friendliness*. And everywhere your Yankee doughboy goes, it comes spontaneously from his heart in a good old home-town phrase, *Have a Coke*. That's the way he's letting our democratic allies know why he does the friendly things he does. Friendliness is bred in his bone, and to kindred spirits it bubbles out—like the bubbling goodness of Coca-Cola itself and everything American that's behind it. Yes, *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coke becomes an ambassador of good will... a bit of the old home spirit carried across the seas.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".

Coca-Cola
-the global
high-sign

"Coke"= Coca-Cola

You naturally hear Coca-Cola called by its friendly abbreviation "Coke". Both mean the quality product of The Coca-Cola Company.

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